THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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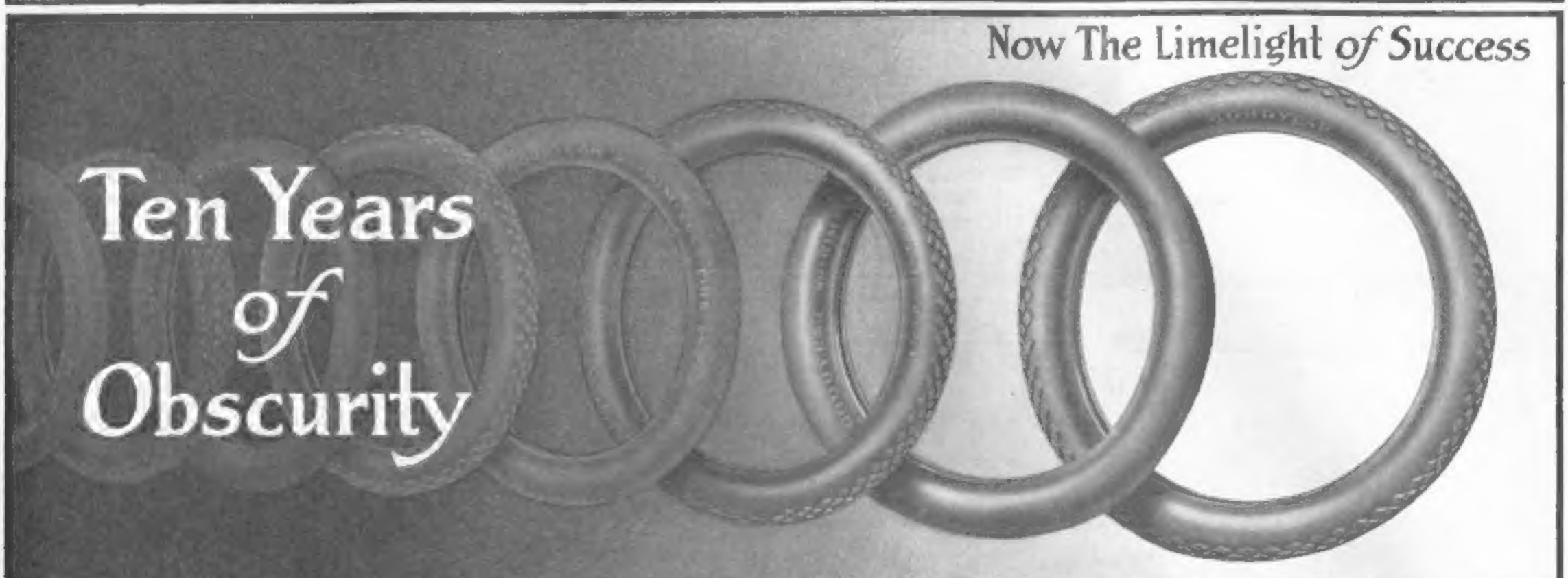
JANE—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize



Ten Years Spent Getting Ready for This Sensational Success

No-Rim-Cut tires have seemed to come like a meteor into the leading place in Tiredom.

In two years the sales have increased 500 per cent. They have trebled in the past 12 months.

Now these new-type tires by far outsell any other tire in existence.

But this, remember, is our 13th year. Some of those years were spent in darkest obscurity. Ten of those years were spent perfecting this tire.

So this amazing success has big reason behind it. It has come through slow progression.

Testing 240 Materials

We started tire making 13 years ago, by bringing to our plant the best experts we knew. And we kept on bringing them.

For nobody knew in those days how to meet automobile conditions.

To prove ideas quickly we built testing machines, where four tires at a time are worn out under every road condition.

There we have tested some 200 fabrics—some 40 formulas for treads.

There we have tested every method of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing.

Every material and method was compared by actual mileage, on this metered machine of ours.

Thus year after year we increased tire mileage, and lessened tire troubles. Thus we finally brought the Goodyear tire about as close to perfection as men ever will get it.

Cutting Tire Bills in Two

Then we started on other savings. Records on thousands of ruined tires showed that 23 per cent had been rim-cut.

This led to the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires. This patent type has made rim-cutting impossible. It saves tire users that 23 per cent, by a method which we control.

10% Oversize

Next we dealt with blow-outs, due to overloading tires. We made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together, with tens of thousands of motorists, have cut tire bills right in two.

8½% Profit

Then we aimed to sell these perfect tires for the least price possible. Our multiplied output aided in this. So did our modern equipment.

No-Rim-Cut tires used to cost one-fifth more than other standard tires. We brought them to an equal price. And our profit last year, despite all our facilities, was but 8½ per cent.

200,000 Users

It was ten years from the start before men woke to these tires. Then one told another, and the tide of demand developed like a flood.

Now over one million have gone into use. Sales have doubled three times in two years. Now some 200,000 motor car owners insist on these premier tires. You will also insist when you know them.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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With or Without Non-Skid Treads

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We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

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(630)

New Summer Colors for Ankle-Wear

The Newest Holeproof Hosiery for Men, Women and Children is Now Being Shown

In Thousands of Windows

Here is "Holeproof" in silk and in cotton, each the finest hose of its kind in existence. Each is produced in the latest colors, the fashionable shades for summer. Thousands of stores are showing these hose. Ask your dealer.

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The silk is imported from the north of Japan. It is chosen for luster, strength and elasticity. These hose have an extra reinforcement of three-ply mercerized cotton in heel and toe, so they wear. Three pairs are guaranteed three months. It is not extravagance to wear silk hose if they are made like this.

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FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We pay $55,000 a year for inspection to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfect at every point.

No effort is ever too great or too costly if it improves the hose. We have had 39 years of experience. We made the first guaranteed hose on the market.

Carl Freschl

The above signature is found on the toe of every pair of genuine "Holeproof." It identifies the original. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Cotton "Holeproof" for men, women and children, six pairs guaranteed six months, cost $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight. The silk, for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2 per box of three pairs for men; $3 per box of three pairs for women.

Go see the wide range of new colors—at your dealer's today.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Are Your Hose Insured?

(304)

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America's Largest Exclusive Makers of Tires and Rims

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A Series of Talks on Automobile Tires, by H. S. Firestone

HUNDREDS of thousands of people in America are spending tens of millions of dollars every year for automobile tires. Yet very few of all these tire users understand clearly how a tire is made, why it costs what it does, why one tire costs more than another.

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The first installment of this series of talks will appear in next week's issue. This will be a more or less general statement of the basic principles of tire value.

Each chapter in the following issues will throw light on one or more specific features in tire construction which bears directly on the value of the tire to the user.

While each subject will be treated so as to make every point clear to all, yet the information given will be technical and definite.

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Read them for their interesting description of a remarkable industry. Read them as helpful lessons on tire selection, no matter what make of tire you use.

Read them as advertisements, honest, sane, business-like and instructive.

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JANE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HAVING retired to a hospital to sulk, Jane remained there. The family came and sat by her bed uncomfortably and smoked, and finally retreated with defeat written large all over it, leaving Jane to the continued possession of Room 33, a pink kimono with slippers to match, a hand-embroidered face pillow with a rose-colored bow on the corner, and a young nurse with a gift of giving Jane daily the appearance of a strawberry and vanilla ice rising from a meringue of bed linen.

Jane's complaint was temper. The family knew this, and so did Jane, although she had an annoying way of looking hurt, a gentle heart-brokenness of speech that made the family, under the pretense of getting a match, go out into the hall and swear softly under its breath. But it was temper, and the family was not deceived. Also, knowing Jane, the family was quite ready to believe that while it was swearing in the hall, Jane was biting holes in the hand-embroidered face pillow in Room 33.

It had finally come to be a test of endurance. Jane vowed to stay at the hospital until the family on bended knee begged her to emerge and to brighten the world again with her presence. The family, being her father, said it would be damned if it would, and that if Jane cared to live on anemic chicken broth, oatmeal wafers and massage twice a day for the rest of her life, why, let her.

The dispute, having begun about whether Jane should or should not marry a certain person, Jane representing the affirmative and her father the negative, had taken on new aspects, had grown and altered, and had, to be brief, become a contest between the masculine Johnson and the feminine Johnson as to which would take the count. Not that this appeared on the surface. The masculine Johnson, having closed the summer home on Jane's defection and gone back to the city, sent daily telegrams, novels and hothouse grapes, all three of which Jane devoured indiscriminately. Once, indeed, Father Johnson had motored the forty miles from town, to be told that Jane was too ill and unhappy to see him, and to have a glimpse, as he drove furiously away, of Jane sitting pensive at her window in the pink kimono, gazing over his head at the distant hills and clearly entirely indifferent to him and his wrath.

So we find Jane, on a frosty morning in late October, in triumphant possession of the field—aunts and cousins routed, her father sulking in town, and the victor herself—or is victor feminine? And if it isn't, shouldn't it be?—sitting up in bed staring blankly at her watch.

Jane had just wakened—an hour later than usual; she had rung the bell three times and no one had responded. Jane's famous temper began to stretch and yawn. At this hour Jane was accustomed to be washed with tepid water, scented daintily with violet, alcohol-rubbed, talcum powdered, and finally fresh-linened, coifed and manicured, to be supported with a heap of fresh pillows and fed creamed sweetbread and golden-brown coffee and toast.

The Sunlight on His Red Hair and His Flying Legs Made Him Look Like a Comet With a Double Duck-Tail

Jane rang again, with a line between her eyebrows. The bell was not broken. She could hear it distinctly. This was an outrage! She would report it to the superintendent. She had been ringing for ten minutes. That little minx of a nurse was flirting somewhere with one of the *internes*.

Jane angrily flung the covers back and got out on her small bare feet. Then she stretched her slim young arms above her head, her spoiled red mouth forming a scarlet O as she yawned. In her sleeveless and neckless nightgown, with her hair over her shoulders, minus the puffs which later in the day helped her to poise and firmness, she looked a pretty young girl, almost—although Jane herself never suspected this—almost an amiable young person.

Jane saw herself in the glass and assumed immediately the two lines between her eyebrows which were the outward and visible token of what she had suffered. Then she found her slippers, a pair of stockings to match and two round bits of pink silk elastic of private and feminine use, and sat down on the floor to put them on.

The floor was cold. To Jane's wrath was added indignation. She hitched herself along the carpet to the radiator and put her hand on it. It was even colder than Jane.

The family temper was fully awake by this time and ready for business. Jane, sitting on the icy floor, jerked on her stockings, snapped the pink bands into place, thrust her feet into her slippers and rose, shivering. She went to the bed, and by dint of careful maneuvering so placed the bell between the head of the bed and the wall that during the remainder of her toilet it rang steadily.

The remainder of Jane's toilet was rather casual. She flung on the silk kimono, twisted her hair on top of her head and stuck a pin or two in it, thus achieving a sort of Billie Burke effect a thousand times more bewitching than she had ever managed with the puffs, and flinging her door wide stalked into the hall. At least she meant to stalk, but one does not really stamp about much in number-one, heelless pink-satin mules.

At the first stalk—or stamp—she stopped. Standing uncertainly just outside her door was a strange man, strangely attired. Jane clutched her kimono about her and stared.

"Did—did you—are you ringing?" asked the apparition. It wore a pair of white-duck trousers, much soiled, a coat that bore the words "furnace room" down the front in red letters on a white tape, and a clean and spotless white apron. There was coal dust on its face and streaks of it in its hair, which appeared normally to be red.

"There's something the matter with your bell," said the young man. "It keeps on ringing."

"I intend it to," said Jane coldly.

"You can't make a racket like that round here, you know," he asserted, looking past her into the room.

"I intend to make all the racket I can until I get some attention."

"What have you done—put a book on it?"

"Look here"—Jane added another line to the two between her eyebrows. In the family this was generally a signal for a retreat, but of course the young man could not know this, and besides he was red-headed. "Look here," said Jane, "I don't know who you are and I don't care either, but that bell is going to ring until I get my bath and some breakfast. And it's going to ring then unless I stop it."

The young man in the coal dust and the white apron looked at Jane and smiled. Then he walked past her into the room, jerked the bed from the wall and released the bell.

"Now!" he said as the din outside ceased. "I'm too busy to talk just at present, but if you do that again I'll take the bell out of the room altogether. There are other people in the hospital besides yourself."

At that he started out and along the hall, leaving Jane speechless. After he'd gone about a dozen feet he stopped and turned, looking at Jane reflectively.

"Do you know anything about cooking?" he asked.

"I know more about cooking than you do about politeness," she retorted, white with fury, and went into her room and slammed the door. She went directly to the bell and put it behind the bed and set it to ringing again. Then she sat down in a chair and picked up a book. Had the red-haired person opened the door she was perfectly prepared to fling the book at him. The fact that it was Lorna Doone would have made no difference. She would have thrown a hatchet had she had one.

As a matter of fact, however, he did not come back. The bell rang with a soul-satisfying jangle for about two minutes and then died away, and no amount of poking with a hairpin did any good. It was clear that the bell had been cut off outside!

For fifty-five minutes Jane sat in that chair breakfastless, very casually washed and with the aforesaid Billie Burkeness of hair. Then hunger gaining over temper, she opened her door and peered out. From somewhere near at hand there came a pungent odor of burning toast. Jane sniffed; then, driven by hunger, she made a short sally down the hall to the parlor where the nurses on duty made their headquarters. It was empty. The dismantled bell register was on the wall, with the bell unscrewed and lying on the mantel beside it, and the odor of burning toast was stronger than ever.

Jane padded softly to the odor, following her small nose. It led her to the pantry, where under ordinary circumstances the patients' trays were prepared by a pantrymaid, the food being shipped there from the kitchen on a lift. Clearly the circumstances were not ordinary. The pantrymaid was not in sight.

Instead, the red-haired person was standing by the window scraping busily at a blackened piece of toast. There was a rank odor of boiling tea in the air.

"Damnation!" said the red-haired person, and flung the toast into a corner where there already lay a small heap of charred breakfast hopes. Then he saw Jane.

"I fixed the bell, didn't I?" he remarked. "I say, since you claim to know so much about cooking, I wish you'd make some toast."

"I didn't say I knew much," snapped Jane, holding her kimono round her. "I said I knew more than you knew about politeness."

The red-haired person smiled again, and then, making a deep bow, with a knife in one hand and a toaster in the other, he said: "Madam, I prithee forgive me for my untoward conduct of an hour since. Say but the word and I replace the bell."

"I won't make any toast," said Jane, looking at the bread with famished eyes.

"Oh, very well," said the red-haired person with a sigh. "On your head be it!"

"But I'll tell you how to do it," conceded Jane, "if you'll explain who you are and what you are doing in that costume and where the nurses are."

The red-haired person sat down on the edge of the table and looked at her.

"I'll make a bargain with you," he said. "There's a convalescent typhoid in a room near yours who swears he'll go down to the village for something to eat in his—er—hospital attire unless he's fed soon. He's dangerous, empty. He's reached the cannibalistic stage. If he should see you in that ravishing pink thing, I—I wouldn't answer for the consequences. I'll tell you everything if you'll make him six large slices of toast and boil him four or five eggs, enough to hold him for a while. The tea's probably ready; it's been boiling for an hour."

Hunger was making Jane human. She gathered up the tail of her kimono, and stepping daintily into the pantry proceeded to spread herself a slice of bread and butter.

"Where is everybody?" she asked, licking some butter off her thumb with a small pink tongue.

Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bosun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig,

recited the red-haired person.

"You!" said Jane with the bread halfway to her mouth.

"Even I," said the red-haired person. "I'm the superintendent, the staff, the training school, the cooks, the furnace man and the ambulance driver."

Jane was pouring herself a cup of tea, and she put in milk and sugar and took a sip or two before she would give him the satisfaction of asking him what he meant. Anyhow, probably she had already guessed. Jane was no fool.

"I hope you're getting the salary list," she said, sitting on the pantry girl's chair and, what with the tea inside and somebody to quarrel with, feeling more like herself. "My father's one of the directors, and somebody gets it."

The red-haired person sat on the radiator and eyed Jane. He looked slightly stunned, as if the presence of beauty in a Billie Burke chignon and little else except a kimono was almost too much for him. From somewhere near by came a terrific thumping, as of some one pounding a hairbrush on a table. The red-haired person shifted along the radiator a little nearer Jane, and continued to gloat.

"Don't let that noise bother you," he said; "that's only the convalescent typhoid banging for his breakfast. He's been shouting for food ever since I came at six last night."

"Is it safe to feed him so much?"

"I don't know. He hasn't had anything yet. Perhaps if you're ready you'd better fix him something."

Jane had finished her bread and tea by this time and remembered her kimono.

"I'll go back and dress," she said primly. But he wouldn't hear to it.

"He's starving," he objected as a fresh volley of thumps came along the hall. "I've been trying at intervals since daylight to make him a piece of toast. The minute I put it on the fire I think of something I've forgotten, and when I come back it's in flames."

So Jane cut some bread and put on eggs to boil, and the red-haired person told his story.

"You see," he explained, "although I appear to be a furnace man from the waist up and an interne from the waist down, I am really the new superintendent."

"I hope you'll do better than the last one," she said severely. "He was always flirting with the nurses."

"I shall never flirt with the nurses," he promised, looking at her. "Anyhow I shan't have any immediate chance. The other fellow left last night and took with him everything portable except the ambulance—nurses, staff, cooks. I wish to Heaven he'd taken the patients! And he did more than that. He cut the telephone wires!"

"Well!" said Jane. "Are you going to stand for it?"

The red-haired man threw up his hands. "The village is with him," he declared. "It's a factional fight—the village against the fashionable summer colony on the hill. I cannot telephone from the village—the telegraph operator is deaf when I speak to him; the village milkman and grocer sent boys up this morning—look here." He fished a scrap of paper from his pocket and read:

I will not supply the Valley Hospital with any fresh meats, canned oysters and sausages, or do any plumbing for the hospital until the reinstatement of Dr. Sheets. T. CASHDOLLAR, Butcher.

Jane took the paper and read it again. "Humph!" she commented. "Old Sheets wrote it himself. Mr. Cashdollar couldn't think 'reinstatement,' let alone spell it."

"The question is not who wrote it, but what we are to do," said the red-haired person. "Shall I let old Sheets come back?"

"If you do," said Jane fiercely, "I shall hate you the rest of my life."

And as it was clear by this time that the red-haired person could imagine nothing more horrible, it was settled then and there that he should stay.

"There are only two wards," he said. "In the men's a man named Higgins is able to be up and is keeping things straight. And in the woman's ward Mary O'Shaughnessy is looking after them. The furnaces are the worst. I'd have forgiven almost anything else. I've sat up all night nursing the fires, but they breathed their last at six this morning and I guess there's nothing left but to call the coroner."

Jane had achieved a tolerable plate of toast by that time and four eggs. Also she had a fine flush, a combination of heat from the gas stove and temper.

"They ought to be ashamed," she cried angrily, "leaving a lot of sick people!"

"Oh, as to that," said the red-headed person, "there aren't any very sick ones. Two or three neurasthenics like yourself and a convalescent typhoid and a D. T. in the private rooms. If it wasn't that Mary O'Shaughnessy——"

But at the word "neurasthenics" Jane had put down the toaster, and by the time the unconscious young man had reached the O'Shaughnessy she was going out the door with her chin up. He called after her, and finding she did

"Madam, I Prithee Forgive Me for My Untoward Conduct of an Hour Since"

not turn he followed her, shouting apologies at her back until she went into her room. And as hospital doors don't lock from the inside she pushed the washstand against the knob and went to bed to keep warm.

He stood outside and apologized again, and later he brought a tray of bread and butter and a pot of the tea, which had been boiling for two hours by that time, and put it outside the door on the floor. But Jane refused to get it, and finished her breakfast from a jar of candied ginger that some one had sent her, and read Lorna Doone.

Now and then a sound of terrific hammering would follow the steampipes and Jane would smile wickedly. By noon she had finished the ginger and was wondering what the person about whom she and the family had disagreed would think when he heard the way she was being treated. And by one o'clock she had cried her eyes entirely shut and had pushed the washstand back from the door.

II

NOW a hospital full of nurses and doctors with a bell to summon food and attention is one thing. A hospital without nurses and doctors, and with only one person to do everything, and that person mostly in the cellar, is quite another. Jane was very sad and lonely, and to add to her troubles the delirium-tremens case down the hall began to sing The Chocolate Soldier in a falsetto voice and kept it up for hours.

At three Jane got up and bathed her eyes. She also pinned on her puffs, and thus fortified she started out to find the red-haired person. She intended to say that she was paying sixty-five dollars a week and belonged to a leading family, and that she didn't intend to endure for a moment the treatment she was getting, and being called a neurasthenic and made to cook for the other patients.

She went slowly along the hall. The convalescent typhoid heard her and called.

"Hey, doc!" he cried. "Hey, doc! Great Scott, man, when do I get some dinner?"

Jane quickened her steps and made for the pantry. From somewhere beyond the delirium-tremens case was singing happily:

I—love you o—own—ly,
I love—but—you.

Jane shivered a little. The person in whom she had been interested and who had caused her precipitate retirement, if not to a nunnery, to what answered the same purpose, had been very fond of that song. He used to sing it, leaning over the piano and looking into her eyes.

Jane's nose led her again to the pantry. There was a sort of soupy odor in the air, and sure enough the red-haired person was there, very immaculate in fresh ducks, pouring boiling water into three teacups out of a kettle and then dropping a beef capsule into each cup.

Now Jane had intended, as I have said, to say that she was being outrageously treated, and belonged to one of the best families, and so on. What she really said was piteously:

"How good it smells!"

"Doesn't it!" said the red-haired person, sniffing. "Beef capsules. I've made thirty cups of it so far since one o'clock—the more they have the more they want. I say, be a good girl and run up to the kitchen for some more crackers while I carry food to the convalescent typhoid. He's murderous!"

"Where are the crackers?" asked Jane stiffly, but not exactly caring to raise an issue until she was sure of getting something to eat.

"Store closet in the kitchen, third drawer on the left," said the red-haired man, shaking some cayenne pepper into one of the cups. "You might stop that howling lunatic on your way if you will."

"How?" asked Jane, pausing.

"Ram a towel down his throat, or—but don't bother. I'll dose him with this beef tea and red pepper, and he'll be too busy putting out the fire to want to sing."

"You wouldn't be so cruel!" said Jane, rather drawing back. The red-haired person smiled and to Jane it seemed that he was actually ferocious. She ran all the way up for the crackers and down again, carrying the tinbox. There is no doubt that Jane's family would have promptly swooned had it seen her.

When she came down there was a sort of after-dinner peace reigning. The convalescent typhoid, having filled up on milk and beef soup, had floated off to sleep. The Chocolate Soldier had given way to deep-muttered imprecations from the singer's room. Jane made herself a cup of bouillon and drank it scalding. She was making the second when the red-haired person came back with an empty cup.

"I forgot to explain," he said, "that beef tea and red pepper's the treatment for our young friend in there. After a man has been burning his stomach daily with a quart or so of raw booze——"

"I beg your pardon," said Jane coolly. Booze was not considered good form on the hill—the word, of course. There was plenty of the substance.

"Raw booze," repeated the red-haired person. "Nothing short of red pepper or dynamite is going to act as a substitute. Why, I'll bet the inside of that chap's stomach is of the general sensitiveness and consistency of my shoe."

"Indeed!" said Jane, coldly polite. In Jane's circles people did not discuss the interiors of other people's stomachs. The red-haired person sat on the table with a cup of bouillon in one hand and a cracker in the other.

"You know," he said genially, "it's awfully bully of you to come out and keep me company like this. I never put in such a day. I've given up fussing with the furnace and got out extra blankets instead. And I think by night our troubles will be over." He held up the cup and glanced at Jane, who was looking entrancingly pretty. "To our troubles being over!" he said, draining the cup, and then found that he had used the red pepper again by mistake. It took five minutes and four cups of cold water to enable him to explain what he meant.

"By our troubles being over," he said finally when he could speak, "I mean this: There's a train from town at eight tonight, and if all goes well it will deposit in the village half a dozen nurses, a cook or two, a furnace man—good Heavens, I wonder if I forgot a furnace man!"

It seemed, as Jane discovered, that the telephone wires being cut, he had sent Higgins from the men's ward to the village to send some telegrams for him.

"I couldn't leave, you see," he explained, "and having some small reason to believe that I am *persona non grata* in this vicinity I sent Higgins."

Jane had always hated the name Higgins. She said afterward that she felt uneasy from that moment. The red-haired person, who was not bad-looking, being tall and straight and having a very decent nose, looked at Jane, and Jane, having been shut away for weeks—Jane preened a little and was glad she had put on her puffs.

"You looked better without them," said the red-haired person, reading her mind in a most uncanny manner. "Why should a girl with as pretty hair as yours cover it up with a chignon anyhow?"

"You are very disagreeable and—and impertinent," said Jane, sliding off the table.

"It isn't disagreeable to tell a girl she has pretty hair," the red-haired person protested—"or impertinent either."

Jane was gathering up the remnants of her temper, scattered by the events of the day.

"You said I was a neurasthenic," she accused him. "It—it isn't being a neurasthenic to be nervous and upset and hating the very sight of people, is it?"

"Bless my soul!" said the red-haired man. "Then what is it?" Jane flushed, but he went on tactlessly: "I give you my word, I think you are the most perfectly"—he gave every appearance of being about to say "beautiful," but he evidently changed his mind—"the most perfectly healthy person I have ever looked at," he finished.

It is difficult to say just what Jane would have done under other circumstances, but just as she was getting her temper really in hand and preparing to launch something, shuffling footsteps were heard in the hall and Higgins stood in the doorway.

He was in a sad state. One of his eyes was entirely closed, and the corresponding ear stood out large and bulbous from his head. Also he was coated with mud, and he was carefully nursing one hand with the other.

He said he had been met at the near end of the railroad bridge by the ex-furnace man and one of the ex-orderlies, and sent back firmly, having in fact been kicked back part of the way. He'd been told to report at the hospital that the tradespeople had instituted a boycott, and that either the former superintendent went back or the entire place could starve to death.

It was then that Jane discovered that her much-vaunted temper was not one-two-three to that of the red-haired person. He turned a sort of blue-white, shoved Jane out of his way as if she had been a chair, and she heard him clatter down the stairs and slam out of the front door.

Jane went back to her room and looked down the drive. He was running toward the bridge, and the sunlight on his red hair and his flying legs made him look like a comet with a double duck-tail. Jane was weak in the knees. She knelt on the cold radiator and watched him out of sight, and then got trembly all over and fell to sniveling. This was of course because, if anything happened to him, she would be left entirely alone. And anyhow the D. T. case was singing again and had rather got on her nerves.

In ten minutes the red-haired person appeared. He had a wretched-looking creature by the back of the neck and he alternately pushed and kicked him up the drive. He—the red-haired person—was whistling and clearly immensely pleased with himself.

Jane put a little powder on her nose and waited for him to come and tell her all about it. But he did not come near. This was quite the cleverest thing he could have done, had he known it. Jane was not accustomed to waiting in vain. He must have gone directly to the cellar, half pushing and half kicking the luckless furnace man, for about four o'clock the radiator began to get warm.

At five he came and knocked at Jane's door, and on being invited in he sat down on the bed and looked at her.

"Well, we've got the furnace going," he said.

"Then that was the ——"

"Furnace man? Yes."

"Aren't you afraid to leave him?" queried Jane. "Won't he run off?"

"Got him locked in a padded cell," he said. "I can take him out to coal up. The rest of the time he can sit and think of his sins. The question is—what are we to do next?"

"I should think," ventured Jane, "that we'd better be thinking about supper."

"The beef capsules are gone."

"But surely there must be something else about—potatoes or things like that?"

He brightened perceptibly. "Oh, yes, carloads of potatoes, and there's canned stuff. Higgins can pare potatoes, and there's Mary O'Shaughnessy. We could have potatoes and canned tomatoes and eggs."

"Fine!" said Jane with her eyes gleaming, although the day before she would have said they were her three abominations.

And with that he called Higgins and Mary O'Shaughnessy and the four of them went to the kitchen.

Jane positively shone. She had never realized before how much she knew about cooking. They built a fire and got kettles boiling and everybody pared potatoes, and although in excess of zeal the eggs were ready long before everything else and the tomatoes scorched slightly, still they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in ability, and when Higgins had carried the trays to the lift and started them on their way, Jane and the red-haired person shook hands on it and then ate a boiled potato from the same plate, sitting side by side on a table.

They were ravenous. They boiled one egg each and ate it, and then boiled another and another, and when they finished they found that Jane had eaten four potatoes, four eggs and unlimited bread and butter, while the red-haired person had eaten six saucers of stewed tomatoes and was starting on the seventh.

"You know," he said over the seventh, "we've got to figure this thing out. The entire town is solid against us—no use trying to get to a telephone. And anyhow they've got us surrounded. We're in a state of siege."

Jane was beating up an egg in milk for the D. T. patient, the capsules being exhausted, and the red-haired person was watching her closely. She had the two vertical lines between her eyes, but they looked really like lines of endeavor and not temper.

She stopped beating and looked up.

"Couldn't I go to the village?" she asked.

"They would stop you."

"Then—I think I know what we can do," she said, giving the eggnog a final whisk. "My people have a summer place on the hill. If you could get there you could telephone to the city."

"Could I get in?"

"I have a key."

Jane did not explain that the said key had been left by her father, with the terse hope that if she came to her senses she could get into the house and get her clothes.

"Good girl," said the red-haired person and patted her on the shoulder. "We'll euchre the old skate yet." Curiously, Jane did not resent either the speech or the pat.

He took the glass and tied on a white apron. "If our friend doesn't drink this, I will," he continued. "If he'd seen it in the making, as I have, he'd be crazy about it."

He opened the door and stood listening. From below floated up the refrain:

I—love you o—own—ly,
I love—but—you.

"Listen to that!" he said. "And I gather he's one of the hill colony! Blood will tell, won't it?"

Higgins came up the stairs heavily and stopped close by the red-haired person, whispering something to him. There was a second's pause. Then the red-haired person gave the eggnog to Higgins and both disappeared.

"Now, Sweetest, Turn Him on His Tummy and We'll Rub His Back"

Jane was puzzled. She rather thought the furnace man had got out and listened for a scuffle, but none came. She did, however, hear the singing cease below, and then commence with renewed vigor, and she heard Higgins slowly remounting the stairs. He came in, with the empty glass and a sheepish expression. Part of the eggnog was distributed over his person.

"He wants his nurse, ma'am," said Higgins. "Wouldn't let me near him. Flung a pillow at me."

"Where is the doctor?" demanded Jane.

"Busy," replied Higgins. "One of the women is sick."

Jane was provoked. She had put some labor into the eggnog. But it shows the curious evolution going on in her that she got out the eggs and milk and made another one without protest. Then with her head up she carried it to the door.

"You might clear things away, Higgins," she said, and went down the stairs. Her heart was going rather fast. Most of the men Jane knew drank more or less, but this was different. She would have turned back halfway there had it not been for Higgins and for owning herself conquered. That was Jane's real weakness—she never owned herself beaten.

The singing had subsided to a low muttering. Jane stopped outside the door and took a fresh grip on her courage. Then she pushed the door open and went in.

The light was shaded, and at first the tossing figure on the bed was only a misty outline of grays and whites. She walked over, expecting a pillow at any moment and shielding the glass from attack with her hand.

"I have brought you another eggnog," she began severely, "and if you spill it ——"

Then she looked down and saw the face on the pillow.

To her everlasting credit Jane did not faint. But in that moment, while she stood staring down at the flushed young face with its tumbled dark hair and deep-cut lines of dissipation, the man who had sung to her over the piano, looking love into her eyes, died to her, and Jane, cold and steady, sat down on the side of the bed and fed the eggnog, spoonful by spoonful, to his corpse!

When the blank-eyed young man on the bed had swallowed it all passively, looking at her with dull, incurious eyes, she went back to her room and closing the door put the washstand against it. She did nothing theatrical. She went over to the window and stood looking out where the trees along the drive were fading in the dusk from green to gray, from gray to black. And over the transom came again and again monotonously the refrain:

I—love you o—own—ly,
I love—but—you.

Jane fell on her knees beside the bed and buried her willful head in the hand-embroidered pillow, and said a little prayer because she had found out in time.

III

THE full realization of their predicament came with the dusk. The electric lights were shut off! Jane, crawling into bed tearfully at half after eight, turned the reading light switch over her head, but no flood of rosy radiance poured down on the hand-embroidered pillow with the pink bow.

Jane sat up and stared round her. Already the outline of her dresser was faint and shadowy. In half an hour black night would settle down and she had not even a candle or a box of matches. She crawled out, panicky, and began in the darkness to don her kimono and slippers. As she opened the door and stepped into the hall the convalescent typhoid heard her and set up his usual cry.

(Continued on Page 56)

The Red-Haired Person Held a Lighted Match to the Sleeper's Face and Stared, Petrified

Confessions of a Wizard's Fixer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

BEFORE I broke into the theatrical profession as the confidential employee of a magician, handcuff expert, hypnotist and mind-reader—he was all of these things and some more—I had tried my hand at many jobs and had acquired the kind of college education that you get by taking the full course at the University of Hard Knocks.

When I was ten years old I ran away from my home in a small city of a state on the Southern border. From that time on until comparatively recently, when I married and settled down to make a living out of the moving-picture business, I saw a lot of the world. I was a child actor—and a bad one—with a wandering tent-show. I was a spieler—after I grew to spieling size—with a street-carnival outfit. I was helper to an itinerant photographer. I was an acrobat. I had been in half the towns in the United States before I could spell the names of them correctly; and I had learned a lot about life—the under side of it mainly, where the seams are and the ravelings.

I was about twenty-one years old—a wise young person in my own conceit; a good dresser on and off, as we say in the profession—and had a fairly good education that I'd picked up as I went along, when I struck the streak of hard luck that eventually landed me in my job as a wizard's fixer. I was acting as advance agent for a small railroad show, writing their press stuff and occasionally making a sideshow opening or a concert spiel. The show went to smash in Southern California and I was stranded on the opposite side of the continent from my regular stamping grounds.

I headed east, aiming to make either Chicago or New York—I had friends in both places. A pal came with me. We tried to beat our way on freight trains, but we were green at that sort of thing. We got locked in an orange car and were there for five days, drenched every minute of the time by the ice water melting down from the refrigerator tanks above our heads and sprayed by the cold air that was sucked up through the ventilating pipes below. When they unlocked the car down in Texas, to see how the fruit was, they found us—both past speaking. They took us off to a hospital, where my partner eventually died after lingering a good while. I was tougher, though, and at the end of two weeks they discharged me as cured, but without a penny in my pockets. I had had enough of beating my way—I was afraid I might get into another orange car by mistake. I decided to earn enough money, if I could, to pay my passage.

From Cooking to Cowpunching

I GOT a job as cook in a short-order eating house at two dollars a day, meals included. What I didn't know about cooking would fill a large, thick book. I had been everything round a small circus except the cook—I was shy there; but I was desperate, and when the chance offered you'd have thought—to hear me talk—that I had come straight from Delmonico's. I got along all right the first day, because I could fry eggs after a fashion—I did that instinctively—and I found I could make coffee that was plenty black enough and plenty bitter enough; and after I had burned up a few pounds of sidemeat I caught on to how to frizzle bacon in a skillet. Most of our customers weren't very particular anyhow; they judged food largely by its filling qualities, and I wasn't called on to cook anything but ham and eggs or bacon and eggs until the morning of the second day. Along about seven o'clock that morning the waiter—there was only one—came back and told me that Bad Bill Somebody was out front and wanted a fried steak with fried onions for breakfast.

"He's been round drinking all night," said the waiter in a kind of an awed tone, "and he's awful easy to irritate when he's drinking. It looks like every time Bill gets irritated he cripples up somebody. He says to tell you that if that steak and them onions ain't cooked to suit him he'll come back here to the kitchen and cook you."

I went to the hole in the wall where we passed the orders out and took one look at Bad Bill. He was sitting right where the light shone on his face, and one look was plenty for me. I took off my apron, put on my hat and coat and stepped quietly out the back way and went away from there without leaving my address! I haven't been back there since, and I often wonder what Bad Bill did to that waiter!

I got a job cowpunching then. I wasn't the sort of a cowpuncher you read about in Wild Western stories—in a pair of leather pants, riding on a bucking pony, rolling cigarettes with one hand and shooting cattle-rustlers through the heart with the other. I was one of a crew of five members of a newer school of cowpunchers, chaperoning a trainload of Texas steers to St. Louis. We traveled in the caboose; and every time the train stopped, day or night—and it stopped frequently—we had to pile out and go down one side of the cars and up the other, and if we caught a steer lying down we poked him with a sharp gad and called him pet names until he got up again. You see, if a steer gets down in one of those close-packed cattle cars the other steers step on him and break his legs and cave in his ribs; the consignee refuses to take him and he's a dead loss to the shipper. I had five cars to look after. Five cars may not sound like very much, but wait until you tackle it!

It was also part of my duties to feed my steers. We had the hay along with us in box cars. The first day out, however, I found out that, though ample provision had been made for feeding the steers, no provision at all had been made for feeding me. I wasn't to be paid off until we landed in St. Louis—and I didn't have a red cent on me! So I sold my baled hay off to farmers at little way-stations where we stopped—twenty cents a bale; and, by selling three or four bales a day, I found I could live pretty well—but on that last day out I certainly had a lot of hungry and peevish steers on my hands!

When we hit St. Louis my trousers were worn through. I had been sliding back and forth on the hard benches of a caboose for the best part of a week, so I leave it to you to guess where they were worn through the most. I drew my wages and headed for the nearest clothing store; but first I bought a newspaper, and on the way I carried that newspaper behind me, holding it with both hands.

The World's Fair was just about to start, and they were rushing the work and needed hands. I went out to the grounds and asked for a job, and they put me to work painting an ornamental bridge. You didn't paint it with a brush; you squirted the paint through a hose. Anybody that ever watered a lawn can paint bridges for a World's Fair. It was a lot of fun to squirt paint through a nozzle, and I was enjoying myself—when a big fellow came sidling up to me and said out of one side of his mouth:

"Got a card?"

"What kind of a card?" I said.

"A union card," he said.

I caught on.

"No," I said; "I just struck town—but I'm going to join the union at the end of the week."

My Boss Could Get Out of Handcuffs Almost as Rapidly as You Could Lock Them on Him

"No," he said, "you ain't going to join no union at the end of the week, because, when quitting-time comes, I'm going to be waiting for you just outside; and I ain't going to do a thing to you but just kill you!—that's all."

He spoke like a man who meant what he said. I thought it over until noon. I decided that rather than sacrifice my life I'd sacrifice my artistic career; so I just quietly faded away without telling anybody where I was going. As a matter of fact, I didn't know myself—I knew why I was going, but not where.

We Got to Be a Regular Happy Family After a Little While

A Week's Work for Next to Nothing

IN THREE days I was hungry again. I answered advertisements for help until my tongue hung out. There was one man who advertised for an outdoor speaker—good pay, light work and congenial surroundings. That was me—I had been a spieler until my throat was brass and my lungs were bottomless. I walked three miles to find the place. It was a new lunchroom. The proprietor wanted me to stand in front of his doors from twelve to one each day, saying: "Step inside! Best twenty-five-cent meal in the city!"—over and over again. The pay was twenty-five cents a day. I passed.

Then I struck a dealer in sporting goods who wanted a window demonstrator—a man to stand in a show window and operate a new health lift. I stripped and gave him a look at my chest development and my arms—I was always hard and muscular—and he hired me on the spot. I was to get twelve dollars a week, six days to a week, fourteen hours to a day. He furnished me with a gymnasium suit, a pair of canvas shoes and a gaudy bathrobe to wear between stunts. I almost died that week. Working in that hot, stuffy show window, I would get overheated; then they would open a fanlight and the cool air would rush in and hit me, all sweating. I caught fresh cold twenty times a day. By Thursday I couldn't breathe; but I was buoyed up by one consolation—on Saturday night I would have twelve dollars in real money. It sounded like a fortune! In imagination I had that money all laid out—so much for some underwear; so much for a Turkish bath; so much for a shave and a haircut, and so much for a decent meal and a good cigar afterward.

Saturday night came and the boss handed me seventy-five cents! He had charged me up with the exhibition outfit he had furnished me—and by his system of bookkeeping it came to eleven dollars and twenty-five cents! I told him a few things and he made a pass at me. I handed it right back—only my lick landed and his didn't; and then I beat it before the cops came!

I suppose you are saying to yourself that I am romancing—that all these things couldn't happen to one person at one time—or in such rapid succession anyway; but I'm telling you the facts, only not making some of them as strong really as they were. My main purpose in telling them is to show just what I went through and just how many different experiences I had before my Jonah got tired and quit, and my luck turned. I didn't eat from Sunday at noon until Monday night, and I was ripe for almost anything short of highway robbery, when I ran into a good-hearted German on the street who used to be bandmaster with our old street-carnival outfit. He was a good

musician and a good fellow to boot. He was acting as pianist for a stage magician—the Great Hector, I'm going to call him from now on. He said the Great Hector was needing a press agent and fixer the worst way, and he thought I might qualify for the place. He staked me the money for a shave and a change of linen. I brushed up my clothes and went to see the Great Hector, and was engaged then and there. I stayed with him nearly six years.

While I was with him we played every important town on this continent and a lot that were not so important. We made one trip to Central and South America that lasted eighteen months and netted Hector a fortune, and another to Australia that was almost as profitable. There were five of us in the troupe—Hector, who was the main attraction, of course; his wife, a good-looking, smart young woman, who had been a stock actress; yours truly, the advance man, press agent and fixer; Heiney, the orchestra leader; and the property-man, Gus, who also acted as assistant stage manager and first deputy fixer. We got to be a regular happy family after a little while.

The Great Hector was a wonder! He was a big, fine-looking chap, a wonderfully quick thinker—he had to be in his business—and a ready talker. He had a fine stage presence and as much of that mysterious quality known as stage magnetism as I ever saw bottled up inside of one man's skin. He could drink more beer without getting muddled than anybody on earth, I guess, and he belonged to every secret order that he could break into. Whenever he heard of a new one being organized he went and joined that too. I know for a fact that his lodge dues averaged seventy-five dollars a month. I know, because I used to send out the checks. Being a joiner was a big help to him. A dozen times I've seen his inside knowledge of secret orders help him out of tight places.

We usually stayed a week at each stand, sometimes even longer. But Hector could have stayed a month and not have repeated himself. He was the most versatile man I ever saw. He could give twenty different shows—magic, illusions, sleight-of-hand, hypnotism—even ventriloquism on occasion; but the handcuff stunts and the mind-reading shows were his main standbys. We traveled in style, with lots of good, showy paper and a carload of props and special stage settings; and it was a rule with the boss that everybody connected with the outfit should have good clothes and plenty of them. He never had any fault to find with me there. My long suit was clothes—especially the kind of clothes with the pockets stuck in sideways and double rows of buttons on the cuffs.

Handcuff Tricks

SUPPOSING we were billed in a town for a week, we would open on Monday night with a performance of stage magic and illusion acts. Mrs. Hector in a page's black velvet suit would be the chief assistant; I would do the incidental patter in a dress suit, and Gus helped out in a red uniform that made him look like a cross between a footman and a bandmaster. The Great Hector wasn't an originator, but he was a wonderful imitator. Keller and Hermann and the other big men among the magicians had to be thinking up new tricks mighty fast if they wanted to keep Hector from copying everything they had. Tuesday we would introduce the handcuff tests and Wednesday would be mind-reading night. On Thursday and Friday we gave variations of the first three shows; Saturday would be getaway night, when the show was cut pretty short. This arrangement would give me a chance to leave on Friday for the next stand and spend Saturday, Sunday and part of Monday there, doing the advance work and making the hotel and theater arrangements—and doing the fixing. The fixing was the most important of all.

Take our biggest card now—the handcuff stunt. Hector wasn't the pioneer in this field, by any means. Like a dozen other so-called Monarchs of the Manacle, he stole his stuff from the originator of the act; but he was a wonder at stealing. He was almost as good as the creator. Our advertising matter merely set forth that the Great Hector would undertake to escape from any handcuff, leg iron or shackle, providing it was a registered, regulation make, and providing he had privilege of examining the irons beforehand and they were not tampered with afterward. Now probably you don't know it—I never saw an outsider who did—but though there were then in the market here and abroad about one hundred and twenty-two varieties of handcuffs and leg irons, only thirty-two separate brands were registered for use in the United States—and four master keys would unlock all thirty-two of these!

No handcuff expert, however, would be satisfied to have just four master keys hidden about his person. If he knew his business he would be apt to have nearer forty of them. In Hector's case they were hung all over him. They were concealed in the linings of his clothes; they were hid up his sleeves, inside his cuffs, down his back, round his neck, in his shoes, in the waistband of his trousers, in his socks—even in his mouth sometimes. Moreover, he had, in a handy secret pocket, a sharp file and a "spoof" key, or blank of soft steel, ready to be filed to fit any cuff with a peculiar lock that might accidentally turn up.

Hector's methods were like most of the others who do this act. He would submit to being securely manacled, hand and foot. Clanking his chains and purposely stumbling about, he would back into a small cabinet and the curtains would be drawn. There would be a short pause—half a minute or a minute—then he would emerge, holding the unlocked manacles in his hands. Loud applause from the audience! He had not promised to do it by magic or by any mysterious power. He had merely undertaken to do it, and he had—and it seemed wonderful; but it was simplicity itself if you knew how. I'll guarantee that any able-bodied man, with a moderately supple body and a strong pair of hands, who will spend a few months learning stage patter and studying the mechanism of locks and bolts, can make a handcuff expert of himself.

Sometimes, to increase the apparent impossibility of freeing himself in a specified time, Hector would let his wrists be locked together at the back of his neck, or the irons on his hands would be drawn down between his knees and made fast to the links of the shackles on his ankles. However, there would always be a key suspended by a string and hanging down the back of his neck inside his collar or hitched to his garters.

"Why, How Dare You—You Brute!" She Snapped

From long practice and acquaintance with fetters, my boss could get out of handcuffs almost as rapidly as you could lock them on him. Of course some were easier than others. There is one variety of standard cuffs that can be opened with a steel pin if you know the right spot to insert the pin and the way to twitch it. Ordinary English cuffs—Johnny Bobs we called them—are the easiest of all. You don't even need a key. Our English cousins appear to be a singularly trusting race of people. They make their bobby cuffs of one size, whereas all American-made cuffs may be adjusted and tightened to fit any pair of wrists; also the mechanism of the Johnny Bobs is located in the round-butted ends. An expert can jar the jaws open merely by tapping the butts sharply against a chair-rung or against his heel—or even by striking them together. I don't know why the English have never taken to using American handcuffs. I suppose they don't realize the need of our Yankee inventions.

Escaping from straitjackets and from hospital beds after being strapped down, and from nailed-up boxes and from metal tanks of water, were all features of the handcuff act, as we gave it. Getting out of a nailed-up box was a simple enough matter, as I shall presently show. The tank trick, as done by us, was merely a variation of the old trunk mystery that used to be a part of the stock in trade of every traveling magician—a matter of mechanics and false walls. The tank had a hidden inner neck operated by valves; and the moment the Great Hector's head went out of sight enough water was forced into the concealed space to leave his nose and mouth above the surface, while he manipulated the trap that raised the lid with its fringe of locks which seemed to fasten the top down so securely—but didn't.

On the other hand, the straitjacket stunt called for considerable physical strength. The Great Hector would post a forfeit that he could escape from a straitjacket in full view of the audience. Any straitjacket from any asylum could be used, he would say in his announcements. This was pure bluff. Put him in a regulation straitjacket and he would have stayed there until doomsday; but—trust us—it was always our own straitjacket that was buckled round Hector when the time came. It had a hidden seam in one side, operated by a drawstring. A committee of citizens drawn from the audience might strap Hector in as tightly as they pleased. One of his hands, pressed tight against his side, would rest directly over the secret vent, and a tug through the canvas upon the drawstring would let the jacket out a good three inches!

That three-inch leeway was all any strong, active man who had practiced the trick needed. Anyway, it was all that my boss ever needed—I know that. He would work one arm over his head, thus loosening the pressure of the other straps, wriggle about a little down on the floor and then kick the whole contraption over his head with the buckles and lacings still intact. We never had but one slip-up with our straitjacket. We thought the seam was safely hidden and we regularly exhibited it in a show window as an advertisement. In a town in Ohio an enterprising drug clerk made a private examination of it after hours and found the drawstring. I got to him before he could do very much talking and a twenty-dollar bill sewed him up tight.

The Bed Escape

IN THE bed escape, Hector would submit to being bound fast to a regulation hospital cot. We provided the cot and we likewise provided the bonds, which were of linen or canvas—yards and yards of it—but always in one continuous strip. Hector would lie flat upon the mattress, with his feet together and his hands down at his sides. Then the committee would pass the cloth strip round and round him, crossing and crisscrossing it over his trunk and his limbs, and even his neck, until he was swathed like a mummy and apparently as helpless as one; water would be poured over the bonds to make them shrink even tighter. And then, in full view of the crowd, Hector would free himself.

The trick behind this feat was simplicity itself: Strapped on to the inner side of his knee-joints Hector would be wearing two small pads. From their shape we called them "hearts." They were of hard leather pressed to conform to the general shape of the knees and were hidden completely by the loose-legged trousers he wore. As soon as he was strapped down, Hector, with a quick jerk of his legs, would slip one of these "hearts" down past the other. This gave him about three inches of play for his limbs and to a corresponding extent slackened the bandages; and that was all he needed to work one hand loose from his side. Wriggling and pushing and pulling, he would slide out the middle bar of the three laterals running under the cot from top to bottom. With the bar out the mattress would sag down its whole length, leaving the occupant in a sort of nest, with the bandages across him, but hardly touching him. The rest was pie for a man of the agility and strength of the Great Hector.

So much for the mechanics of the handcuff expert's business. There was still the fixing to be done—and the fixing was the most delicate and necessary part of the

whole thing. In a big city, like New York or Chicago, the fixing was a comparatively easy undertaking. Before a vaudeville audience in a big city our work was pretty coarse, but it never seemed to arouse any suspicions. Hector would call for a "volunteer committee of citizens" to help out, and up would get ten or twelve men from various parts of the house and come filing up the runway to the stage, bearing clanking leg irons and shining handcuffs. The rest of the crowd apparently took it as a matter of course that so many strangers should be present on such an occasion, burdened with such knickknacks as Oregon boots and straitjackets.

With our outfit, we used to hire some of our "committeemen" outright. They were likely to be employees of the theater or supers I engaged at a regular theatrical agency. The others would be picked from the audience as it filed in, generally with the help of the house manager. It wasn't often that I made a mistake. I would go up to a man as he was coming in and tell him frankly that I wanted him to help us out.

"Here now," I'd say to him, "you take this pair of handcuffs and put them in your pocket, and when the time comes you march up on the stage. The boss will give you the proper steer after you get there. And say, he'd like you to come to his hotel tomorrow or next day and see him. We're thinking about hiring a man or so to go with us, and the job might suit you."

How the Police Co-operated

THEN I would hand him over a good cigar and possibly a two-dollar bill—and the job was done. There would always be one of the committee who wore a gold badge pinned on his vest. That gold badge belonged to us too, and the man who wore it was under instructions to keep the lapels of his coat thrown well back so the badge would show plainly. In addressing him, Hector would speak of him as "My friend the deputy" or "My friend from the sheriff's office," or something like that. The moral effect of this badge was fine. It looked as though the constituted authorities were joining in the effort to baffle and circumvent this wizard who escaped from steel bonds with such marvelous ease. In all my experience I never caught one of these confederates trying to double-cross us; and there were only one or two who ever tried to slip away with our handcuffs in their possession. The first part of the job we called "loading"; recovering the goods from our helpers afterward was known as "stripping."

So you see, in a city, the irons which the supposed volunteers lugged up on the stage with them were all old friends of Hector's—smooth-working, well-oiled cuffs out of his own private collection, that he could take off with his eyes shut. They were the orthodox regulation articles though—we didn't take any chances of being caught with a lot of fake cuffs in our possession. Anyway, as I have already explained, an expert can take off registered handcuffs as easily as he can take off the fake ones—so what would be the use of taking those chances?

If anybody did turn up with a strange pair of handcuffs we still had one advantage—by the terms of our challenge they had to be registered, regulation cuffs; and Hector had keys to fit any regulation cuff strung all over him. If the worst came to the worst, and he found himself in a hole, he relied on his wits to take him out of it. The physical advantage was always on his side—he was perfectly at home upon a stage and the other man wasn't. Besides, audiences are nearly always friendly to a performer, even though they suspect him of being a fraud; and they are hostile to a fellow townsman who tries to trap or embarrass the performer. I don't undertake to explain the psychology of this—if psychology is the proper word to use; I only state it as a fact.

Finally, Hector has had one more life-net rigged. Here was where his membership in so many secret orders came into play. He watched the coat lapels and watch-chains of doubtful "committeemen" for secret-order emblems; and if a particularly keen-looking citizen seemed on the point of making a fatal discovery, or even if he showed an overly inquisitive interest in things, Hector would quietly tip him the sign of a brother member in distress—and the man would slow up and give us a chance to go ahead.

Fixing in small towns, such as we mainly played, was a more delicate operation. In a small town everybody knows everybody else, and the sight of so many total strangers coming up on the stage at the first call for volunteers would start a wave of suspicion right away. In a small town Hector couldn't work his city trick of pretending to ask the name of the man who brought the straitjacket up, and then announce that the gentleman was Mr. So-and-So, from such-and-such a hospital or asylum. You could be sure that there was somebody in the house who knew everybody connected with the asylum or the hospital, as the case might be; and right there trouble would begin. So I had to do my fixing according to a different system. If it were a small city of, say, fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants I could plant one or two of our hired helpers in the audience, but not any more than that. Mainly we had to depend upon the help which the local authorities unwittingly gave us.

"I Seem to Get Trace of a Lost Article—It Is a Scarf-pin—a Gold Scarfpin, With a Garnet Setting"

For example, when I struck a town in Pennsylvania which I will call Cornersville I discovered there wasn't a pair of regulation handcuffs in the place. The members of the local police force were equipped with those chain-nippers, to be twisted about a prisoner's wrist; but that was all. I had a private conference with the chief of police—a typical small-town chief he was—self-important, with a big, flowing mustache and a badge of office that looked like a gilded soup-plate. I set myself to work on his pride. What would the chiefs in all the other towns round there say when they heard the Cornersville police department didn't own a single pair of handcuffs? What would the citizens of Cornersville themselves think? I saw I had him going then; and I suggested, in order that our tests might be given in due form and the audience not be disappointed, that I could loan him a few pairs of our handcuffs and nobody need be the wiser for it. He jumped at the notion. He was grateful to me. He said he would detail his four regular men—there were only four members of the force under him—and also four other men whom he hired as special officers on special occasions—to be in the audience on Tuesday night. Each of them was to have a pair of our handcuffs in his pocket; and all eight, he promised me, would come up on the stage at the signal and help us out.

I forgot to say earlier that we used to go through the form of offering a cash reward of one thousand dollars to any one who could produce a pair of registered handcuffs from which the Great Hector could not free himself. To make the bluff stronger, we would deposit this money in one of the local banks. We felt sure that nobody ever would get that thousand away from us, and nobody ever did. It was here in this town of Cornersville, however, after all my careful plotting, that we had our closest call.

The week before, when we were playing a town which I will call Unionville, thirty miles away, I had noticed a foxy-looking person, with a wise eye in his head, sitting well down in front, studying the performance closely. It was part of my job to be on the lookout for suspicious-looking persons, and this chap certainly did look suspicious to me; but nothing had happened—that is, nothing had happened at Unionville, and everything went well at Cornersville on the opening night, when the bill was magic and conjuring.

On the second night, just before we rang up, I came back from the front of the house and took a careful squint through the peephole in the curtain to see how everything looked. Everything looked all right. The eight men that our friend the chief had detailed to help us were sitting in the first three rows. We always tried to arrange it so our planted committeemen were down in front, and their instructions were to hurry up the runway as soon as Hector asked for volunteers and take the seats ranged on the stage. Usually there were just as many chairs as there were plants; so, if a suspicious stranger came up, there would be no chair for him and Hector would invite him to come back some other night—and that other night never came. The game we were playing looked like a perfectly safe one; but there was a thousand dollars of our own money up and we didn't believe in taking any foolish risks.

Well, as I was saying, everything looked all right when I squinted through the peephole; but, after the curtain went up and just as Hector began his little preliminary speech, I saw our foxy-eyed friend from Unionville edging down a side aisle to the front. He had a mealsack over his arm and the mealsack was full of something heavy. Hector, being busy with his talk, didn't see him; and before I could tip him a warning Hector had issued his invitation for police officers and citizens at large to come forward with their handcuffs and try to win the big cash prize. Our chosen eight arose sheepishly and headed for the stage, but before any of them was fairly started Mr. Foxy Eye rushed up and took the first chair. Then he opened his sack and out on the floor came rattling the deadliest collection of police hardware I ever saw. There was a pair of wrought-iron cuffs, with a stiff iron bar to connect the bracelets instead of a chain—you can see the same kind in photographs of the manacled Lincoln conspirators—and there were cumbersome old leg irons, with rusty bolts on them, such as prisoners wear in Southern convict camps; and a lot of others.

We certainly were up against it. Because, while Hector could have got out of those irons eventually, he couldn't have done it in anything like the time limit named in our challenge. I doubt if, unaided, he could have got his hands out of those bar cuffs inside of an hour. I know I turned pale, and I guess Hector was pale, too, under his make-up; but he kept his nerve. He whispered something out of the corner of his mouth to Gus, and Gus hurried off the stage. In half a minute or so out came Hector's wife and took a place right alongside where the Unionville party was sitting. He didn't notice her particularly. He was watching Hector like a hungry hound watching a dime's worth of dogmeat. You could tell that, in imagination, he was already spending that thousand dollars of ours!

Hector Would Gently Disengage the "Spoof" Key From Where It Dangled on the Back of the Man's Coat

What Happened to Mr. Foxy Eye

HECTOR, still handing out a line of patter about what he could do and how much he was willing to forfeit if he couldn't do it, began turning back his sleeves ceremoniously. All of a sudden his wife turned on the foxy-faced man with the sack. "Why, how dare you—you brute!" she snapped, in a voice that everybody could hear. "What's the matter?" demanded Hector. "This man insulted me!" said his wife; and then she put her face in her hands and walked off. The man's jaw gaped—he hadn't spoken a word or done a thing. He tried to say something, but he only sputtered and that made him look guiltier than ever.

Hector could have posed for a chromo of righteous indignation! He threw up his hand. "Gentlemen," he yelled, "if this man had said to the wife of any one of you what he has just said to my wife what would you do to him?" "Kill him!" roared fifty men at once. Hector turned on the stunned Unionville man and hit him in the jaw, while the whole audience stood up and cheered Hector and hissed the stranger. Then Gus and I grabbed him by the arms and hustled him off the stage and boosted him down the back steps out into the inhospitable night, and by the time he got his voice back it was too late for explanations on his part—and nobody in that town would have believed him anyhow. One man came up to me afterward and told me he distinctly heard what the scoundrel said to

(Continued on Page 59)

"GULDEN FLEAS"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Wherein a Scandinavian Speculation Goes Double

SOME men are born dishonest, some achieve dishonesty in spiritual fear and trembling; and there are those who have mining stock thrust upon them. Danny Riggs was in the last class. It happened in the bedroom of a Deadwood hotel when the electric lights were sputtering vivifying rays on the tender spring foliage of the terraced gulch. Danny had not been doing very well in the real-estate, insurance and notary-public business at Hermatello, and he had dipped into what he and Mrs. Riggs appositely called "the sinking fund" for a prospecting tour of the upper hills.

"You are a prince," said the young man who had done the thrusting—"a prince and a potentate! The blood-royal courses in rich purple streams through your veins, imparting generous impulses to your large-sized and noble heart, my more than brother! Did I say my name was Perkins or did I omit that formality? Perkins it are—one of the Providence Perkinses, the Mayflower Perkinses, the Perkinses of Pocklington, Hants—to go farther back into the misty past. I have a genealogy that tells all about it. No geneology, mark you, like the common sort boast; but a de-luxe, hand-tooled and deckle-edged genealogy. I left it in my ancestral hall at Providence—on the piano."

"I think you'd better go to bed, Mr. Perkins," suggested Danny Riggs. "You're welcome to the bed. I'll take a blanket and make myself comfortable on the lounge. And I don't want this." He tendered the bundle of papers that had been forced into his reluctant hands.

"There spoke the true prince!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins admiringly. "A regal disdain for lucre—self-immolation on a saggy sofa for the weary guest that chance has thrown upon his munificent hospitality! But, my great and good friend, I refuse to accept the sacrifice and I insist on enriching you. Did I say my name was Perkins? I did. But I neglected to inform you that it was also Jason, a fact that determined my destiny. Being Jason, I naturally sought the golden fleece; and, like my argonautical namesake, I got it. You have in your hand two thousand non-assessable shares of stock in the Golden Fleece Mine, owned and operated by me, Perkins; and, having that, you have stately mansions, liveried menials and all the desires of your heart. You may bless the day when you accommodated me with that ten-spot. You saved me from an ignominious calaboose, Mr. Riggs; and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice is none too much to pay for the boon. Keep that stock, old man, and be happy."

"I'd really prefer the ten-spot if you can get it for me before I leave town," said Riggs.

"There is nothing within the bounds of possibility that I wouldn't do for you, old top," said the young man. "The gratitude in my bosom is no mere spark, but a glowing, leaping, roaring furnace, fanned by the rotary blast of your disinterested philanthropy. And I don't say that your preference is impossible; but, in any event, keep the stock. In justice to your offspring and their descendants to the third and fourth generation, keep it, I implore you!"

"All right," said Danny, "I'll keep it. Now don't you think you'd better get ready for bed?"

"It's against my principles; but I can deny you nothing," said Jason Perkins. "I stipulate, however, for the virtuous couch. I know it's virtuous because it's so old and unattractive. Here goes!" He took the supplementary chintz comfort from the foot of the bed, unrolled it and draped it about himself toga-wise; then extended himself upon the lounge and almost immediately fell asleep.

Danny remained for some time absorbed in thoughts of a not particularly comfortable nature. The real-estate and insurance fields in Hot Springs, in Custer, in Rapid City and in Sturgis had seemed to him to be crowded to their respective line fences and eaten down to the grass-roots; and here in Deadwood the same conditions had appeared to prevail. He had intended to extend his journey as far as Spearfish; but, without the ten dollars that he had impulsively lent to extricate Mr. Perkins from an embarrassing situation, he could go no farther. He felt badly about that ten. It seemed to him now that he had robbed his family simply because of a liking that he had conceived for a graceless, dissipated young dickens who would no doubt be all the better for a night in jail.

He walked over to the lounge and looked at the young dickens. A good-looking fellow, certainly. Good forehead, good mouth; nothing of the swindler about him, Riggs decided. He would probably repay the loan in the morning. Well, there was no use worrying about things, and so Danny Riggs went to bed. When he awoke in the morning Mr. Perkins, of Providence, was gone, but there was a note pinned to the mirror of the bureau:

I am out to rustle your ten, but my recent efforts in that line have not been so encouraging as to bid me hope. I may send it to you. Heaven bless you! And, for my sake, keep that stock. J. P.

Riggs noticed the certificates as he packed for home, and he opened the stove door with the intention of burning them. He changed his mind, however, and took them along.

. . . . . .

"I wouldn't have thought it of him," Riggs confessed to his wife when he got home. He had the confessing habit, which most people acquired easily with this slender, still pretty little woman, whose blue eyes were so kind and whose charity was so wide. Riggs used to say that there was a quality in her touch like that attributed to royalty of old—a mysterious something that drew away the inward evil that tormented him. Moreover, Mrs. Riggs had a faith in her husband that no failures of his had ever weakened, and this had kept his courage high and his hope ever reviving.

"Of course," continued Riggs, "he was slightly—er—loquacious and he didn't talk like a miner, but I thought he was all right; and now what are we going to do?"

"Never mind!" said Mrs. Riggs. "I don't suppose you would have found things any better in Spearfish if you had gone there, and business may improve here."

"Those hogs of Clancy's may sprout wings and fly over into the next county," said Mr. Riggs lugubriously as a chorus of squeals broke in upon them. "I wish they would; but I doubt it."

"There's the Swede settlement," Mrs. Riggs suggested. "It's getting along to where we can expect some hail. It thundered yesterday a little. Couldn't you do a little with the hail insurance?"

"I might," allowed Riggs, none too hopefully.

The next morning he hitched the old mare to the buckboard and set out for his nine-mile drive to the settlement; but, arrived there, he found that the Scandinavian idea seemed opposed to insurance as a presumptuous opposition to the designs of the Creator—an impiety that the settlers were not going to be guilty of when it necessitated a cash outlay; and there was only an off chance that it would hail enough to hurt, anyway. They listened in stolid silence while Riggs, outwardly suave and inwardly raging, made his argument; but their final reply was always about the same chant:

"Val, Mester Riggs, Ay kess it is better Ay vait."

Three days of hard, nerve-racking work Riggs put in among them; but he came away with only one small garden patch insured, a commission of less than five dollars to his credit.

"Confound their square-headed hearts!" said the agent with a fervor that made nothing of anatomy. "I wish some one would come along and soak it to them good and proper on an out-and-out skin game!"

As he drove down the village street, Zimmerman, the general storekeeper, was standing on the sidewalk. Riggs smiled and waved him a salutation the cordiality of which had in it something of the anxious deference of the debtor, despising himself as he did so, for he neither liked nor respected Zimm. The storekeeper nodded in a surly sort of way and Riggs felt that the brute was thinking of the long-overdue account. He was almost despondent when he turned the horse loose and went into the house. Even the endearments of the three exuberant children failed to lift the cloud on his brow.

"Well, it's better than nothing, my dear," said Mrs. Riggs, patting him on the shoulder as he sat down to his supper. "It's enough to pay the milk bill, and that's been worrying me. And you might have stayed in the office and never made a cent, Danny."

Riggs admitted the possibility of that.

"Oh, and here's a letter for you that came this morning, postmarked Lead. I nearly forgot."

She took it down from the clockshelf. Riggs opened it and unfolded the letter, in which was inclosed a new ten-dollar bill.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "What do you think of that!"

"Oh, read the letter!" urged his wife impatiently as he stared dumbly at the money.

"Well, well!" repeated Riggs, and read:

My Preserver and Benefactor: When your lambent orbs have scanned this ill-writ page you will perchance forgive the subscriber for a delay that has been unavoidable. It may pass the limits of credibility that Perkins, proud proprietor of the Golden Fleece, should be unable for this length of time to make the ruffle of a solitary sawbuck; but, Plutus be my witness, 'tis so. I could have sent you sowbelly; I could have sent you beans. Plug tobacco, even, would have been within the scope of my ability; but, in all my circle of acquaintance, the pecunious have hitherto been ever the impenetrable to the voice of reason and the plaint of penury—so to speak. The fact is, I have wearied the ear of wealth in behalf of the mine. There is a trifling obstruction of certain tons of gneiss, porphyry, micaceous schist and other unprofitable rock to the auriferous treasure that will eventually be disclosed. Within the past week I have, by my personal exertions, removed much of this obstruction and I expect at almost any moment to chug my pick into a solid six-foot vein of glittering gold; therefore, hang on to your stock! Let nothing tempt you to dispose of it but the discovery of a market, in which event, wire your ever grateful, sincere and obliged, JASON PERKINS.

"Is he crazy?" asked Mrs. Riggs.

"More or less," replied her husband. "They all are when they get to owning mines. But he's a good fellow just the same, and I'm better pleased than ten ten-dollar bills to find that I wasn't mistaken in him after all. I wish he could come down here. I'd like to have you see him. I'd like to know him better myself."

His spirits rose instantly and he finished his supper with a good appetite, then began to romp with the children.

"Well, what are we going to do with it?" asked Mrs. Riggs when the play was over and the children put to bed.

Riggs had decided already.

"Gentlemen, I Thank You; and You May Now Pass Before My Colleague, Who Will Accept Your Subscriptions"

"Zimmerman acted kind of off when I drove by this evening," he said. "I'll teach the old rascal to slight me—blame his thick, warty hide! I'll just naturally give him that tenner. It won't do him any good to apologize. I'll make him take it if I have to choke him and ram it down his throat!"

Accordingly he walked into the store the next morning and carelessly tossed the bill on the counter.

"Just credit me with that, Zimm," he said in an offhand way. "I'll be having some more for you pretty soon."

"When?" asked Zimmerman with disgusting particularity.

"I said 'soon,'" Riggs answered, flushing with anger and humiliation as he walked out of the store.

He went over to his office, and opening the shabby little rolltop desk he sat down before it and began to work at his hail insurance. He was applying mucilage to a detached stamp that he had found in the drawer when the door opened and his office landlord walked in and, without any preliminaries, went straight to the point.

"Danny," he said, "how are you fixed today?"

"Willis," answered Riggs sadly, "I'm in a hole of a fix. Business is rotten; and collections—well, it's as much as I can do to collect my thoughts."

"Humph!" said the landlord, rubbing his chin. "That's about the way it is with me. I don't seem able to get in a cent, and here's Perry Dearduff pestering me to let him have this place for his barber shop. Of course I don't want to do it. Couldn't you spare me a little on account?"

"I let Zimmerman have all I had not ten minutes ago," said Riggs. "I wish I'd given it to you now; but it's too late. Maybe you'd better tell Dearduff he can move in. I'll get out any time you say so."

"No; I won't do that," said the landlord, getting up; "but if you could dig up a little for me I'd appreciate it. So-long!"

"So-long!" responded Riggs dolefully.

The liveryman was the next visitor. He had a bill for horsefeed. After him came the printer and the druggist, also with bills. Riggs got up at last and, taking a little sheaf of his own accounts, sallied forth and desperately if timidly propounded the how-are-you-fixed query to sundry hopeless debtors of his own.

On his return he was a little cheered by the local loan shark, who brought in a victim to acknowledge a chattel mortgage, and by a couple of horse-traders, for whom he made out a bill of sale. These netted him a dollar and a quarter, which was better than nothing.

"But we've got to do something," he told his wife. "We can't get along this way, staving off folks forever."

Mrs. Riggs knitted in silence for a few moments and then suddenly dropped her needles into her lap and sat up straight.

"I've got it!" she cried. "Why not sell that mining stock?"

Riggs laughed uproariously.

"That's a bright, scintillating little idea," he said. "Sell that mining stock! Why, of course. Funny we didn't think of that before. Why not sell ——" He paused and became serious. "Well, why not? Maybe we could advertise it and get something for it. Really, it's not such a bad suggestion. Twenty-five dollars would help out. My dear, I don't know what I should do without you."

"Well, I don't say that we can sell it; but we might try," said Mrs. Riggs complacently. "People do buy mining stock—don't they?"

"Yes; they say there's one born every minute," said Riggs absent-mindedly.

. . . . . .

That week there was an advertisement in the Hermatello Hummer as follows:

Two thousand shares of stock in the Golden Fleece Mine for sale at a tremendous sacrifice. The opportunity of a lifetime. Apply to Daniel Riggs, Real Estate and Insurance, Main Street.

"No misrepresentation about that," commented Riggs as he read it. "Now we'll see who's got snap and enterprise enough about 'em to grasp an opportunity."

There were many who inquired and some who highly commended the appearance of the certificates and admired the lithograph of the stalwart miner leaning on his pick by a natural-looking windlass, backed by the setting or rising sun. The figure in the corner of each certificate was considered impressive by most; but it did not impress them to the point of investment. Riggs was considering the possibility of trading the stock for green cordwood a week later, when a bulky blond man, with a broad, expressionless face and cheekbones of almost equal prominence with his nose, came into the office. Danny swung his chair round and recognized him.

"Hello, Ole!" he said. "Changed your mind about that hail insurance?"

"Gude morning, Mester Riggs," sang the man, seating himself on the edge of a chair and placing his hat beneath it. "No; Ay ent com' for no insurance, Mester Riggs. Ay com' for esk you 'bout dese har Gulden Fleas stog."

Riggs knit his brows on that.

"En dese Hummer paper-prent," explained the visitor—"Gulden Fleas."

A light burst upon Danny.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You mean the Golden Fleece mining stock. Certainly. You want to know about it, eh? Well, Ole, it isn't exactly a Government bond; but then a Government bond doesn't pay very big. Now when you buy a share in a mine you are buying an interest in it, you see."

Ole nodded.

"How mooch interest she skal pay?" he asked. "Fema per cent?"

"You don't understand, Mr. Jansen," said Riggs. "The stock doesn't bear interest. You get an interest."

"How mooch Ay get mae, Mester Riggs?"

"Oh, thunder!" ejaculated Danny, and went into particulars, at the end of which the Swede looked as blank as ever. "Ay ent qvite onderstand, Mester Riggs," he said. "If Ay skal get mae interest ——"

"See here," said Riggs, beginning to shout. "This is a stock certificate—see? One hundred dollars' worth. I sell it for five dollars—see? You don't get any five per cent or ten per cent; but if the mine does well you'll probably double your money in three months if you want to sell. If it doesn't you'll have a hundred dollars' worth of experience."

He Had Long Fits of Abstraction, From Which He Roused Himself With an Obvious Effort

Ole Jansen's little blue eyes lit with cupidity.

"Dooble money?" he asked.

"Might be three or four times the amount," said Riggs, stifling the voice of conscience within him.

"Dooble money ban gude 'nough, Ay tenk," said the Swede, producing a bulky pocketbook. "Ay tek hoondert dollar' vort', Mester Riggs."

He slowly counted out the bills. Riggs hesitated a moment and then snapped a rubber band round the certificates.

"There," he said. "Now you've got two thousand shares. If the stock goes to par you'll have made nineteen hundred dollars on the deal. And the next time I come round perhaps you'll take out some hail insurance," he added savagely.

The Swede grinned.

"Ay kess dooble money ban gude 'nough," he said.

. . . . . .

"Well," remarked Riggs to himself—or perhaps to his conscience—"it's business; and if he's a fool it's no part of my affair. *Caveat emptor!* If that isn't the motto for a business man I don't know what is."

He turned over the bundle of ragged bills he had laid on his desk. A hundred dollars! It meant actually the discharge of every pressing debt he owed—and a little over. Everything is relative, and Riggs had come to the pass where a pocketed quarter for an acknowledgment was the equivalent of so much bacon or coffee instead of an inconsiderable, greasy little coin. The sight of that hundred dollars should have elated him.

He took the money home and assumed a decent gladness, but he did not go into the details of the transaction. Mrs. Riggs, after her first emotions of joy and relief had subsided, put a pertinent question.

"But do you think that the man quite understood what the stock was, dear?" she asked.

"Don't you worry about that," replied Riggs, who was worrying considerably about it himself. "Any time those fellows don't know what they're about when they let go of money! I wouldn't wonder if he had a tip. There's a lot of his countrymen up in the hills working in the mines. And, of course, I explained it to him."

"Well, it's a plain godsend," said the good little woman, sighing in thankfulness. "I firmly believe it's the turn of the tide for us."

It seemed so. The hundred dollars was hardly distributed when business began to pick up. There was an influx of immigration into the valley of the foothills and Hermatello got its share of it. Riggs located the settlers, and every location was ten dollars in his pocket. Then there were papers to be made out, quitclaims to be acknowledged, and a good deal of clerical odds and ends more or less remunerative. Riggs opened an account with the bank and his balance grew until he could figure over a hundred dollars clear of all demands. Still the tide of prosperity rose and the balance increased; but it was a remarkable thing that Danny was moody and irritable most of the time. He lost his appetite and the lines in his face deepened. He began to acquire a habit of looking furtively about him even as he talked to people on the street, and he started nervously every time the door of his office opened.

What he had expected came at last. He was sitting at his desk, his back to the door; but he knew instinctively and without looking round that it had come. The heavy shuffle of clumsily shod feet and the "Gude morning, Mester Riggs!" were superfluous confirmations of an absolute certainty.

He continued to send his pen over the paper in an unintelligible scrawl while he tried to decide on a course of action. He heard the scrape of a chair and knew that his visitor had seated himself to wait; and then there was the sound of heavy breathing, which was distracting. Presently he swung round and said:

"Oh, good morning! What can I do for you, Mr. Jansen?"

His tone was that of the much-occupied man of affairs—cold, politely impatient, forbidding. It had its calculated effect upon the Swede, who was visibly embarrassed.

"Val," he said slowly, "it ban tree mont' now, en Ay tenk Ay com' esk you 'bout dees Gulden Fleas ——"

"I don't know anything about it," snapped Riggs. "It's your stock—isn't it? Well, you've got to keep track of it yourself. Look up the quotations."

"Ay don't understan' dees qvotation."

"Well, ask somebody who does. I'm no mining broker and I'm busy."

Ole looked puzzled, then grinned a propitiatory grin.

"Ay get mae dooble money on dees stog, Mester Riggs?"

"I tell you I haven't been keeping track of it. I said if the mine did well you'd probably double your money on the stock. The man I got it from advised me to keep it. You can keep it or not—just as you like."

"Ay tenk Ay don't keep it, Mester Riggs," said the Swede, hauling the certificates from his shirt-bosom. "Ay kess Ay tek my dooble money."

Riggs started from his chair, his face red with the passion he had lashed himself into.

"I guess you'll get out of here right now!" he shouted. "I have something else to do besides fooling with you."

The man stared at him in a bewildered way and then picked up his hat.

"Maybe Ay com' tomorrow end you skal haf som' time, Mester Riggs," he said as he lumbered to the door.

"You keep away!" Riggs called as the door closed.

A minute or two later he jumped to his feet and, seizing his hat, hurried out. In that minute or two he had decided to return to Jansen his hundred dollars and take back the certificates. "Integrity comes high, but I guess I've got to have it," he said. Jansen, however, had climbed into his wagon and driven off.

That evening Danny told his wife of his determination.

"I gathered from what the fellow said that he didn't know a great deal about mining stock, so I concluded that the square thing to do would be to refund if he is dissatisfied—and I rather suspect he is. It isn't business, but——"

"It is Better You Gif Mae My Dooble Money, Mester Riggs"

"But it's honest, dear," said Mrs. Riggs. "I couldn't imagine your doing a dishonest thing under any circumstances. You're right; and I glory in you."

That hurt; but it was a part of his punishment and the rest followed swiftly.

Jansen did not appear until the afternoon of the next day, and Riggs had almost given up expecting him when his elephantine tread sounded on the sidewalk outside the office. Danny greeted him with a pleasant smile and invited him to sit down; but the Swede remained standing.

"Ay com' for my dooble money, Mester Riggs," he announced, and there was a dull menace in his manner.

"Ole," said Riggs patiently, "you don't seem to understand about that mining stock. There isn't any double money about it unless you are able to sell it for twice what you gave for it. Now if you don't want to keep it I'll take it back. I don't have to—mind; but I'll do it sooner than have any dispute. Give me the certificates if you've got 'em and I'll go over to the bank with you and give you your hundred dollars."

"Two hoondert dollar," corrected Ole. "You tal mae dooble money, Mester Riggs."

"I told you that you would probably double your money on it," said Riggs—"if the stock went up, you understand."

"Ay don't onderstand dees 'proberly,'" said the Swede sullenly. "My vife, she ban pooty smart voman, ent she don' onderstand. It is better you gif mae my dooble money, Mester Riggs."

He drew close as he spoke and Riggs noticed a strong smell of alcohol on his breath. At the same time he felt something press against his waistcoat; and, looking down, he saw that it was the rusty barrel of an old cap-and-ball revolver. The Swede's little eyes gleamed frostily and there was something inexpressibly cruel and imminent in his look. Riggs was no coward, but the primitive, stupid savagery of that flat face appalled him.

"Put that gun down, Ole!" he cried, stepping back. "I'll give it to you." And he did.

. . . . . .

It took Danny some time thoroughly to realize the situation. The loss of the additional hundred dollars had left him with almost nothing, and business was already beginning to fall off. In another month it would barely provide for the needs of the family—and then there was the long, hard winter to face! With a hundred dollars to leave behind him he could have started for the northern mines and mills, where work for an able-bodied man who could swing an ax or shovel was fairly certain. As it was, he foresaw that the little dribble of money that did come in, with the hope of more that might and the fear of absence, would chain him to his profitless occupation at home. As to making Jansen disgorge, he realized the impossibility of that. It would be thought, not unnaturally, that he had tried to take advantage of the man's ignorance, and the Swede's resort to force would be applauded rather than condemned. Riggs broke into a fury of rage.

"Honesty!" he cried aloud. "A man's a fool to be honest!"

He said nothing of the calamity to Mrs. Riggs, merely telling her that he had given Jansen back his hundred dollars. Three days passed in which there was little paying business, but on the morning of the fourth there came two unexpected customers. Their Scandinavian singsong struck unpleasantly on Riggs' ear at first—so did the subject of their business.

"Maybe you haf som' more of dees Gulden Fleas stog, Mester Riggs?"

Riggs glared at them, but their hard-bitten countenances seemed wholly amiable.

"Ole Jansen, he say he mak' dooble money on dees stog in tree mont'. Maybe you haf som' more?"

It came to Riggs in a flash. Jansen had been boasting; but, with a canny forethought of consequences, he had suppressed the potent factor of the primitive cap-and-ball in his account of the little financial operation. Here were two more of the same kind—greedy clods, avid for easy money, brutal in grain. And they wanted Golden Fleece mining stock. Very well.

"I've got a little of it left," said Riggs—"two thousand shares; and I'll let you have it for ten cents a share if you want it."

A few minutes later the visitors had departed, taking the certificates with them; and Riggs, fiercely elated, went across the street to the bank and deposited two hundred dollars. Next day there were three more applicants for stock. Riggs thereupon went to the depot and dispatched a telegram; and that evening the sparsely-inscribed register of the Hotel Batley bore the bold signature: "Jason Perkins, Lead City."

There was a marked improvement in the appearance of the proprietor of the Golden Fleece, Riggs thought, as he shook hands with him on the hotel porch. His eye was bright, his bearing erect and confident; and there was something so breezy, so genial and joyous about him that Danny felt quite uplifted. The young man was dressed in a suit of well-worn corduroy, with heavy, high-laced boots, and a careless necktie knotted at the collar of his blue flannel shirt; but he wore these garments with an air of distinction.

"My preserver—twice hand-running!" he cried, with an arm about Riggs' shoulder. "I was just abandoning hope when I got your wire; and on the strength of that glad message alone I was able to negotiate a loan for traveling expenses almost directly. Couldn't trust it to any express company, so I brought it down myself. And the strain of trying to look as if I had nothing extraordinarily valuable in that grip of mine has been something tremendous!"

"Meaning the stock?" asked Riggs smiling.

"Meaning the stock," assented Perkins. "I observed the strictest secrecy in my movements, of course; but I was afraid there might have been a leak somewhere that would set the bloodhounds on my track. I was armed and would have sold the certificates dearly; but —— By-the-way, are you really offered ten cents? 'Twould be indeed heartless to deceive me."

"I sold what you gave me for ten cents and there's a brisk demand that seems likely to get brisker. I wouldn't wonder if you could sell a thousand dollars' worth. They're Swedes—forty or fifty of them scattered round, and every one with a bulging sock and a sloping forehead. Do you know, I couldn't get 'em to look at hail insurance! Afraid of it."

"Well," said Perkins, "I don't know that I can conscientiously blame them. They're a cautious race; but caution, dear friend, is a commendable quality and there is always a chance to take in insurance. I've heard of adjusters who would shoot out the lip of scornful incredulity at a statement of loss—and then cut it down two-thirds; but take a dead-open-and-shut proposition like Golden Fleece —— Me for the hardy Norsemen every time! Understand me though—I'm not going to sell more than forty-five per cent of the stock."

It seemed as if the limitation might be necessary, for word of the golden opportunity spread and the Swedes came in like chickens to sprinkled grain—in a way. Here Perkins took charge. Standing in an easy, oratorical attitude before the office table, he expatiated eloquently on the riches that were to accrue to fortunate purchasers.

"But I deem it my duty to warn you, gentlemen," he said. "I wish you to pause and consider well before you buy. Ponder deeply, I beg of you. Ask yourselves the vital and incandescent, nay, momentous and relevant questions: Can I stand prosperity? Have I the moral stamina, the stern resolution, the fortitude and firmness to withstand the temptations to which I shall be subjected by the influx of sudden and almost fabulous wealth? Will unearned increment agree with me, or will the pernicious influences of unaccustomed luxury debase my sterling character? If not—why, certainly. And in the words of our deathless celebrant of ferruginous artisanship: 'Skoal to the viking—skoal!' Gentlemen, I thank you; and you may now pass before my colleague, who will accept your subscriptions."

Riggs sat back and listened grimly during these flights of oratory. Their ironical humor appealed to his embittered spirit, and he more than once complimented Mr. Perkins upon his genius for gold-brick salesmanship.

"I believe, if you set your mind to it, you could sell some of the stuff to me," he remarked.

Perkins slapped his shoulder cordially.

"No need of that, old top," he said. "Me and you is pardners; and the same breeze that wafts me to the pinnacle of prosperity shall inflate the bag of your trousers in no lesser degree."

The Swedes were not the only people who invested in the stock. Elkins, the liveryman, came to scoff and remained to extract three ten-dollar bills from his sweat-stained billbook for as many hundred-share certificates. Burke, the hardware dealer, guessed he'd take a chance on a couple; and even Zimmerman, in a hypnotic daze, induced by a glowing if technical description of the mine and its serial assays, allowed speculation to get into his dull eyes—and went away with fifty dollars' worth. Altogether the cleanup amounted to a little more than a thousand dollars.

"Which puts me on the sweet, sunny side of Easy Street," observed Mr. Perkins with sparkling eyes. "And I owe it all to you—blessings on your bald spot!"

"What are you going to do with it?" inquired Danny listlessly.

"With my half? I'm going to rehabilitate the family mansion at Providence, judiciously blending the ancient with the modern, with the assistance of an architect who does business in a studio and a decorator who embellishes his notepaper with a coat-of-arms in three colors. I shall then make a trip to Europe—not unaccompanied!" Mr. Perkins breathed a tender sigh and looked pensive. "On my return," he resumed, "I shall appoint you general manager, with full discretionary powers, and abandon myself to a life of luxurious ease and"—here Mr. Perkins blushed—"and domestic felicity. What will you do with your half?"

"If you still insist on giving it to me I think I shall either consolidate the green goods industry or open a loan office and shark small-salaried men," Danny replied cynically. "I understand there's good money to be made selling cocaine."

Perkins laughed. Old Riggs was a dry joker, and sometimes his jocular remarks concerning the Golden Fleece Mine and its stock were rather annoying; but he was a fine fellow, nevertheless, and had a fine wife and family.

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Nothing of the Swindler About Him, Riggs Decided

How to Beat the Building Game

Those Plans—By Benjamin A. Howes

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLASS DUER

Rich With Suggestions of the Old Local Ways

A LADY of my acquaintance who enjoyed leisure, good taste and a competence confided in me one day in regard to the house she meant to build somewhere in New Jersey.

"I haven't decided on my architect yet," she said; "but I've been looking at some of those pictures of English country houses and I'm perfectly charmed with them. The English certainly do know how to live! Now I want one of those lovely, low-lying houses, where the walls rise right out of the lawn and the long, straggling roofs slope 'way down, with pretty little casements peeping out here and there. And I want one of those open halls with galleries and a fireplace with armorial bearings in stone over it, where I can serve tea every afternoon. I've found several delightful English houses that were really built of stone or brick for much less than I had reckoned on; so there won't be any difficulty about that—especially as I want it all perfectly simple in detail."

Though I sympathized thoroughly with the architectural tastes of my friend, there was only one thing to do. "Do you know," I asked, "that the charming way the houses rise right out of the ground is due to the fact that practically all English country houses are built without cellars? How would that go in New Jersey in winter? All right for Louisiana, I grant you. The lack of a basement excavation is possible because of the English habit of heating—or rather not heating—their houses with little coal fires in grates. Do you think you could get along without a furnace? If you had a furnace the great open hall with overhanging galleries would require to heat it in the winter months, when you would be serving tea inside, tons and tons of that furnace coal you already find to be such a drain on your purse—and think how it would be without the furnace, in true English style! The great expanse of sloping roof is indeed fascinating in England, where much of the tile is old and hand-made, and even new roofing tile soon gets a soft bloom of lichen or fungus or weathering—or whatever it is. That, however, is only because the English tile is unglazed and porous. Our tile has to be hard-burned and non-absorbent to withstand our terrible frosts. And think of such a roof in New Jersey! Frankly, I think you, with your good taste, would find only one thing more hideous than a staring great surface of hard new tile sweeping down before you—and that would be the same surface in wood or slate or some of the egregious American imitations of thatch. It is texture and color only that can lend beauty to roofs of such dimensions. And another thing against them: Don't you know that good roofing tile is extremely expensive over here?"

When You Tie Your Architect's Hands

"YOUR materialism is heart-breaking," responded the lady from New Jersey; "but at least you can't say anything against the long, low lines of the house I had planned to build."

"Have you carefully studied the ground plans of those English houses?" I hazarded. "If you do you will discover that the interesting, unusual roof contours with the casements peeping out at irregular places, are due to the very irregular, straggling plans. And these straggling plans are bound up with the extraordinarily rambling system of house service that prevails there. You will find kitchen; then scullery beyond; then larder, then, often, 'cous,' 'knives,' 'boots,' 'cycles' all in a row. Can you see your Johnson bringing in coal half a mile to the drawing-room fire? Or retiring that distance to clean the family boots? The English may know how to live, but their servants certainly have plenty of leg exercise. Where there is compactness of service space there is no such pleasant excuse for leisurely extensions, dropping roof by roof from three stories to one, with all the dilleut and costly though picturesque complications of roof structure. Or suppose you did require a lot of small extra rooms—bachelors' quarters, boys' dens, and so on—do you imagine that such a straggling plan wouldn't be terribly expensive to install with heating and plumbing and electric lights? Of course, if you were to be unlimited in your outlay, you needn't be reminded of these things."

"These houses I have looked up weren't expensive," murmured my friend. "And surely they weren't without modern conveniences!"

"Well, at least the dwellers probably get along with lamps and candles—not electricity. Can you imagine an English novel where the heroine doesn't linger with her candle on the landing? They will have no heating plant—or only a tiny one for the heart of the house. And as for the plumbing! Here is an advertisement just taken at random—lots of others like it—from an English paper:

> "A picturesque and admirably arranged residence, occupying a retired and well-chosen situation, with south aspect and beautiful views, and containing square hall, four reception rooms, fourteen bedrooms, bathroom, and so on, with good garden, small park and two hundred acres of land.

"A quite superior establishment, you see; but I imagine the lone bathroom implies that our tremendous outlay for heating and lighting plants, and sanitary equipment generally, did not enter into its very moderate cost. I remember once reading a clever account of life in an Italian apartment, wherein, the writer said, she was absolutely without modern conveniences, yet had never been so comfortable in her life, because she had a slave—a humble, untiring slave, Assunta by name—who brought in her hot bath, and cleaned her shoes, and pressed her clothes, and washed and ironed and cooked and scoured, did the marketing, ate almost nothing at all, and was always cheerful! You see, however, we haven't any acolytes of that kind in this country—or, at least, not north of Dixie."

"I Wish I Knew What Makes You So Ugly!"

"All right," said the lady from New Jersey grimly. "Then what can I plan for that will have some practical commonsense?"

Perhaps that is the question I am trying to answer in the following paragraphs.

. . . . .

If there is one occupation more delightful than planning one's first European trip it is planning one's first house, or what is meant to be one's permanent home. Why do I say "one"? Because it is the housewife's task and pleasure, as it should be. Professional architectural journals are indeed wont to make merry over the vagaries and absurd requirements of the feminine client; and occasional architects—especially in fiction—take a very high tone toward "the Owner's" ineptitudes. However, let the home-builder not despair. The best architects are most sincerely anxious to express the owner's requirements. One of America's most famous firms, says a member of it, "has but one aim—to get for the client what the client wants, in its most suitable form." There will, of course, always be occasional people who want to build a Queen Anne cottage with a donjon-keep, or a *leitmotif* in stone, or a Chinese pagoda; but if it comes to a point where the architect says, "This is artistically impossible," or "This cannot be built," he must, of course, have the final word. The client, however, has certainly the right to demand every effort on the part of the architect to get not only the working arrangement that is desired but also the general effect.

Let us pause here! It cannot be too strongly emphasized that a certain general effect is all any client can demand. An architect, noted for his successful dwelling houses, tells me that his greatest difficulty is with the too specific ideas of his clients. "Jones and his wife brought me a picture of a house they had found in some magazine," he said. "They had planned out their own interior pretty completely as to dimensions and equipment; they had their land; they knew to a dollar how much they could afford to spend; they did not realize that they had fixed every variable of their equation, including the one that should have been left to me—the exterior. If they were completely set on that exterior they should have given me *carte blanche* as to the interior, and probably the ground also, in order to find a proper setting for that particular house."

If the architect is given no opportunity for adjustment isn't allowed at least one variable a deadlock will ensue. Not many clients, however, are as unreasonable as the man who came to this architect's firm with sketches and photographs and detailed descriptions of a house he had seen. "I want this house for eleven thousand dollars," he announced. The plans and specifications were made up with the items he demanded; but no bidders could be found for less than seventeen thousand dollars. The client persisted and the architect drew up other specifications, giving the same appearance and dimensions, but using everywhere inexpensive materials and equipment—and this house could have been built for the eleven thousand dollars; but the owner refused to accept the substitution. He was determined to have his expensive fittings for the smaller sum. He finally had to be sued for the architect's fees, which, of course, he was compelled to pay.

The same thing is true, to a degree, of details which are acquired in the same way. A single detail—like a good doorway, porch or fireplace—to be precisely repeated, probably demands for its proper effect the precise type, dimensions and aspect of the house from which it is taken. My architect friend was whimsically indignant at certain magazines for this reason. He insisted that they were educating the client in architectural details alone; so that these particular details, excellent in themselves, were called for with an insistence that completely disturbed and destroyed the unique problem which each house presented. "Popularizing architectural knowledge," he went on, "is positively harmful, unless it takes the form of principles—not details. The owner must come to the architect with an idea of the character and general effect of his house, no doubt; but with full appreciation of it as a problem to be treated for his individual home-site and family—that is, with an open mind."

Books That Will Help in Building

THE real way to use books of plans is to take them as suggestions for special devices in interior arrangements, or as general types of architecture—or as warnings. No one who has not studied the various bungalow books, for instance, has any notion of what can be done with a one-story plan; nor, until one has gone through some of the prevalent sets of views of concrete houses, does one realize by some of the examples what one absolutely must not try to do in that seductive material. If one has access to a good public library, or an architectural library like the Avery Library at Columbia University, a study of the plates in the current art and architectural journals, home and foreign, will be suggestive. A popular novelist I know has just built the prettiest possible garden house for a study modeled on the Goethe Gartenhaus in the park at Weimar. My New Jersey friend was quite right in her instinct that the English house book would give her many new points of view as to materials, plan and architectural type; she needed only to have her ideas adapted to conditions of living and of economical building in her part of America to evolve an attractive result—but the adaptation must be made, and made in freedom by an expert.

Moreover, the matter of complete definite specifications for a house of some size, fully equipped, is a regular Encyclopedia Britannica. The architect cannot be expected to know all the infinite professional and trade conditions, constantly varying, which ought to decide between several possible ways of doing things. The comparative cost, at certain points in the United States, of special kinds of brick, or wood, or tile; of various kinds of plumbing equipment; the practicability of concealed lighting or heating for a given plan; the durability of different types of veneering, roofing or flooring in different geographical situations, are all examples of the kind of thing the home-builder ought to be informed about—at least in cases where a large outlay is contemplated—before plans and specifications are accepted, but which the architect will hardly follow. The other day I heard an expert floorman advise laying quartersawn, allheart yellow pine instead of oak for

"With Pretty Little Casements Here and There"

a herringbone floor for a house in a far-Southern town. He himself had lived fifty years without finding out that it would withstand, better than oak, great variations in humidity; but when he did he was in position to advise both owner and architect. Every day it is becoming more out of the question to carry out the tradition of the all-knowing architect who shall direct every operation. As present superstitions go, it is hard for him to explain this without losing caste with the client. The remedy lies in a joint conference of client, architect and a responsible builder who is constantly at grips with these immediately practical trade questions. With such a conference of the powers the housewife ought to get the latest and best devices in comfortable living in the most economical and artistic form.

A New York man who took this view—for it is, after all, usually a man who first takes tradition in his teeth—preceded all but the most tentative plans by protracted sessions with his builder, visits to innumerable warerooms where building materials and equipments were displayed, so that he knew the possibilities and market conditions of everything that went into his house. He built his country house, to the minutest detail of equipment, for the individual needs of himself, his wife and children. It is well known that such a house usually brings in the market far less than it costs to build; but this one has recently been sold, several years after building, without loss.

So let the home-maker go about her first plans hopefully. The clearer her mind as to what she wants, the easier the task of her professional advisers. First of all, then, for the home, is the question of the aspect of the living rooms. Very significant is the movement which has begun to relegate the open-air living of the household, and hence largely the living quarters themselves, to the side away from the entrance. It is passing strange that so few observers have hailed this right-about-face of the living side of the house as the revolution in architectural design and in domestic life that it really is. Families might almost be divided into two classes—those who live on their front verandas and maintain "back yards," and those who live away from the entrance and have transmuted the back yard into a side "service court" or like sublimation. Even as to style, indeed, there is hardly so much difference in appearance between New England, Dutch or Southern Colonial, or Georgian, Elizabethan, Italian—not omitting the Richardsonian and "best West Newton" styles—as between the house that runs to front piazza (veranda, porch, stoop or gallery, according to latitude and longitude) and the one that sternly eschews it.

They Knew to a Dollar How Much They Could Afford to Spend

Some years ago—in a trade journal, I believe—a sensible man voiced his reaction on one of the new experiments in houses. He said he had walked up and down before this object, murmuring: "I wish I knew what makes you so darned ugly!" If he would traverse the streets of any prosperous American town, and put that question to nine-tenths of the older pretentious houses, I think they could answer: "My front piazza!" Of course the front piazza was invaluable to the young people as a pleasant snare on summer evenings; it allowed the housewife to receive callers on a warm afternoon with the minimum of service; it was partly the result and partly the cause of the reprehensible back yard. In the Southern town, with its universal servants' houses at the rear, it may still be "indicated"; but in the average Northern town the dignity of a small hooded or recessed entrance, which allows the simplest front wall to have some character of its own; the saving in hall space, in light; the repose and reserve in outdoor life of the verandas giving on the side or rear, are obvious and encouraging.

Important as this decision as to the aspect of the living rooms is for the outside of the house, it is really, of course, in principle a decision as to the interior arrangement—the central basic decision, to which the special individual arrangements are adjusted. It is not for me, of course, to suggest detailed devices in the plan; but the method of preliminary planning followed by a reasonable woman, wife of a college professor, who has lately built a modest but satisfactory family dwelling, may point the way. Having the rough relative position of the principal rooms in her mind, after having settled the question of street or garden living rooms, she then proceeded to imagine all possible uses for them. "What path will Mary follow to the front door? It must be through the hall anyway. When John brings a strange man in to dinner what shall be done with him? A little reception room at the front door, with coat closet on one side and lavatory on the other! Can John look at the furnace in a hurry without going through the kitchen? If people come in on whom he doesn't want to spend time should there not be an escape from the rear corner of the living room? (He has one now—into his 'den,' which opens under the stairs.) Where shall we sit on hot summer afternoons? Where can I have doors to avoid stagnant eddies if I am giving a large reception? Can the maids get down in the morning without waking every one? What bathrooms will be convenient for several guests staying in the house? Can I have a well-lighted sewing room?" And so on.

Then, like the betrothed Gretchen, in Grimm's Tales, who went down to draw beer for the guests and saw an ax hanging over the cask, she began to imagine what troubles might befall. "Suppose the children had a contagious illness—could they be quarantined in their rooms? Suppose all the menfolks were away—could one suite be isolated and defended against burglars? What if some one were threatened with tuberculosis? . . . A place for a sleeping porch!" The children were amused at mother's methods; but the serenity of the household since they moved into their new home is a vindication of her ideas.

"He Has One Now—Into His 'Den'"

Yet it is not to be understood that she tried to draw these plans herself—in not attempting to do so she showed her good sense; but she went to her architect with these problems and left it to his experience and resourcefulness to devise the answers. Every family has its own special peculiarities and needs, and the housemother should first assure herself that no typical situation is left unprovided for.

The requirements of the plan are the owner's concern; so also may be the general type of the exterior. Here, of course, the cost of the house is often the controlling factor; but, other things being equal, the wise home-builder avoids fads and considers climate and the months of occupation first. Today every one who means to build a really modest house thinks first of the bungalow, though the spreadout, one-story type, with a great veranda, is highly impractical for any region that has a cold winter. A widely experienced architect was deploring in my hearing the foolishness of people who expect to build in New England in the forms of Southern California. "And if those Northwesterners in Portland and Seattle and Victoria," he cried, "only realized that they enjoy a regular, mild and humid English climate, far better suited to the small, plain masonry houses that please us so over there, than to the everlasting bungalow! The trouble with copying English cottages and small country houses in the United States is usually that the owner doesn't see that three-quarters of their charm is in the planting, the shrubbery and the vines. In the first place climatic conditions here in the North are, on the whole, not favorable for such luxuriant growth as is needed; and then the economical American owner is

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MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

II

By Anne Shannon Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I WAS fumbling in the dark passage for my wraps when I heard a light footfall, and a hand touched my wrist detainingly. It was Miss Krog.

"You are to come again in the morning," she said. Her hand was like ice. "Mr. Bittner thought perhaps you misunderstood."

I managed to thank her, but in desperate straits as I was I quailed before this prospect almost as fearfully as before the other. The high tension, the strain of unremitting haste, combined with the general friction that pervaded the office, made an atmosphere of unrest, uneasiness and insecurity that was terrifically nerve-wearing. I reached home utterly exhausted, threw myself on the bed in my street clothes and slept for hours.

However, I went back the next day. The face of a partly paid landlady does not encourage one to give up a position. The mere possession of a job gives one a certain amount of credit. I was glad to get out of the house away from her questioning eyes, though once on the street car I shrank from the thought of the office.

I arrived on time and took my place as calmly as I could. Several of the girls looked curiously at me, thinking I had made some blunder the day before and been called down for it. The typewriters began to click, Miss Krog emerged from the cloakroom, hurried to her desk, patted her hair and dabbed powder on her nose before her small desk-drawer mirror, and then began her rounds, steadily and quietly supplying the girls with work. Bittner was at his desk opening mail. It had arrived in a special mail-sack and was dumped before him like a bag of potatoes. He would pick up an envelope, make several jabs at it with his daggerlike opener, all the time slipping forward and back on his chair, his face working and his eyes eager. He looked for all the world like some monkey before a huge pile of nuts, dropping and losing most of them in his greedy haste to devour them all at once.

I had just inserted my first sheet—another form letter—and I had had the good sense not to read it this time, when Bittner came sauntering down the aisle from the rear of the office. He was in his shirtsleeves, hands soiled, and his penknife was busy with an old ruler he had picked up in the rubbish. He paused quite casually by my desk and continued his whittling.

"Ever write?" he asked.

"Some," I answered, beating him in brevity.

"Reword that letter you were on yesterday," he said, "and let me see how you make out."

I got a copy of the letter from Miss Krog and went to work on it. It was composed of long, roundabout and effusive sentences that claimed everything vaguely and got nowhere definitely. Several rereadings were required before I was able accurately to locate the points. I worked hard over it, made many elisions, and finally reworded the entire thing, using about one-third as much language. It was nearly noon before I got it to suit me, then I copied it on the back of a sheet I had spoiled and would be charged for and carried it to Bittner's desk. He had been there most of the morning carving decorations into the old ruler.

I went back to my machine, but I watched him as he bent over the letter. He read it through very slowly, then got up and in that queer, ambling, sideways gait came sauntering over to my desk. He looked about for a vacant chair, pulled one up, and in a leisurely manner sat down and put the letter before me.

"That might go as catalogue stuff," he said, deliberately splitting fringes into the edge of the paper with an intentness that made the exact cutting of the paper rather than the contents of the letter the supreme thing, "but it ain't goin' to come it over the business man—the country merchant. It's cold as a corpse."

"It says what you want to say."

"That's merely a detail; you gotta grip 'im; make 'im want to buy."

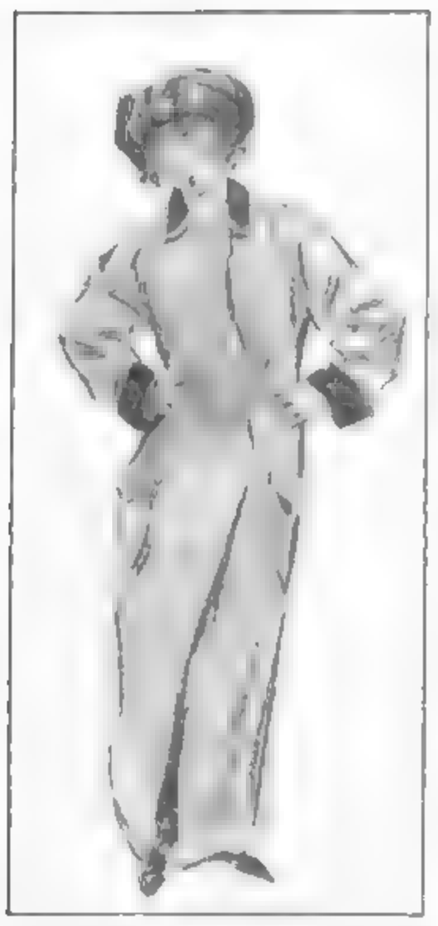
"When I need a new hat," I argued, "I go to a store and ask to see the hats. I don't appreciate having a saleswoman fawn over me; I just want to see the hats."

"That's when you want a hat. It don't take salesmanship to sell to the man that wants the thing; I'm talkin' about sellin' to the man that don't want our stuff. See?"

I didn't quite see.

"Now s'pose you're tryin' to sell these business books to a country merchant that's perfectly satisfied with his know-how; when he opens this letter and finds it's just a circular he uses it to light his pipe. He lives off in some junk town where he spends most of his time standin' in the door and watchin' the folks go by; he don't care a hang about our books. How are you goin' to get that man?"

"Pass him up and go after the younger, more ambitious men in cities."



"I Ain't a Fool, If I Don't Pomp My Hair and Wear Peek-a-Boos"

"Go for them too, but don't pass up the other—get 'em both." He waited. I had no idea.

"Get 'im where he lives," he suggested.

Still I had no idea.

"What you s'pose he's standin' in his store door all day for?"

"To see the people go by."

"Yes, and to see where they go to. Smith's, two blocks down the street, is a newer store; he's watchin' to see how many of his old customers go to Smith's. He eats and sleeps it—Smith's."

Still I waited.

"Now to get 'im you gotta start off a letter that'll hit 'im right square between the eyes. In his own kind o' dope tell about methods o' storekeepin' that have been tried and have proved successful in conditions the same as his. They all have the same set o' conditions to face—all have rivals and new stores everywhere, and even the newest merchant has gotta keep on bein' the newest, so it hits him too. Don't you see you get him interested right away if you can talk about his affairs, listen to him, get right down in his mind and his problems? They ain't a man livin' so big that the lowest tramp can't get his ear if the tramp is smart enough to say the right thing."

I began to see.

"Give it to me," he said as the noon gong rang. "I'll fix up the dope; then you can go over it." He slowly ambled back to his desk.

I went out to lunch, but I was too keenly interested in the work to loiter long over food. All afternoon I filled in lines on form letters to office managers. It was nearly four when Bittner brought me his product, scrawled in cramped writing over the backs of a dozen or more envelopes. He put on his coat and left the office and I settled down to decipher what he had written.

The Bittner-Binks Form Letters

IT WAS an intricate task; I took it home to finish that night. Sentences were involved, words misspelled and misused, but gradually, as I sensed his meaning and got the thing copied on decent paper, I realized that it was a very clever letter. I concluded that Bittner had grown up in a country store, so well did he seem to know its problems. He talked in the phraseology of the country merchant. It was such a letter as a small-town merchant, going to a city, might write back to his neighbor; a letter telling "the folks at home" things they didn't know anything about but ought to—things valuable for a man to know. It suggested why the city merchant drew the country trade, and pointed out what geese the country merchants were for being such old fogies and not "jogging things up a bit" on their own account. There was a hint, likewise, of unrest among younger business men in the city and evidence of intention to move to the country and "go in for themselves"—open up stores—and by introducing modern methods skin the old fellows out. The whole letter was destined to breed fear and disquiet.

When I had carefully copied it, straightening out the most involved sentences, using the correct words and spelling the others according to the dictionary—he wrote "sect" for "sex" and "esthetic" for "anesthetic"—it was a really clever piece of work—and it was ten o'clock.

Bittner made no comment when I handed him the letter next day; but soon he gave it to Miss Krog and told her to send it to the printer. Two days later we were working on it and the letters began going out one hundred thousand strong to small merchants all over the United States and Canada.

Binks flew about up and down the aisle, busier and more agitated than ever. I thought at times the man would surely explode. I didn't run the risk of reading any more of the letters that came to me to be filled in, but mechanically added the line as instructed. However, I was not to escape by any such evasion. On the fifth day Bittner sauntered over to my desk with copies of all the printed forms used in the business. He wanted me to go over them and improve their English if it needed improving.

"Don't you meddle with the spirit," he cautioned, "unless you can liven it up a bit. We don't pay postage on no corpses out of this office."

He succeeded in making me feel very small and inefficient, but I was glad to quit the eternal filling in and went to work eagerly. Once when I glanced up I found Binks eying me, but instantly he looked away.

Each letter appealed to some one special class of men whom Bittner & Binks hoped to make customers or who were already customers, all with lines to be filled in to make them personal. I had decided that Bittner must have grown up in a country store, so familiar was he with the country merchant's problems; but now I was confronted with twenty letters, every one as perfectly representing the problems of men in wholly different situations. They might have been written by twenty different people, each one a fair representative of his own class. It was hard to believe that they all emanated from my two principals. One thing, however, proved their authorship—the unfailing use of the wrong word, the unfailing grammatical error. Not a single letter was free from one or the other of these defects; defects that might not be noticed by a hurried reader, or one equally deficient in knowledge of English, but glaring enough to a person of any education whatever.

I eliminated the errors, rearranged the sentences and at closing time had the twenty letters ready to turn in. I was glad Bittner was there to receive them, for I was still afraid of Binks.

When I left the office a few moments later Miss Krog walked with me.

"Won't you tell me about this company?" I asked.

She looked at me quickly and her handsome fair face stiffened into a non-committal inexpressiveness.

"What do you want to know—about a raise?"

"No, about these two men. Where did they come from and how did they ever happen to get hold of a book business?"

She smiled. "They didn't get hold of it; they made it."

"How did it ever occur to them to make a book business? I should think they would have been afraid to risk capital in anything of an educational nature."

She smiled enigmatically. "They didn't risk much, and why not a book business?"

I noticed a slightly foreign accent on certain words, and I decided that she must have come from some of the northern countries of Europe. Her own knowledge of English being limited, she naturally did not realize the limitations of these men, so far as schooling was concerned.

"One always regards books as more or less of a luxury, and luxuries are more of a risk than necessities." I was proud of the business acumen my remark betrayed. To tell the truth I had heard Bittner say something of the kind.

"They started in a very small way, you know."

"No, I don't know anything about them; I'm new."

"There were just the three of us at first," she began.

"Oh, then you've always been with them?"

"Always? The firm is only two years old." She smiled at my emphasis on the "always." "We began in one tiny room—desk room it was—in a real-estate office; I was the stenographer. They were State Street salesmen, one in a hardware store and the other with an office-supplies concern. I think they were each earning twenty-five dollars a week at the time; they held their jobs during the day and came to the office after working hours, when they went over the mail and dictated the letters for me to write. I tied up all the packages at first and filled all the orders. It was just a little mail-order business on the side. They had nothing saved up; they contributed so much each week to pay for the advertisements, the postage and my salary. The business averaged a cost of one hundred and forty dollars a month for the first year, and I guess they were close to the bread line making ends meet. They both like to tell about the economies of that first year; ask them sometime."

"And does it pay now?" I idiotically asked.

"Pay?" She threw up her hands and laughed. "Oh, no, it doesn't pay at all; they just work for fun, those two!"

"I guess you mean Binks—he does all the work."

She winced but made no reply for a moment; then she volunteered one more remark: "He does seem to, doesn't he?" After that she said good night and turned down toward Monroe Street. She did not again walk out with me after that night or seem open to further conversation, but I liked her immensely.

I had just one fear now, and that was that I shouldn't be allowed to keep my job. Everything seemed up to Binks, and it was evident that he didn't like me. Unfortunately I had touched his weak point—his love of his own verbiage. He could spell. He went Bittner one better there, and he had a veritable avalanche of words at his command; but they fell from his lips in a tumultuous cataract. Bittner, on the other hand, had no words; it was difficult for him to express his simplest thought. Binks had spoken to me in an offhand manner of the word "enormity," blaming the mistake on the stenographer or the typesetter. He called it a "typographical error." But still, though he turned the incident off lightly, I could see that it continued to rankle; and he was further incensed by Bittner's action in giving me the form letters to revise. I gathered that they were the product of the two men combined; and I rather imagined that the ideas were Bittner's, while their style belonged to Binks—and of his style Binks was very vain.

"Ever Write?" He Asked

Pay-Day Comes at Last

NATURALLY on Saturday, it being pay-day, I went to my desk with considerable uneasiness. My finances were in a truly precarious state. I was living on such food as I could carry to my room concealed under my coat and afterward hide in my trunk away from the prying eyes and nose of the landlady. And even with this kind of management I had great difficulty in making the two dollars hold out through the week. Fortunately I was within what is called "walking distance" on the West Side, and though it was two miles to the office I walked both ways and thus saved carfares. I went almost nowhere but to the public library, where I read everything about business on which I could lay my hands. I was doing my utmost to make a business woman of myself, and I felt that if I could only gain Binks' goodwill I could keep on living until I should have learned enough to be worth a salary at least to some one somewhere. I felt sure of Bittner; but then he was almost never in the office, and what could it matter to him whether I or some other girl sat at that desk and clicked in those lines? The running of the office was all in Binks' hands, and Binks I had offended.

I quickly opened my machine and began to work at top speed. Binks was at his desk sorting letters, hitching forward and slipping back, and vigorously scratching his left foot against his right leg. Bittner came in, threw off his coat, removed his cuffs and sat down at his side of the desk; but he didn't take out his penknife. Instead, he began to go over the letters that I had turned in; his eyes never left the pages as he read.

Binks looked furtively toward him every few moments. I wished I was seated farther away from the two men; I wished I didn't have to be in it at all, but could just go ahead and type like mad as the others did, with nothing on my mind but the need of speed and more speed.

Miss Krog began her rounds among the girls, distributing new work, taking up finished work.

"Miss Krog!" It was Bittner's voice that bawled it out. She looked up quickly and, with the nervous apprehension that possessed her whenever called by either of the men, hurried to the desk.

Bittner handed her one of the letters: "Have Miss Hill copy that with a fresh black ribbon."

Binks looked up frowning. "Why Miss Hill? I've got her full up with dictation that must go out today." Miss Hill was his own private stenographer.

"Because I want a perfect copy. What do we pay her more than any other stenographer for perfect work for you for, if I can't use her once in a while?" he snarled.

"If you'd stay here and work as I do there'd be some sense in your having a high-priced stenographer," Binks retorted.

Meanwhile poor Miss Krog stood between them, perplexed and unhappy.

"Give it to Miss Hill and tell her I want it done perfect," Bittner commanded. Binks hitched and slipped more nervously than ever, then bent to his mail opening; his face was a hard little red knot of working anger. Bittner continued to read the other letters. Miss Krog took the work to Miss Hill.

For perhaps fifteen minutes everything was quiet save the incessant clicking of typewriters; then Miss Hill, a slender dark girl with a sensitive startled face, hurried up to Bittner with her copied work. Bittner took it, glanced down the page, then looking up glowered at her.

"I thought I said a perfect copy," he bawled.

The girl, frightened, reached out for the sheet. "What —— What's the matter with it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Look at that alignment; look at that semicolon after the headin'. Do you call that perfect?" He flung it toward her. "Do it over again: erasin' don't go."

Bittner Explodes and Miss Hill Departs

THE girl caught the sheet and turning a shade paler went back to her machine. She sat near me and I could see her fingers tremble as she inserted the paper. I vaguely wondered whether all these girls were as close to bedrock as I, that they were in such a chronic state of fear. Every one in the room seemed to realize that a fresh storm was brewing at the desk, and they all worked in a spirit of mad desperation, so that they should not be at fault, no matter what was in the air. I glanced toward the cut case where William the Silent was stolidly sorting and listing halftones and etchings. I suddenly envied him for the second time and wished I could be as indifferent to atmospheres.

Again Miss Hill approached the desk with her letter; again Bittner glowered over it; again he looked up in utter scorn and disgust.

"And you're the girl we pay to do perfect work," he sneered.

"What's wrong?" she gasped, almost ready to cry and reaching for the letter.

He showed her, shaking the sheet under her nose; in her excitement she had omitted an entire line.

"Do it over," he thundered, "and this time you're to get it right, d'you hear?"

She returned to her machine, biting her lip to keep back the tears and stumbling against my desk on her way. Binks was doing his best to ignore the scene, and having a hard time of it; he hitched and slipped, hitched and slipped. From her desk near the window Miss Krog kept looking up furtively and fearfully. All of us clicked at mighty speed; if typewriters could burst from friction I am sure they would have gone to countless bits. Bittner was already lost in another form letter.

For the third time Miss Hill approached the desk of the partners. Involuntarily typewriters slowed down and we waited a breathless moment for the explosion; it came.

Bittner took one look at the letter she handed him, then sprang to his feet with the sudden agility of a wildcat, tore it into fragments and threw the pieces on the floor.

"So that's the kind of work I'm buncoed into payin' extra for, is it?" He pointed with shaking finger at the paper. "Get your time and get out of here!"

The girl, now deadly white and trembling from head to foot, looked toward Binks for protection. She was his stenographer; she had been his stenographer for a year and she had been promised a raise: her look told it all. It was appeal and charge together.

Binks got to his feet, tried to speak, and stuttered; "Bittner, this is going too far ——"

Bittner quick as a flash grabbed a book from the desk, one they so purringly recommended in their letters, and hurled it at the girl, repeating as he did so: "Get your time and get out of here!"

The girl dodged and rushed to the bookkeeper's cage. The two men faced each other across the desk in a moment of intense anger, then Bittner smiled in a cool sort of way, slipped into his coat and left. Binks, livid with rage, flew out of his chair and over to the bookkeeper's cage. William came with his dustpan and broom and swept up the scraps of paper; as he pushed past my desk I quietly reached out, covered the scraps with my fingers and crowded them into my bag. William looked at me a moment in surprise, then went on to the rear of the room with his broom and dustpan; I went on with my typing. Every one else began to click; the incident had not lost more than a minute from the business of the day.

That night I took the fragments of the letter from my bag and pieced them together; thanks to William's care not one was missing. I pasted them neatly and accurately with library paste, then examined the letter under a reading glass—it was a perfect copy in every detail. I was not surprised; all the time I had felt that Bittner's anger was feigned.

I Now Added a Small Piece of Steak

At the close of my first week in business I paid my landlady the other two dollars still due her, which left me one dollar and ninety-five cents for running expenses—I had been docked five cents for two spoiled letters. It's a truly wonderful thing to have your landlady paid; for then, no matter how badly things go at the office, you can return home with a sense of comfort. Otherwise you're in a state of dread and suspense at both ends of the line and have no peace anywhere. I had managed the problem of my food so well the first week, carrying home bakery stuff, that I now began to feel more daring and indulged in five cents' worth of potatoes and a small tin pail that would fit over my curling-iron rack above the gas-jet. A hot potato stolen under the very nose of the landlady was lure enough to make one hurry home any night.

My system was to lock the door, cover the transom—I had seen her steal up to too many doors with her small stepladder to be caught in that way—then pare the potato and put it over the gas to cook. The parings I would make into a parcel that looked for all the world like a pair of party gloves being returned by a finicky débutante and this I would drop into the first garbage can I came to over on Madison Street. The rest of the potatoes were hidden away in my trunk just under my party dresses, in case the landlady should be able to force the lock and peep into the tray.

My Cheshire-cat grin began to steal back again; I seemed to be in a delightful conspiracy with myself against the whole world—including my landlady. I would slip up on it yet when nobody was looking and get my share; and meanwhile the game was fun.

Such musings prospered best in my room, as I sat innocently curled up in a big chair by the reading lamp, everything serene and correct in case the landlady should come snooping round. Sometimes she stopped at the door for a few moments' talk. Our china-decorating experience had made a semblance of a bond between us. But always it seemed to me that as she stood there she was spiritually sniffing her nostrils in an effort to overtake an elusive but suggestive odor; and always I gloried in the thought that she couldn't catch me. She did not know that I walked to and from the office, and probably thought that the time I used up in this way was spent at my meals.

The Girl in the Dowdy Raglan

THE Monday following the torn-letter episode I went to my machine in a mood almost jubilant. I had made up my mind to a course of action; and the thing seemed done. In the future, I resolved, I should be oblivious to the two partners; I would do my work, give no more cause for offense and pay no attention to either of them. I would make such tremendous speed that Binks would like me in spite of himself. I got there early. Binks, already in a flutter, was unlocking the door. Miss Krog hurried in after us, and he turned excitedly to her:

"No girls! No girls! I thought I told you to put an ad in the Sunday paper?"

"You did; and I turned it in Saturday on my way home."

"Never heard of such a thing! Not a single applicant! You must have been too late." He studied a moment, tapping his lip with his right forefinger. Then he went over to her and spoke in a low confidential tone: "Do you suppose you could get Miss Hill back any way?"

"No," she answered with firm decision. "Miss Hill said she wouldn't come back for a hundred a week. She said she didn't have to work in an office where men threw books at girls' heads!"

Miss Krog was still incensed over Bittner's performance of Saturday. She seemed at that moment to hate Bittner with an intensity that this one case alone would not fully account for, though it was enough, goodness knows! Neither was her indignation with Bittner squared by love for Binks. In fact I never saw so much absence of love in one spot in all my life.

While they were still talking a lean, hungry-looking girl in a dowdy raglan coat pushed back the door and stared stupidly from one to the other. Her mouth sagged open, and short hair that had been frizzled by a hot iron hung limply under her nondescript gray turban.

"I was told there's a stenographer's job here," she said.

Binks stared at her; Miss Krog looked her over with a sort of pity.

"Who told you so?" Binks asked.

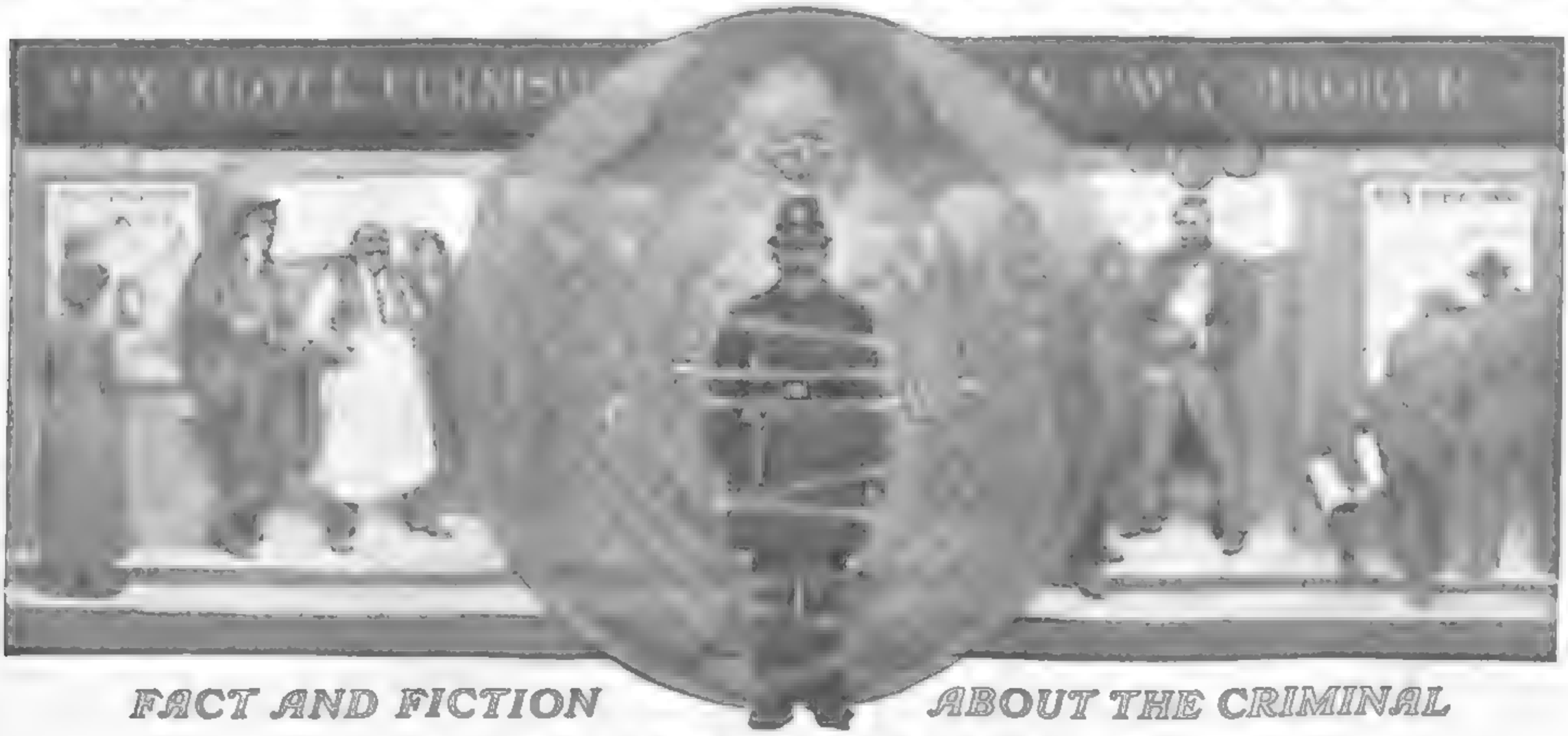
"A girl what lives where I do by name of Sally Hill. She come home Sat'dy night and said she'd quit and wasn't goin' back any more. She said I was welcome to try to get the job. I ain't had no luck since I came to Chicago, but I can read my notes and I'm quick, and I'll start low. I ain't a fool, if I don't pomp my hair and wear peek-a-boos."

Binks laughed; Miss Krog's handsome, frowning face cleared. The girl was clean, only very shabby and without

(Continued on Page 46)

I Throw Myself on the Bed in My Street Clothes and Slept for Hours

The Policeman and His Work



FACT AND FICTION ABOUT THE CRIMINAL

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

ONE night several years ago New York detectives brought into police headquarters a prisoner who proved highly interesting to the newspaper reporters. He was a stocky little man, with small eyes full of suspicion, cropped gray hair and the smooth, wizened face of the jailbird. His hearing was very bad. The identification bureau soon produced his record, from which it was found that he went by the nickname of "Deafy" and that he was an habitual criminal, with the usual pitiful record of terms in prison. Just now he was suspected of an attempt at petty robbery.

Thus far Deafy's case was quite an ordinary affair from the newspaper standpoint. What interested the reporters was a queer document the detectives had found in his room. This was written partly in cipher. The reporters helped unlock its cryptogram, a very simple one, such as might have been devised by a boy during his Indian-hunting days. Deafy's manuscript made the story. Newspapers dealt with it on their front pages and it made good reading for several days. The substance of what they published was something like this:

SAFEBLOWING IN EASY LESSONS

HALF HOURS WITH THE TOUGHEST SAFES

By an Expert Cracksman

When the police last night arrested an old-time crook known in the Rogues' Gallery as Deafy, they got a man believed to be the teacher of a school of yeggmen. Full directions for lobbing and blowing open every kind of safe were found in his possession, written in a secret code. It is believed that he has been concerned in most of the sensational post-office and bank burglaries during the past few years and that his methods are the result of years of experience. Detectives at headquarters are making a careful study of his manuscript lessons for the important light they throw upon criminal methods.

It was a typical piece of criminal news. Reporters are employed to make newspapers readable as well as truthful. They had some facts, which they reported correctly, and drew some conclusions from them to make articles that would entertain the commuter on his way to town next morning. At the same time, the stories all went to strengthen certain mistaken ideas cherished about criminals.

First, they gave the notion that safeblowing is a highly developed art, and that the kind of criminal known as a burglar is a man of remarkable skill in his line.

Second, they dealt with the burglar as a figure of mystery and romance.

Third, the police were shown, as usual, humbly going to school to the burglar and a long way behind him in ingenuity.

Now those articles had a business interest for one reader that morning. He was a safebuilder. Deafy's manuscript described many different safes, giving names of makers and directions for opening. The safebuilder got all the newspapers, compared the accounts and went over the names. He found that every strongbox mentioned was old-fashioned—in many cases the manufacturers had gone out of business. Rather more than half of them were so ancient that they locked with a key, thus giving a ready-made receptacle for explosives. Others had combination locks; but the old-fashioned doors fitted so loosely that explosives could be put into the crevices. Even those that had moderately tight doors were made before hard steel came into general use, and so could be drilled cold or after a little annealing with the blowpipe.

The high-class mechanic in a safe-works who has seen something of cracksmen's jobs has little respect for the burglar's skill. Most of those jobs are done by criminals who travel with a vial of nitroglycerine and a ball of putty. Getting access to some old-fashioned safe in a country post-office or a city store, they make a saucer of putty round the crevice between door and jamb, pour in the "soup," as it is called, and fire the charge after muffling the safe. The door is commonly blown off and the job finished. Or the strongbox is entered by pulling the door off with an appliance known as a "can-opener."

Whenever the police find a kit of burglar's tools the reporters usually yield to temptation and pronounce it the finest ever found. A good machinist, looking over the miscellaneous assortment of burglar equipment stored at police headquarters, however, would find it very ordinary stuff from the toolmaker's standpoint and far behind present-day mechanical excellence.

From time to time some fresh discovery in metallurgy, electricity or chemistry opens up startling possibilities for a burglar operating on really modern lines. Safebuilders study the possibilities and are not content until ways have been found to prevent burglary along the new lines; but it often seems as though such ingenuity were wasted. For the burglar never puts those possibilities into practice—he lacks the technical knowledge.

Burgling Not What It Used to Be

A STRICTLY burglarproof safe is a costly affair, used chiefly by banks. The ordinary fireproof strongbox found in business offices is not understood to be burglar-proof. The resources of the safebreaker are so few, however, that builders have been able to embody in moderate-priced safes numerous burglar-resisting features. To prevent blowing, doors shut without crevices, and hard steel protects against drill and blowpipe. To guard against the can-opener method, by which a safe might be pulled apart, strong welded frames are used. Another trick of the cracksman was knocking off hinges, so the door could be lifted off. Now hinges are inside—or, if knocked off, the doors are left locked as tightly as ever; in fact, there is only one point in the burglar's technic that wins any admiration from the skillful mechanic—that is, the amount of work he will sometimes accomplish with his primitive apparatus, in the very short time he can operate, under difficult conditions. Burgling is unquestionably exciting. A London detective found evidence in three burglaries out of five that the criminal had been sick at the stomach while working. He was told by prisoners that this was due to nervous strain and that the cracksman always works at high pressure. For the same reason his hands are moist and he leaves fingerprints to convict him. Modern bank vaults are protected by most ingenious devices—in some cases live steam would cook the burglar who touched the locks at night. There is a simple device available to the business man who has an antiquated safe—let him leave a bottle and a clean glass handy. More than one criminal has gone to prison because he helped himself to a drink while working, leaving his fingerprints as evidence.

In this lack of technical skill and knowledge is found the main reason for the burglar and for criminals generally. One item runs constantly through the descriptions in the Rogues' Gallery—the two words: "No trade." The criminal is far from being a fool. His intelligence is often keen, his manual cleverness remarkable, his judgment of people sure. He plans with utmost care and adapts himself to some line that suits his personality so well that he passes unnoticed in the crowd.

In the days of Inspector Byrnes, for example, there were two pickpockets—"Mourner Kehoe" and his wife. Nature had given them both long, melancholy countenances; so they made a specialty of funerals, stealing watches and purses as they sorrowed with the mourners.

The criminal is, more than anything else, a promising fellow, with good native ability, who has got into an unpromising business. Crimes of malice and passion amount to only one-fourth, according to British figures. Three criminals out of every four are guilty of crimes of greed—theft, fraud, robbery and the like. And the profits are steadily dwindling in these crimes and opportunities growing fewer. The highwayman and the pirate are gone. The gold-brick man and bunco-steerer now operate quite respectably, selling worthless stock. Bank robbing and sneaking, once prosperous trades, have fallen into a perfectly ruinous condition; for nowadays somebody goes to prison for a year for each twenty-odd or thirty-odd dollars stolen from an association bank. And the same state of affairs exists in other lines of criminal industry to a far greater degree than the public suspects.

The professional evildoer pits his ingenuity against that of society and constantly loses. Society is the more ingenious. It has unlimited resources. It progresses. His resources are limited, however; and whenever society takes the proper precautions in some given direction, or in many cases merely stops being careless, the evildoer goes out of business. One by one his devices are being checkmated, and he carries on a contest that is hopeless and sordid. There are constantly diminishing returns. It is the stiffest kind of competition.

The policeman is the last person in the world to see either mystery or romance in the criminal. It is true that

he often finds the major criminal interesting; but the major criminal is not so common a bird to the patrolman as is generally thought. Once or twice in a year, perhaps, he may deal with a really important burglar, thief or swindler; but it is the minor criminal who makes up the ordinary round of his duty—the petty thief and swindler, preying continually upon the poor, the simple and the charitable.

Mrs. Flannigan—a warm-hearted widow—keeps a boarding house on his beat. She reports that the nice-looking young man whom she had trusted, in the belief that he was out of work, has gone off with two weeks' board unpaid, and taken a few trinkets she valued because they had belonged to her husband.

Olaf Anderson, a carpenter with a wife and six children, reports that his chest of tools has been stolen. Weeks of careful saving and purchasing will not make good the loss; but the tools will bring next to nothing when sold by the hoodlums of the brickyard gang.

The world of business and property keeps its valuables in a bank vault and carries on most money transactions by checks. The poor, however, do a cash business and keep their little savings in their homes or on their persons. Their ways are easily ascertained; and the petty criminal makes off with small sums saved to pay the rent, or articles of jewelry, clothing, tools—and so on. For lack of an intelligent law, the policeman knows stolen property is easily disposed of in a dozen places round town and petty crime fostered. He is blamed for not recovering property or making arrests. He could do either, yet secure no conviction. In some instances only the most determined work on the part of a big corporation, such as a telephone or railroad company, has led to securing a conviction that would check constant thefts of wire, car brasses and other materials.

Again, as he walks his beat, the policeman sees some vicious combination of things that are apparently quite unrelated but that are nevertheless working to make lawbreakers of another kind.

In the city of New York many saloons maintain a few sleeping rooms overhead to comply with the liquor law, and are called "hotels."

In New York, also, some of the newspapers deal with every case of profligacy in high life at great length.

In New York, furthermore, there are many women and girls who earn very moderate wages.

Now the experienced policeman may have no very deep theories of crime; but he soon learns that there is a close connection between wrongdoing and moral resistance to temptation. Some criminals have lost this moral resistance—others apparently never had it; and in the best of human beings it is never any too strong. Talk with the department-store detective and he will tell of many an honest woman—a wife and mother—whose moral resistance was temporarily overcome by a bit of finery, leading to theft. The detective deals with her, knowing better than she what has happened, and sends her home after a talk that keeps her straight the rest of her life. He knows that many a man or boy of good character can be broken down by loose change being persistently left around. It is strictly a matter of pressure.

There comes a day when the New York working girl on slender wages finds her purse nearly empty at the same time that she is thinking of many pretty things she would like to have. For weeks the yellow newspapers have been full of the current chorus-girl scandal. There have been pictures and accounts of the dinners and gowns, the auto rides and luxury. The Raines-Law "hotel" and the tempter are handy. The "copper" on the beat sees that particular combination do its work.

The police officer sees such influences operating constantly; but he is placed in a peculiar position, whereby his efforts to prevent crime are restricted. In the first place, he has no right to act until the law has been violated. No matter how clearly he sees moral resistance being broken down, he can only offer advice—and probably be snubbed or attacked for his pains.

When crime has actually been committed he takes the offender into custody; but then the lawbreaker becomes an open enemy. Evidence must be presented in his own defense. So the criminal, while in the hands of the police, is naturally stubborn and uncommunicative.

Finally the prisoner is either set free or sent to prison. At that point the policeman's jurisdiction ceases. He can take no part in reforming criminals. His technical knowledge of causes that lead to crime and make it feasible is ignored by the lawmakers. His experience shows the urgent need of some simple change in the penal code, such as a regulation that would require pawnbrokers to send the police full reports of pledges every day. That would make the recovery of stolen property easy, make petty thieving difficult, and enable him to break up gangs of small-fry criminals. But the amendment to the penal code which would do this work hangs fire in a legislative committee. Probably it is blocked by the political influence of the very "fences" whose dishonest traffic makes petty stealing possible.

Little wonder then that the policeman sees criminals without glamour. Far from being mysterious or romantic to him, crime is all too plain. He is impressed rather by the profound indifference and carelessness of the public he is paid to protect. It takes considerable optimism to wear the brass buttons year after year, stand the long hours, the exposure, the chance meals, the hard knocks, injuries and temptations of police service, and maintain a steady belief in the usefulness of the policeman's calling.

For a good many centuries, society crucified, hung, impaled, burned, mutilated and tortured the criminal. So long as he was sent out of the world in some horrible way it was assumed that a double purpose had been served—the lawbreaker was eliminated and the community furnished a vivid example.

That did nothing whatever to decrease crime, however. Then society tried imprisonment, beginning with solitary confinement, which drove the lawbreaker mad, gradually progressing toward more and more liberal treatment. There is no definite evidence that this has done much to decrease crime.

Today, however, the outlook is more encouraging than it ever was. Society seems fairly on its way to get rid of the evildoer. In many cases it will continue to eliminate him by plain business competition—that is, superior resources and safeguards will make certain crimes of greed less profitable. In other cases there is a sick or deficient human being to be treated; but the great hope in dealing

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The Gulf Ports and Panama

By A. C. LAUT

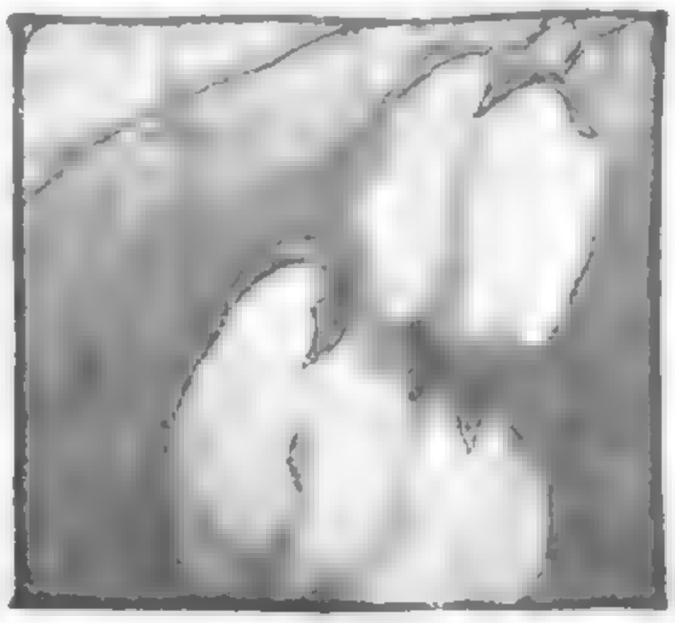
ARE we at the end of America's big booms—of chances to buy at fifty cents and sell at one hundred and two hundred and one thousand dollars an acre, as the citrus-growers of Southern California have done, or the orchard men of Hood River and Grand Junction; of chances to swap bags of flour and teams of mules for quarter sections that ten years later sell as town lots for so many millions, as many of the old settlers of Winnipeg and Calgary and Seattle and Los Angeles did in the last twenty years?

It is comical to look back on the lean and the fat years of the New West. I remember days in one city when all were literally and joyously so hard up that every member of the family—mother, daughters and sons—had to turn out and earn money to pay taxes on land that could not be given away; and sometimes, between taxes and mortgages on collapsed values, the land you could not give away got away with as much as fifty thousand dollars—and then had to be sacrificed!

There was just one comfort in hitting rock bottom—values could not go lower; but for those who held on—held on in spite of the dire wagging of the banker's head and the blank pessimism of the capitalists, who in those days were chiefly concerned in hatching addled eggs—there came reward that made Midas look cheap and stood all predictions on their head. From Winnipeg to San Diego there has sprung a crop of millionaires in the last twenty years to out-Herod the boast of the wildest boomster. I recall a townsite, bought for a bag of mission flour, that resold for fifty-five thousand dollars, was redivided and again sold for nearly a million!

"When I first came to this city," said one of the richest men in California, "there were fewer than five thousand people here. By the time we had our furniture moved into the house we had less than fifty dollars left, and that was all we had to live on the first year. Don't ask me how we did it! We managed somehow to get through that first year alive, with money to pay the rent. Then the town began to grow." Today that town has a population of three hundred thousand and the man is a millionaire. His fortune grew with the growing values.

All that is over and past, however. The chance came for those who had eyes to see. Those who seized it and hung on with both hands won a fortune. Those who hung back and howled poor are still poor. Have we seen the last of the booms—of chances for the poor man to do what is described as "getting in on the ground floor"?



If you want an answer to that question go down to the Gulf ports and ask them: How about Panama? They don't say What about Panama? down there. They give it the twist of the Spanish idiom: "How about Panama? Don't you feel it? It is like the quiver of wireless down here—you feel it in the very air. 'Land of tomorrow,' they have called this Spanish country. All right! We'll glory in the name. Yesterday was Canada's. The day before yesterday belonged to the irrigation boom. Before that it was the Pacific Coast—but tomorrow is ours!"

"They will be the most disappointed people on earth," said a big railroad operator; "for how in the name of fortune can Panama help the South? Most of the liners that have signified their intention of using the canal are foreign, Europe-to-Asia ships that will never touch any American port at all except for coaling; and the few other liners that will pass through Panama are coasters, controlled by the railroads, that will take good care rates are kept on a parity. You referred to one big line of coastal freighters not being 'little brother' to any American railroad. That is true; but it is a little brother to an English road in Mexico. One-third of the line's stock is controlled by a rail syndicate—and that syndicate isn't going to consent to continental rates being generally bedeviled. I do not anticipate one dollar's worth of increased commerce coming to the Gulf ports from the opening of Panama."

Having lived through two booms, I seemed to recognize the symptoms. I could almost hear over again those old pre-boom arguments—one side poor as Job's turkey, with hopes to beat Midas and Aladdin to a frazzle; the other side sitting on its cash like a hen on addled eggs, suspicious of a boom as a hen is of a hawk.

Why do the Gulf ports expect a boom from Panama? What is doing? What are they doing? Are they leaving it to the Lord or taking a hand in it to help along? Are they waiting for prosperity to come of itself, when it has to be seized with both hands and forcibly brought? Is it "hot air" or "get there"? Are they building on sane plans or planning on plain sands? Are their foundations on the eternal rock or on eternal talk?

The Gulf ports may be mistaken. They may not harvest a crop of millionaires from Panama, but it is worth setting down what they think and why. Here is the situation:

Take a map of North America. Lay your watch-chain or any pliable line along the Gulf Coast from Key West up to Tampa, under the left armpit of Florida; on westward, seven miles across the bar to Pensacola; thirty miles up the river to Mobile; one hundred miles up the river to New Orleans, and round the great western curve down past Galveston to the line of Mexico. Now take your measure and lay it along the Atlantic Coast—the coast-line of the Gulf of Mexico reaches north on the Atlantic as far as the St. Lawrence! Lay it along the Pacific Coast north from San Diego. The coast-line of the Gulf of Mexico reaches north on the Pacific as far as Prince Rupert, in British Columbia! Along the Atlantic Coast there are nine cities of over seventy thousand inhabitants, and three cities, with their suburbs, of over a million. Along the Pacific Coast there are three cities of over seventy thousand, and five cities of between two and three hundred thousand and more. What made those Atlantic and Pacific Coast cities? Population feeding commerce into them from inland—volume of commerce from oversea—railways and manufactures; perhaps, above all, the fact that these cities were the gateways of the whole continent.

Very well, say the Gulf ports; after half a century of reconstruction, we are back on a parity, to start even with

you. We have the same bulk of population as you. The center of population is now not in the East, but the Middle West. One-half of the population of the entire country is now contributory to the Gulf ports and the rivers flowing into the Gulf ports. We are gaining the same bulk of commerce inward bound and outward bound. If by equitable rates—such rates as the state enforces in Texas; if by excellent terminals—such terminals as New Orleans has installed with her civic belt-line road—we can attract to our shorefront more and more traffic, haven't we a right to expect such progress and growth in our Gulf ports as you have had in New York and Baltimore and Philadelphia? Take our coast-line and lay it along the Pacific. You have Tampa opposite San Diego; and Pensacola paralleling Los Angeles; and Mobile similar to San Francisco; and New Orleans and her lesser sister ports doing the same for the Gulf as Seattle and Tacoma and Portland do for the Northwest; and Galveston playing the same part as Vancouver to British Columbia—the great *entrepôt* for an inland empire!

If we get the railroads—and we are getting them, half a dozen new ones every year—and we have the population, and we ourselves put on the ships—and New Orleans expects to have her line running by July—haven't we a right to expect the same swift development in our Gulf ports as you have had on the Pacific? Pensacola has over thirty thousand people—only yesterday it was a sandheap. Los Angeles has over three hundred thousand people—only yesterday it was a patch of parched gravel. If we do as much as Los Angeles has done haven't we a right to expect the same results? Mobile has only seventy thousand people. San Francisco, with its suburbs, has over five hundred thousand. If we can bring the same world-traffic to our doors as comes to the Golden Gate will not the same prosperity be inevitable? That is what we count on Panama doing for us—bringing the world-traffic to our doors. New Orleans is to the Mississippi Valley what Portland and Tacoma and Seattle are to Puget Sound and Columbia River. If we have the population, the commerce, the railroads, the terminals, the ships—haven't we a right to expect the same prosperity?

Commercial Chess on a Worldwide Board

THESE are possibles. Are they probables? The moon may be made of gold as well as cheese; but that fact doesn't do you much good unless you get some of it.

All right!—say the Gulf ports. Take a look at facts!

In the half circle from Tampa to Galveston there is scarcely an acre of land not arable. The land is good—not for one crop but for from three to five crops a year. I myself saw one stretch of land which was bought by an investor a few years ago for fifty cents, for which he has refused seventy-five dollars an acre! The seventy-five dollars was not refused as a "boom" offer, but because the man is now earning interest on that valuation. I may add that it is twenty-four hours away from the "boomed" sections and unknown to the general public.

The foundation of Seattle's first progress was lumber. In Florida, in Mississippi, in Alabama, the Gulf ports have vast lumber resources behind them; and, before the forests are touched as lumber, fortunes are made in turpentine and naval supplies. In the last twenty years fortunes have been made in naval stores. Latterly have come the lumbering and farming. These are not things the Gulf ports are going to do. They are things the Gulf ports are now doing.

Irrigation made many of the fortunes of Southern California and Arizona and Colorado and Idaho. The South is founding its fortune on the very opposite of irrigation—on reclamation.

In Louisiana there are ten million acres of state—not "boom"—lands, composed of the same river silt as the Nile Valley. These are being drained, ditched and turned into intensive farms of from thirty to one hundred acres. In one month as many as four hundred families have come to these lands.

Atlantic ports gained first ascendency through position at the mouths of great rivers of commerce. Twenty-two states are contributory to the Mississippi and the Gulf ports. To the Gulf flow twenty-eight thousand miles of navigable rivers.

Today the center of population is south of Chicago, in a beeline north of Pensacola and Mobile. It is now shorter for many railroads to send traffic out by the Gulf than by the Atlantic.

In ten years the exports of corn have increased three hundred per cent at the Gulf ports. In 1895 New Orleans sent out two and a half million bushels of corn, compared to Philadelphia's one million, New York's seven, Baltimore's four. Last year New Orleans sent out seven and a half million bushels of corn.

Cuban trade with Southern ports has grown from one hundred thousand dollars to nine million dollars in one port, and ninety millions in another.

All this does not mean diversion of Atlantic traffic. It means expansion of Southern traffic.

"The east and west roads are not going to lose by the movement of traffic to the South," said a leading officer of the 'Frisco System, which has recently effected direct or indirect connection with the four leading ports of the Gulf; "but the north and south roads are going to gain tremendously."

"Take the movement of cotton alone," said another transportation man: "Cotton for the Orient isn't going by the Atlantic and Suez. It is going by the Gulf and Panama."

Five years ago the lines centering in Chicago would have scoffed at the idea of Panama diverting their traffic to Gulf ports. Three of the big Chicago roads now have representatives in the Gulf ports securing terminals; and the most northerly transcontinentals now have connections into New Orleans. Five years ago Panama was "lily-pads" to one system of Northern roads. A month ago one of those roads announced that it was going to put a steamship line on by Panama, because—please look at the figures and you will know why the Gulf ports are aquiver with Panama—it can send its freight round by Panama to a Gulf port and ship to inland points with a saving of four cents a hundredweight on its main freight over the continental rate. And it will not lose by diversion of bulky freight, for it still has more than it can handle in perishable products—if fruit and meat and wheat can be called perishable.

"It is like a great game of chess," said the secretary of a Gulf board of trade. "Every big line in the country has a man down here just now figuring and playing the game, watching and calculating."

South America in Our Own Back Yard

"THERE is not a road in the United States that dare ignore the possible effects of Panama. Up to the present they have mapped out their respective territory and kept off each other's preserve, and tried to jack up rates to equalize with Atlantic roads until we stopped that this last year. Louisville & Nashville would keep off Illinois Central; and Southern Pacific would keep off Mobile & Ohio—and so it went. If an independent road came in, or a steamer independent of the railroads, the game was to prevent the independent getting terminals or charge them so much extra at shipside that some of the Gulf ports were pretty nearly bottled up to one line; but we have fought that, too, especially in Mobile; and I think you will see it ended this year. Three independent lines are steering for Pensacola. There are five lines at Mobile and a dozen competing connections in New Orleans. By attempting 'to hog it all' they 'bogged it all.' Take the —— line at Pensacola, for instance, or a similar case here in Mobile: If ships independent of the railroad came in the road could and did embarrass them in twenty ways, until the independent ship could not stand up against the ship allied with the road, and this line would quit calling. I think you will find the reason for a big Pacific line recently giving up Gulf ports is exactly that. This sort of thing throws business to one line of steamers, stunts a port's growth and reacts in less ship-cargo for the railroads to carry inland."

"But what bearing has Panama on all this?"

"Look at the map and you will see! South America bulges out so far east of North America that a line drawn through Washington goes right down through Peru, or one through New Orleans right down through Panama. Panama is going to move South America nearer the Gulf ports by from fifty to eighty days. Heretofore it has taken from three to four months to get an order and return an answer to South America; three weeks for a letter to go to Europe; three weeks for a letter to come back from Europe to us, and the same time for us to answer the letter and send the shipment. When Panama opens we'll be within thirty days of any South American port. Take a look at the quotations of stocks in railroads going to Gulf ports if you want to know how they rank with Atlantic and Pacific roads. You do not suppose the piers and wharfs were built at Tampa for nothing—or the belt-line at New Orleans. There is not a city of the Gulf ports today that has not its progressive league, the same as the cities on the Pacific Coast."

The Recent Shift of World-Power

THERE is another consideration that centers interest in the Gulf ports just now. It is the value of the Gulf as a naval basis for the United States. "The control of Panama is the most important factor in world-supremacy," says Homer Lea. "Whatever powers gain undisputed command over it will have the supremacy of the Western Hemisphere. In the Atlantic, the theater of any future war will be the Caribbean Sea. No locality possesses such strategic value." In a word, world-power has shifted from the North Sea to the Caribbean, where Panama practically brings Asia in touch with Europe and welds a formerly divided world into one big international family. Even the German emperor openly acknowledges this.

What is the immediate result of the shift? Under guise of coaling stations West Indian islands are being—if not fortified—put in condition for emergencies or offered for sale to European nations. France is to coal some of her ships regularly at Gulf ports. So is Japan. War vessels have already ascended the Mississippi during the World's Fair as far as St. Louis. If the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterways scheme ever succeeds in deepening the Mississippi, war vessels may ascend higher. Now the Mississippi is the gateway to twenty-two states—is the gateway almost to the center of population of the United States. In spite of the shift of world-power from northern to southern waters, the navy yards of New Orleans and Pensacola have been abandoned and all defense of the Gulf concentrated at Guantanamo, on the south shore of Cuba. The Gulf ports do not object to the strengthening of Guantanamo as an outer guard to Panama—do not protest against the saving of purely political expenditure; but Guantanamo is one thousand miles away from Gulf ports; and they sometimes wonder just what might happen if an enemy's fleet got into the Gulf past the Guantanamo guard. Wouldn't Pensacola or Tampa, for instance, have been

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THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XVIII

WAR! There was a thrill about the very name which turned the king to gravity as he listened at breakfast to old Amyah's report of the night. That breakfast was the most exciting state function at which the king had presided in many years; for the Polecons, and Birrquay, and Grisophal, and Calamaz, and Dymp Haplee, and the other nobles who were loyal to him and had flocked to his support with their troops, came in to the early morning meal and discussed strategy, worried that the king should take so little interest in the disposal of their forces.

Outside there was the tramp of many feet, the clank of antiquated armor and the sound of tensed voices; and though the king's heart was melted by the thought of all the love for him which it meant to have these men ready to face death in his defense, it was made mournful, too, by the thought that so many were ready to turn against him for so slight a reason—since, after all, it was a pitifully small company which he entertained that morning.

"Come Again. I Guess I'm Foggy This Morning, for I Don't Get You"

The foreman of the experimental shop, a big, brawny fellow with a flawlessly round head, and eyes which looked cold but were merry, came awkwardly in with the license which prevailed that morning about the palace.

"I beg your pardon, Jimmy," he said. "The men are here early and they're so restless I don't exactly know what to do with them."

"Did they all come?" asked Jimmy.

"If there was a man missing I'd go after him," announced the foreman, who had an arm like a ham and a fist like a cannonball, which was one of the reasons he was foreman. "Every man from every shop is here and armed, but I'm afraid I can't hold them in check. They want to start right out and meet Onalyon."

"I think you'd better blow the whistle," advised Jimmy, looking at his watch. "Work is the best cure I know for nervousness."

"Thank you," returned the foreman with a grin, and went away.

"I wish we had ten thousand men like him," offered Dymp Haplee, whose breast was filled with a rage which was half heartbreak. "I'd go straight down to the office of the Isolian and get out my war extra with job type. Why, boys," and in spite of himself the tears came into his eyes, "I stood right there and watched them mash up the plates of the first morning edition I ever got ready for the press. All hot stuff too—and the only real sensation I've had since I went into the newspaper business. I had waited for a real live scoop like this for six months—blast them!"

"They've taken something from you that you'll never get back," sympathized Jimmy, himself pained and saddened by the outrage. "History is of no use to a newspaper."

"Except while they're pulling it out of the oven," supplemented Dymp. "If I'd only had the story Dottersis told me as we streaked up the hill at daybreak I could have closed the forms. It was so full of color that I'd have needed red ink."

"Have you a good, steady heart action?" inquired Teddy.

"I was Jimmy's first baseball umpire," grinned Dymp.

"Then hold tight to your chair while I tell you something," directed Teddy. "Your old handpress and that first lot of soft-nose type are out in the west annex of the shop."

"Excuse me, please," begged Dymp, rising hurriedly; "I'm in a rush. Is there anybody here who can help me stick type? I'll dictate the running account of this war right at the cases."

"Ask for young Edas," laughed Jimmy. "He can do anything. Gee! What a purple lamp you're getting! Somebody pasted you a beauty."

"That was a present from one of Huppylac's donkey drivers," responded Dymp, smoothing the bruised eye tenderly. "He's the only one in the bunch that invaded my office who fought American. I will say, though, that the rest of the boys have a trace of the spirit of it. They threw down their spears when they poured into my office and gave me a chance."

"It must have been a bully scrimmage!" sighed Teddy enviously as Dymp hurried out.

"I am thankful for the fact that there has been no great cruelty so far," commented the king; "but it hurts, too, to find that Onalyon's army holds us in such contemptuous regard as to make a joke of the matter. They laughed when they overpowered Dymp and Dottersis, and they took to the girl at the telephone exchange a box of American candy when they cut the wires of the palace switchboard."

"I'm for that girl until my breath stops!" declared Jimmy. "She threw the candy at them and went home."

Everybody laughed, but the king could not join them. He was hurt.

"It is all because they expect no genuine resistance," he explained. "I feel today as if I had been a failure as a ruler—or Onalyon could not have secured so large a following."

"You've been too good," explained Jimmy. "Kindness is too often mistaken for weakness. You've governed so justly and so gently that Isola did not know she was being ruled, and so modestly that the people scarcely felt they had a king. An American can't be very strong for government by heredity, and the example of America has been so powerful that the king business is dying out all over the world; but if I were to take up that profession I'd never move a step without a brass band, and I'd slam every man into jail who didn't kiss the dust every time he saw a royal uniform."

Fat young Polecon laughed until he shook like a bowl of jelly.

"Can't you imagine Jimmy as a cruel tyrant?" he asked.

"I'm only saying what I'd do if I took up the profession," defended Jimmy. "I wouldn't do it, to begin with; but just the same I'm right. Other kings have been popular, but the tyrants are the only ones who ever got away with the job. The reason an American policeman is the most respected officer of the kind in the world is that the average citizen knows a copper will pound his head off if he needs it."

"Jimmy will now tell us a few facts about Ameri a," laughed old Polecon. "It is the best the most progressive ——"

Jimmy suddenly rose and took up a glass of water as a loud sound from outside the window interrupted Polecon's friendly raillery. It was the soap factory band limbering up for the exercises of the day, and it had burst into the strains of Dixie.

"The national hymn!" toasted Jimmy with a hushed voice. "America! Boys, you're nice people and you've given me a friendly hand and a business opportunity such as no man ever had in the world, but I want to go home!"

A broad giant, who swung his shoulders so much that he waddled, was ushered into the dining room and stood slightly sideways. He looked at his enormous hands, also, as if he were somewhat handicapped by not being able to spit on them before he began.

"Good morning, chief," he hailed Jimmy in a husky and rumbling voice. "The Royal Park nine and the West Mounta'n team are having a chewing match as to who's to head the National League division of the army, and they were just starting to settle it with nuts when I called time long enough to come in and put it up to you."

"Settle it by the percentages," ordered Jimmy.

"But we're tied for first place," objected the captain of the Royal Park nine.

"That's right," acknowledged Jimmy with creased brows. "That's the first time in my life I was ever so busy as to forget the October standing in the big league race."

"Why not play an unofficial game to decide it?" urged Teddy. "There's plenty of time."

"That's the ticket!" approved Jimmy, delighted with the suggestion. "Why, Teddy, that settles the whole problem of how to keep our army from fretting itself to death before Onalyon gets here. Line them all up on the hillside at the foot of the Royal Park and let them have a baseball game. If it's a good tight one the audience will be so wrought up that I think they could wipe Onalyon's twenty thousand tired marchers right off the scenery. All you'd have to do would be to start the umpire in the direction of Onalyon's army and give the mob leave to chase him."

"It may wear out your ballplayers and we'll probably need them," urged the cautious Grisophal.

"It'll only put us on edge," growled the captain of the Royal Parks as he spraddled out.

"Teddy, you're a genius!" complimented Jimmy. "Run over and tell the foreman to blow the whistle and start the main shafting as usual for the sake of discipline—but to declare a half holiday. Come on, boys, let's hustle down and get front seats."

There was a noisy shuffling of chairs as the king's guests laughingly rose. As they were passing out the door Jimmy, who had been missing something all morning and missing it keenly, managed to fall back with the king.

"Where's Betsy?" he asked. "It wouldn't be fair to have a ball game without her."

"I scarcely think she will care to go," replied the king, much worried. "She did not sleep well last night, and this morning I reassured her very earnestly as to the outcome of today; but she is so wretchedly pale and hollow-eyed that I am certain she will not let herself be seen publicly. She's a vain little sister."

"She is not!" Jimmy hotly defended her. "She is pretty, and she knows she is pretty, and she takes the care of her beauty that every girl should; for it's not only a woman's right and privilege to appear as pretty as she can and as dainty and charming, but it's her sacred duty. Vanity, however, is a different thing and our Betsy hasn't a trace of it. Vanity is the quality which destroys the beauty of beauty."

"I apologize," laughed the king.

"Then don't do it again," admonished Jimmy. "Do you suppose Betsy Ann would see me?"

"You might try it," suggested the king. "She is in her sitting room, I think."

Jimmy hurried up the stairs; but before he went to Bezzanna's apartments he darted into his own and came out with a big, flat parcel wrapped in the latest triumph of his paper mills—pink tissue paper—and tied with olive-green ribbon.

"Who's there?" asked a sorrowful little voice from the other side of the door when he knocked.

"Jimmy," responded that young man cheerfully. "We're going to have a ball game."

"Before the war?" she inquired, and he could hear by her voice that she was coming slowly to the door.

"While we're waiting," he explained. "Hurry up or we'll be late."

"I can't go," she replied miserably, and he heard the touch of her hand upon the latch and the soft crush of her body upon the door. He knew that she was leaning against it in dejection.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"I feel so wretched—and I look it."

"I have a present for you."

"You're a dear!" and he detected a note of rising animation in her haggard tones.

"May I come in?"

"I don't know. Wait a minute!" And he grinned as he heard the rapid swish of her robe. He knew that she was hurrying over to her mirror.

"It's your birthday present," he called.

"Jimmy! And a week ahead of time!" She rushed back to the door faster than she had left it, threw it wide open and stood revealed before him, a pale-faced little vision in fluffy pink.

Her mouth had the pitiful curves of a child who had been abused, but in her eyes there glowed a steady something which he was not more than half pleased to see. Somehow she had grown up in the night.

Jimmy's heart tugged at him fiercely. He wanted to take her up in his big strong arms and comfort her. The impulse was strong enough to do this, but the eyes, which had suffered forbade it.

"I'll bet it's a corker!" she guessed, walking swiftly along beside him and patting the parcel as he carried it to her table. "I know you worked an hour on this bow," she laughed. "It's cute though." And he stood by, smiling happily while her deft white fingers untied it. "What a darling box!" she cried as the wrappings revealed a gold-mounted lacquered case. "What's in it?" She twisted

so excitedly at the little gold key that she could not open it, nor would she let Jimmy do it. When she had finally thrown back the lid, however, her delight could only express itself in a long-drawn-out, half-whispered "Oo-o-o-o-oh!"

Within the box, nestled in receptacles let into the soft white velvet lining, were exquisite little cut-glass jars and pots and bottles of varying sizes and shapes, filled with substances of many interesting shades.

"Isn't it glorious!" she exclaimed, and then her voice grew hesitant. "But what is it?" she puzzled.

"It's one of the withheld industries of Isola," he informed her with a curious smile. "I don't think we're ripe for it and, moreover, I hesitate to put it on the market. It's like whisky—a good thing in its place, but used in the wrong way by so many of the wrong people. It's a makeup box."

"Come again," she invited him. "I guess I'm foggy this morning, for I don't get you. I think those long, thin little bottles with the delicately colored liquids in them are perfume, but the rest of it has me swimmy."

"Well," Jimmy explained, still with that curious smile, "this is rouge, and that is a lip pencil, and these are face powders—white and pink and flesh tint—and those are eyebrow pencils, and that is brilliantine, and these are fingernail creams, polishes and tints, and these chamois and puffs and rabbits' feet and other junk you'll find a use for quicker than I can tell you. This big, long jar is cold cream, and this wicked-looking little slim bottle with the fancy stopper is smelling salts. You get that first. Be careful!"

His warning came too late. He had unstoppered the bottle as he spoke and handed it to her—and she had smelled, not wisely but too well. The next two minutes were spent by Bezzanna in trying to recover.

"Why did you do that to me?" she demanded, wiping her eyes.

"To make your head feel better and to brace you up all over," Jimmy told her most humbly. "Try it again—but be afraid of it."

"I do believe my head feels better already," she admitted, sniffing the bottle from afar. "Why, this is a sort of a medicine chest. Will it all make me feel better?"

"Heaps," he solemnly assured her. "A good reliable make-up box is the best tonic any artistic woman has. She can be pale and ill and discouraged with life. After twenty minutes with a lifesaver like this collection, she can come away with the bloom of health on her cheeks, the sparkle of vivacity in her eyes and the peace of confidence in her soul. The first thing you do, Betsy Ann, is to smear your face with this cold cream."

She dipped her fingers in it daintily and tested its odor. It was delicate with the fragrance of peachstones and, thoroughly satisfied, she followed his directions.

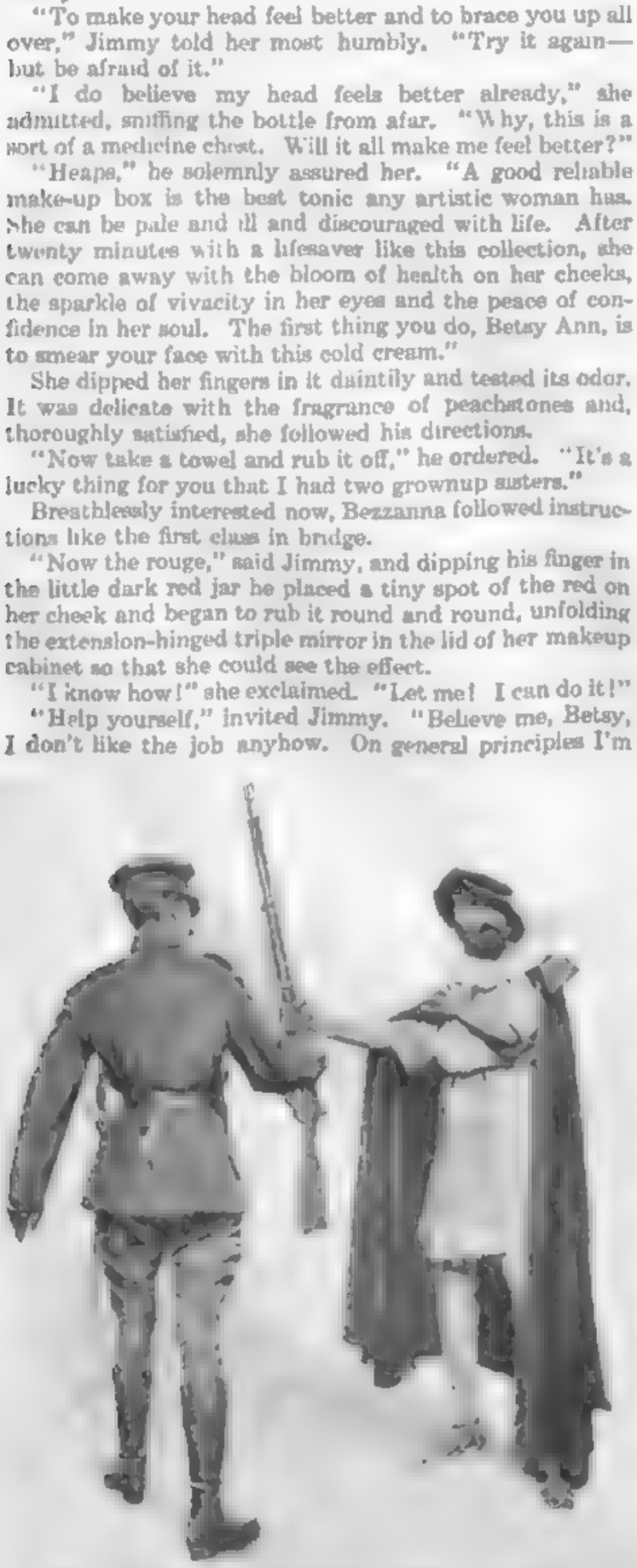
"Now take a towel and rub it off," he ordered. "It's a lucky thing for you that I had two grownup sisters."

Breathlessly interested now, Bezzanna followed instructions like the first class in bridge.

"Now the rouge," said Jimmy, and dipping his finger in the little dark red jar he placed a tiny spot of the red on her cheek and began to rub it round and round, unfolding the extension-hinged triple mirror in the lid of her makeup cabinet so that she could see the effect.

"I know how!" she exclaimed. "Let me! I can do it!"

"Help yourself," invited Jimmy. "Believe me, Betsy, I don't like the job anyhow. On general principles I'm against this sort of thing, but I'm strong on first-aids-to-the-injured, and I'd rather see a woman who needs it make herself carefully pretty with rouge than to see her utterly miserable without."



"Did I Hit It?" He Demanded, Feeling His Shoulder

"You're a corker, Jimmy!" she told him, turning toward him big eyes which beamed with genuine gratitude. "I don't believe I thanked you for all this. You're one of the three best brothers in the world!" And drawing him down to her she kissed him. Then she caught sight of herself in the glass and laughed. "How funny I look with one healthy cheek!" she said. "I'll be down in ten minutes."

"You won't if I don't explain what this powder's for."

"You're a nice Jimmy," she laughed, "but I'll bet I can find out how to use that powder. You select the shade you need and you put it on with this beautiful fluffy thing and you smooth it with the rabbit's foot, and then—and then—and then you brush your eyebrows and lashes, I guess."

"I'm going to the war," declared Jimmy, and stalked out.

"You have to wait for me," she called after him.

"I will," he gayly called back to her.

Confound it, why had she kissed him—like that!

XIX

IN THE tenth inning of the savagely contested game which was to decide the precedence of the Royal Park or the West Mountain teams, General Jimmy Smith, watching the valley with the first and only telescope in Isola, saw on the farthest rise of the winding road a steadily advancing cloud of dust, and he turned to the captain, who sat beside him yelling vociferously for Slugger Dottersis to "Hit her out!"

"Go and tell your Department G boys to knock off work and make ready for the parade," he ordered.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Captain Teddy, his face lighting up. "May I wait to see if Dottersis finds that ball?"

"It isn't usual on a field of battle," chided Jimmy with a grin; "but under the circumstances—— That's the boy, Dottersis!" And Jimmy was on his feet frantically shaking both tightly clenched fists. "Go to it, you old ice-wagon! Don't stop to look for the ball! They'll be chasing it yet tomorrow morning! Hit her up, Dot! Let out another link! If he don't get out of the road jump over him! Watch out! They're after it! Hold third, now! Hold it! Hold it! Hold it! Well—slide, then!"

Dottersis, needing no instructions, took a good lead off third to get his directions straightened out, threw himself headlong on the grass and slid all the way across the home plate, where the catcher, snapping the ball in his glove one second later, held it straight up in the air and frantically appealed to the umpire to call it an out.

Jimmy, cheering himself hoarse for joy and with a rosy-cheeked and sparkling-eyed girl on his arm, who was jumping up and down and squealing in ecstasy, was gradually aware that some one, shouting hoarsely close to his ear, was pounding him violently on the back.

"I thought I told you to go and bring the army," he sternly reproved the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir!" apologized Teddy with beaming countenance. "Wasn't it a beauty?"

"Great!" cried Jimmy, wiping his eyes and unconsciously patting the slender hand which gripped his arm. "It means another inning."

"I wonder if we couldn't put off the war," said Teddy wistfully.

"I'll go along," volunteered the black-eyed little girl who hung to Teddy's other arm.

"All right, Toopy," accepted Teddy with alacrity. "Will you make her a lieutenant, Jimmy?"

"The Foreon family is pretty well supplied with officers now, but for this special service, only, Lieutenant Toopy may have the title. About face, march! you kids."

The king, who with his hat on the back of his head had been keeping score on an old envelope, left his group of nobles on the sloping rock which had done duty as a royal box and came over to Jimmy just as Teddy and Toopy ran up the hill toward the palace.

"Isn't there a cloud of dust down there over the bend?" he inquired, reaching for Jimmy's telescope.

"That's all you'll see," replied Jimmy. "It's a big cloud. It goes straight up and spreads wide, and it keeps steadily advancing."

"It's Onalyon," decided the king, releasing the glass, and a shade of sadness passed over his face. "It is a desperate and a serious thing—war! I had not realized until now ——"

The sharp crack of a bat interrupted him. Squirrel Lespol, trying to emulate the mighty feat of Slugger Dottersis, had pounded the ball right on the front part of the girth, and had sent it whizzing down into that same treacherous and lumpy right field, and the king immediately began to help him run.

And the High Private in the Rear Rank Dropped Back and Tethered the Cow

He got the Squirrel across first as a matter of course, pushed him across second with a tremendous spurt of energy and died with him on the way to the next station, where he was run down by the second and third basemen, the shortstop, the left-fielder and the pitcher.

"It's a shame a game like this can't go on the official score," he complained to young Calamaz.

"I'm afraid Squirrel will have to go back to the minor league for another year," commented surly-looking Grisophal. "He takes some absurd chances. Hello! Isn't that a cloud of dust coming up the road?" And he looked round hastily to make sure of the location of his men.

"It's Onalyon," answered the king.

Birrquay, overhearing that, came closer to them.

"We had better dispose our forces and make ready for action immediately," he urged.

"I can use them better just as they are," replied the king with an affectionate sweep of his gaze over the crowded hillside.

"It would be suicide," declared Birrquay. "We have not a chance in the world in the open this way. If we line the pass which leads from the foot of the palace park in through the lower portion of the palace grounds we shall be able to hold them off for hours; then possibly at night a portion of our forces might attack them from the rear. If we can split them up into sections our men may be able to conquer them piecemeal, for they are hard fighters and capable of becoming desperate as men must be who join a losing cause. It is the only chance I see."

"I have a better one," smiled the king. "Jimmy; he is going to try for me to end this war without bloodshed; and until he has had his try I prefer these men to remain exactly as they are. I guarantee they will have plenty of time to gain control of the pass after the parley—if such a thing should be necessary."

Grisophal turned on him with a contraction of his brows.

"If this thing is to be made a matter of concessions and commercial bargaining—if you plan to relinquish anything that is yours—I withdraw my men at once," he declared. "They came here neither to surrender nor to make a treaty."

The pale face of the king stiffened and waxed and his eyes darkened.

"Grisophal," he sternly replied, "Prince Onalyon is carrying a banner with a prancing goat and he calls himself king. There will be no treaties."

"I beg your pardon," apologized Grisophal, and then he laughed. "Our friend Jimmy may do anything he likes," he granted. "I am certain that it will be interesting."

As the twelfth inning began the nobles went quietly about among their respective forces, instructing them precisely what to do.

When the army of Onalyon arrived over the brink of the gently sloping hills at the far side of the plateau on which the ball game was in progress they were greeted by the mad cheers of four thousand lusty throats, for Slugger Dottersis had wound up the sixteenth inning with a sky-scouring centerfield fly, which had allowed Lote Rimmersy to scamper home from third with the winning run and had gained for the Royal Parks the proud privilege of dying in the thickest of the coming carnage.

The king frowned as in the forefront of the troops he distinguished Onalyon, preceded by a huge orange banner embellished with the prancing goat, and ordering a parley sounded he went out alone toward the center of the plateau where the prince, dismounting and halting his army, came out to meet him.

"I presume you know that your life is forfeited by this act of yours unless I choose to make you a present of it," declared the king. "What do you expect to gain?"

"The Kingdom of Isola," replied the prince. "I shall either marry the Princess Bezzanna and succeed to the throne in that way, or I shall take it by force today."

"You will do neither," the king calmly assured him. "If you will go home at once and disperse your army and undo the things you have done to injure me I shall give

you pardon and permit you to retain your estates; but if you take so much as one of those yellow banners with you when you leave this field I will have your head if I have to strike it off with my own hand!"

His tone was so quietly confident and he was so full of deadly earnest] that for a moment the prince was nonplused; then suddenly he laughed.

"It is I who shall dictate the terms," he stated. "If you are not disposed to make peaceable way to the palace for myself and my troops we shall start immediately to carve our way through. I have twenty thousand men behind me. I do not care to waste much time in parley."

"Nor I," returned the king, "except that I do not want bloodshed or the harming of a single one of my people—not even those who have followed you here with spears in their hands to take my life. Nor do I think you prefer to turn this field into a slaughter-ground."

"By no means," assented the prince quickly, and involuntarily both of them turned, feeling their responsibility, to the natural amphitheater in the midst of which they were standing.

On the steep hillside toward the palace, backed by the rocks and trees of the park, stood the orderly ranks of the forces which had been brought by the friendly nobles for the defense of their king. Their stout spears stood erect, with no one of their sharp points wavering, and well to their front, with the Royal Park team in the foremost rank, stood the hundred red-brown uniformed men of the Isolian National Baseball League. They were ready to fight, these men—all of them—and to die if need be. And the king saddened as he reflected how the lives of thousands like these, the best which any country could produce, could be snuffed out by the whim or the ambition or the mistake of one human being!

Next to the big-league detachment, between that and a tall figure in dark blue, was a bright spot of color—Bezzanna in her very reddest dress, and the king dwelt lovingly for a moment on that vision.

He turned to the other side of the plateau. The fore ranks of Onalyon's army had swarmed down the slope to the very edge of the wide level space, and looked across with smiles of derision at the mere handful of warriors who had been gathered to oppose them.

The king in that moment knew how much unconsciously he had been a father to his people, how much he had cared for them and nurtured them and loved them; for even now he could find no hatred in his heart for them. They were mistaken and misled—that was all.

Both the king and the prince pricked up their ears. It seemed that faintly in the distance they could distinguish music.

"I'm going to ask a favor of you," said the king with a smile. "I'm going to ask you for an armistice of half an hour, in which I wish to show you an excellent reason for your leaving your banners behind you when you go."

"I have no mind to wait," declared Onalyon, becoming suspicious as the faint sounds of the coming music grew louder, and he could feel the thrill of excitement in the king's ranks even at that considerable distance.

"I think you will," returned the king quietly. "Look just behind you." The prince turned quickly. At a distance of perhaps thirty rods there was a slight, freshly made embankment surrounding three sides of a rectangular hole in the ground. As the two men looked an enormous iron cylinder, thickened heavily toward the butt, rose slowly out of the hole, gazed inquiringly with its one great black eye in their general direction, and as quietly retreated beneath the level of the turf.

The prince had not the slightest idea what this iron monster had on its mind, but he was visibly impressed and he felt a curious itching sensation at the roots of his hair. He decided to grant the slight favor which had been asked.

"It was Jimmy did that," calmly explained the king.

The strains of music became suddenly louder and the people on the king's side of the plateau set up a mighty cheering.

"That's Dixie!" observed the king. "It's Jimmy's favorite tune. He says it would put ginger into a tombstone. It was the gift of the South to the North in America's one and only Civil War, and the North cheers while the South yells every time they hear it. I've adopted Dixie as the national tune of Isola. How do you like it?"

The prince did not answer. He was looking at the great gate of the palace park, through which at that moment there came sweeping, to the inspiring, exhilarating, blood-stirring strains of Dixie, the king's army. It consisted of the band in neat, dark blue uniforms braided with gold, of a neat little donkey cart garlanded with flowers, in which jauntily rode Lieutenant Toopy and Captain Tedoyah, of the fifty brisk-stepping, square-shouldered, insolent-necked, laughing-faced workmen of Department G, clad in khaki and with glistening guns over their right shoulders; and of a salmon-pink cow!

XX

THE parade halted long enough to exchange Toopy for Jimmy; and then, with the music blaring and the lines of boys in khaki stepping it off as if all their legs were moved by one set of lively springs, it came straight on across to the center of the field, where the king and the prince stood together. The band opened up in the middle without the loss of a single toot and let the army through, and the high private in the rear rank dropped back and tethered the cow.

"Hello, prince!" greeted Jimmy, jumping out of the cart and shaking hands cordially. "Don't you think my band's a looloo? If they're ever suspicious about my pulse just let them have this band play Dixie, and if I don't get right up and salute I'm dead!"

"It is a very stirring air," agreed the prince, in the midst of his profound bewilderment clutching eagerly at the relief of small talk.

"Stirring?" repeated Jimmy. "It's riotous! I never heard it played, North or South, that some still unreconstructed son of a Secessionist didn't rise straight up from the multitude and let out that piercing Rebel yell, while the live sons of the original Union cheered him on!"

"There are a Dozen of Them Concealed About the Palace Grounds."

"Hep, hep—hep, hep, hep!" called Captain Teddy briskly as the band stopped and dropped to the rear with the cow; and, drawing a shiny new sword from its scabbard, he paced out ahead of his troop.

They marched and countermarched; they formed hollow squares; they drilled in single and double files and by fours. They paused for the gun drill and they went through a nice little cluster of fancy evolutions which the prince and the crowds on the hills followed with amazement, finally coming sharply to rest before the reviewing officers, the king and General Jimmy, in a double rank, arms sharply grounded with a thud, eyes right and the lines dressed to a hair's breadth.

"I'm so proud of Department G that I'm foolish," confessed Jimmy. "I used to belong to the state militia, and I'd back this squad against any collection of drygoods clerks that ever blistered their feet and contracted rheumatism in a two weeks' encampment drill for the benefit of their grateful country."

"But what's it all about?" inquired the prince, much baffled but perfectly willing to respect anything in which Jimmy took a serious interest.

"For impressiveness," declared Jimmy. "It's on the same principle that a darkey makes circles in the air with his razor before he starts to carve. It's to bewilder the enemy so that he won't know where he's going to be cut. I'm not strong for war, but if I have to have one I want it trimmed up with all the frills. This is our regular army."

The prince smiled.

"How many have you?" he asked, inspecting their queer-looking weapons with much curiosity.

"Just these," replied Jimmy. "They're enough. They're my selected boys of Department G, which is the gunpowder and ordnance factory. I've held gunpowder back as a surprise. These boys have their factory over among the hills, where they can't hurt anything if they all blow up, and they sit right on the crumbling edge of kingdom-come all day long—and know it. Teddy, get busy."

"Column right to the rear!" ordered Teddy with true explosiveness, which could be heard by Toopy, who was a contrast in her navy-blue against the Princess Bezzanna's dark red. "Form in squads! First squad, step forward! Corporal Jenkyay, deploy squad two to set targets!"

They moved with the beautiful precision of clockwork, and, jerking targets on long sticks from the cart, squad two scampered down the field and set them in the ground.

"We may as well sit in the cart," the king invited Onalyon. "You'll need a rest for the telescope anyhow." And as they seated themselves the king reached down and produced that instrument, which he extended for the prince and instructed him how to focus.

"It's wonderful!" gasped the prince. "Why, it brings those targets up so close that it seems as if I might almost reach out and touch them."

"It's one of Jimmy's contrivances," said the king carelessly. "You don't see any holes in those targets, do you?"

"Holes?" repeated the prince in surprise. "No."

"Do you think an arrow could be made to carry accurately at that distance?"

"Not even with the strongest and latest-improved crossbow."

"Then let her go, Teddy."

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" boomed the captain. Toopy Polecon was proud of that manly voice. The first squad made ready, took aim and fired to the intense consternation of the prince and the multitude.

When Onalyon had regained command of his nerves, by the king's direction he examined the targets with the telescope. Some of them which had been hit on the stick were still swaying and all of them had holes in them, varying from the center to near the circumference.

Again the first squad fired, and again, and again, and again, until each man had taken five shots; and the prince, now following the game with great excitement, saw there were five holes in every target.

"If you'll kindly let me have the telescope a moment I'll call the scores," requested the king. "It was Jimmy's idea to offer some little prizes for today's exhibition, and the boys are pretty eager about it."

"With pleasure," returned the prince politely, and very seriously as well. He was doing an excellent job of concentrated thinking. It was just beginning to dawn upon him that Department G was not at all a handful of men—it was an army! "What are these instruments?" he inquired, turning to Jimmy, since the king was busy calling scores and Teddy recording them.

"This is a gun," explained Jimmy softly, taking one from Corporal Jenkyay, who was concealing a jubilant grin. "You may fool with it, because a load has not been let into the firing chamber. More properly speaking, this is a magazine rifle. Here is a bullet." He produced one from his pocket. "There is a charge of powder in this cartridge back of the bullet sufficient to send it through a man's body at a hundred yards and with speed enough left to turn round and come back and kill him! The cartridge goes in here." And he opened the breech of the gun. "I close the gun, you pull the trigger, it releases a hammer, explodes the powder and sends that bullet out hunting with a whiz. Would you like to try it?"

"I'd like to hold it in my hands," replied the prince, suppressing his hesitation and taking the dangerous weapon in his hands very gingerly. He was not a coward, he told himself fiercely, but the infernal thing might go off at the wrong minute.

"It's all right. Fuss round with it," encouraged Jimmy. "I pulled the cartridge out."

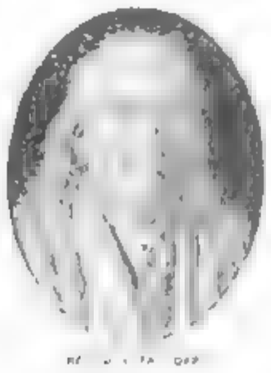
Much relieved the prince put the gun to his shoulder, and pointed it at the target, and got the sights in line, and pulled at the trigger, and handed it back.

"Load it," he ordered.

"You'd better come down here," advised Jimmy, throwing the lever which pulled the cartridge into place. "You'll have a more solid footing, and Step-Lively—over there—won't be in so much danger. I couldn't spare Step-Lively."

(Continued on Page 50)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1912

Momentous Issues

A HABIT of exaggeration comes naturally to the advocate. If he is a legal advocate he generally begins by impressing the jury with the enormous importance of the verdict it is about to render—whether it is a murder case or one involving ownership of a thirty-dollar cow. It is not surprising, therefore, to find lawyers describing the recall of judges and of judicial decisions as "the most momentous issue ever presented to the American people." No doubt the lawyers themselves, when reflecting as citizens and not arguing as advocates, recognize that this is sheer poppycock. The courts are now the weakest point in our political system. By long sufferance they have assumed a degree of control over legislation that never belonged to them; frequently they use it in the most unintelligent, injurious way—erecting an arbitrary, irresponsible barrier to social progress that is really absurd in a professedly democratic government. The evil is now pretty generally recognized, which means, as a matter of course, it will be remedied—either by the simple force of public opinion operating directly upon the courts themselves or by some more formal process. The thing is bound to be done. Whether it is by the recall or some other process is not important.

To the professional advocate every issue is momentous. To other people very few issues are. Probably the presidential campaign of 1800 was quite important, for the Federalists had run into excesses that might prove dangerous. The next campaign of high importance occurred in 1860. Since then, in only one campaign—that of 1896—has an issue of vital importance been presented to the American people. And one really momentous issue in fifty-two years is a rather high average.

The Business Pace

BUSINESS in the United States within a very few years has put on a pair of seven-league boots that make its stride in all former periods look snail-like. Some time ago Chairman Gary reported that the railroads, which usually take about one-third of the country's make of steel, took only eight per cent last year. Nevertheless, the total make of steel was greater than in any year up to 1909. Other purchasers filled the huge gap left by the railroads. From 1899 to 1904, as everybody knows, was a period of almost constant business expansion, while between 1904 and 1909 occurred the liveliest panic the country has ever known. A recent report by the Census Bureau, however, shows that, notwithstanding the panic, manufactures increased much more from 1904 to 1909 than from 1899 to 1904. In the earlier period the gain in value of products was three and a third billion dollars; in the later it was nearly six billion. The number of wage-earners employed increased in the first period by seven hundred thousand; in the second, by one million one hundred thousand. The two periods may be likened to a pair of runners, one of whom stubs his toe and falls headlong into a barbed-wire fence, yet wins the race by half a mile. To compare the mass and velocity of business in the United States at present with any former time induces dizziness. From 1899 to 1909 the value of manufactured products increased from eleven billion dollars to twenty billion; and this increase of nine billion in ten years is much more than the total output of our factories at any census period before 1899.

Of course in 1899—or in 899 for that matter—many excellent persons thought the limit had been reached; but in 1912 business is still merely in its infancy—only beginning to move.

Extinguishing the Merchant Marine

HAVING through many years reduced our once flourishing merchant marine to a mere spark, Congress now seems minded to step on the spark.

We had merchant ships on every sea when we could build them as cheaply as any other country and more cheaply than most other countries. Timber was then the material of which ships were made and we had great quantities of it convenient to the shipyards. We have immense quantities of the raw material of which modern ships are made, and probably could beat the world again at shipbuilding; but Congress—to enable Mr. Carnegie to endow libraries and the Steel Trust to pay dividends on its common stock—has charged shipbuilding materials with high-tariff prices, so that it costs decidedly more to construct a modern vessel here than in Europe. When constructed the ship must compete with cheaper European vessels on equal terms. Naturally American capital has declined to enter the race under that handicap and our merchant marine has nearly disappeared.

We still build ocean vessels for the domestic trade; but Congress proposes to handicap carriers by barring from the Panama Canal any ship in which a railroad has an interest, direct or indirect. Of course railroads should be encouraged to build ships. Transportation is their business. They have the capital, the organization and the experience for conducting it. Carriage by land and by water naturally complement each other. A great part of our present domestic merchant fleet is owned directly or indirectly by railroads. To say that we want the canal used by American ships, though no ship in which a railroad has any interest shall use it, is about like giving an order for eggs with strict instructions that they must not be purchased at a grocery. With full power over railroad rates, what has the Government to fear from railroad-owned ships in the canal? This restriction, if adopted, will be one more blow from Washington at American shipping. A glance at the statistics of ocean-carrying trade will convince most candid minds that there have been blows enough.

The Democratic Campaign

A YEAR ago and two years ago the Democrats made a splendid campaign for the presidential election of 1912. Last spring and summer especially the House, under that party's control, won so many good opinions that observant and speculative gentlemen offered odds of three to two on this year's election; and last winter nearly everybody, aside from high-tariff obscurantists, was predicting that a follower of Jefferson would succeed Taft. We have been wondering of late whether the Democrats propose to renew their gallant attempt upon the presidency about the middle of next December. Can they be laboring under a fatal misapprehension as to what year this is?

A studious foreigner who had followed political events in the United States during the last six weeks or so would certainly be aware that a furious presidential struggle was going on within the Republican party and that it involved two conflicting sets of political ideas. He would probably infer from press comments that Governor Wilson—also with a set of political ideas—was struggling somewhere on the outside; but we don't know where he could derive an impression that the Democratic party was sizzling with the live political thought of the day.

In view of the situation as it looked six months ago, the extent to which the Republicans have monopolized the stage is amazing. Aside from Wilson's part in it, the Democratic preconvention campaign has been quite too much of the back-room, delegate-swapping, cut-and-dried sort.

The Cost of Living

NO DOUBT the cost of living used to be less because people demanded less. In the sixties articles made of iron cost three times as much as at present. In the fifties coal was higher than now. A summary of wholesale prices in 1860 shows breadstuffs, clothing and metals dearer than in 1911. Prevailing rates of wages, no doubt, were lower than now. More people "did without"; but doing without is not the right cure for the high cost of living.

Civilization is expensive if it spreads far among the population; and if it does not spread far, what good is it? Inventions, though lowering the price of commodities, increase the cost of living. For example, gas in the city of New York cost ten dollars a thousand feet in 1826 against eighty cents in 1912. All except a few nabobs then burned candles. Nowadays the poorest family has gas. Education increases the cost of living. The newspaper costs only eleven cents a week; but the nobby spring jacket for daughter which it advertises is seven dollars, and its pages are filled with other income-consuming suggestions. Public schools are free; but the standards of dress and living which they tend to set, as poor children mingle with the well-to-do, are by no means free.

In an ancient English damage case the injured workman was awarded three shillings and fourpence for a month's board. That was an ideal situation from the cost-of-living point of view, but not from the point of view of the way of living. What is the use, finally, of multiplying things that make life easier, brighter, broader, and then telling a great part of the population it must do without them in order to keep down the cost of living?

What the Sugar Goes For

CUBA is, of course, an agricultural country, with a rich soil that will grow almost every subtropical product, and immense areas suitable for pasture; yet the island is a long way from feeding itself. Where manufacturing is so little developed one would look naturally for imports of clothing, furniture, machinery, iron and steel; but far and away the biggest item of Cuba's imports is foodstuffs. It takes more than all the exports of tobacco, or nearly two-fifths of the exports of sugar, to pay for the meat, fish, cereals, vegetables, oil, beverages and other edibles that Cuba buys abroad. Undoubtedly a considerable part of these imports of food may be classed as articles of luxury. They are for those whose tastes have not conformed to native dishes. From the point of view of national economics, spending nearly a third of one's exports to set the table of a relatively small number of well-to-do citizens looks rather extravagant. Incidentally it suggests the prominence of non-native elements.

A Wife's Allowance

WE HEARTILY approve the suggestion of an eminent female fellow citizen that every husband should pay his wife a salary—whether she earns it or not. Every wife ought to have her own money for her own needs, not in spasmodic and irregular doles from her husband but in the form of a fixed and regular allowance that she could regard as her own by right, to do with as she pleased—quite as the husband regards the salary he receives from his employer or the profit he derives from his business. Moreover—and this is the milk in the cocoanut—she should be required to live within her income as regards personal expenditures. In many households the wife is the chancellor of the exchequer, managing the whole family income, with a modest allowance to the husband for pocket-money. We are decidedly of opinion that in those households, as an almost invariable rule, the income is better managed than where the man holds the pocketbook; but many wives have no regular sum of money to handle. Consequently they have no training in the management of an income. We have often said that no married man has any right to go without life insurance unless he has made some other sure provision for his dependents in the event of his death. It is equally true that the wife should have some practical notions of what to do with the money that is left her at her husband's death. The best beginning in that direction is to give her a regular sum to manage.

Wails From Wall Street

WE WISH more of our readers could know Wall Street as Wall Street knows itself; but unfortunately the literature in which the Street paints its own portrait is of very limited circulation. The little thoroughfare is really a vale of woe and lamentation. Its afflictions make Egypt, at a famous period in her history, look like an earthly paradise. At this writing, Roosevelt alone is heaping more misery upon the financial district than any patch of mother earth ever sustained before. The sight is heart-rending. From Trinity Church to the Elevated, gold-plated automobiles splash through hub-deep puddles of tears. Desolate figures, with only a few billion dollars between them and starvation, huddle along the damp pavement, feebly twittering for help.

The stark tragedy of the situation, however, consists in its utter helplessness. Nobody loves Wall Street in an election year. Months ago a hand timidly extended in the direction of Governor Wilson was met with a crack over the knuckles from a coupling-pin. When the Illinois catastrophe occurred the Street's frantic S. O. S. penetrated in all directions. Pennsylvania at once horribly responded by taking the survivor's lifebelt away and kicking him in the stomach. As he came up for the last time, Massachusetts heartlessly splashed water in his face.

It happens to be Roosevelt more particularly at this writing; but that is immaterial. If it was not Roosevelt it would be somebody or something else. The Street has wallowed in trouble ever since the palmy days of Marcus Alonzo Hanna, when it could order an election baked, broiled or *en casserole* to be served promptly at half past seven—and tell the cook he would be fired if it was underdone.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Bigness of Little Tommy

SOME bright morning an Indianapolis wag will start at the Monument with a paper of pins and drop a pin each ten feet all the way west on Market Street to the Statehouse. Two things will happen that morning: the Governor of Indiana will be late at his office; and when he does get there he will have a fine supply of pins stuck beneath the lapels of his coat.

It was once the fad to have great men tell of "poems that have helped me." If anybody ever asked Thomas R. Marshall what poem helped him he quoted:

See a pin and pick it up—
All day long you'll have good luck.

That is his favorite poem and the practice of its precept is his favorite diversion. Of course he always throws a pinch of salt over his left shoulder when he spills any; and he will walk round a block to avoid passing a black cat; and he never passed under a ladder in his life; and he wouldn't cross the street through a funeral procession; and he raps wood when he boasts a little; and he couldn't be induced to sit at a table with twelve others—and a few other little things; but he pins his faith mostly on the pins. Not one escapes his vigilant eye or his vigilant fingers. Mrs. Marshall rarely has to buy any for household use, and there is always a supply on the Governor's desk at the Statehouse.

You can see him almost any morning in Indianapolis, walking slowly down Market Street toward the Statehouse. He is calm and serene and small; mild, quiet, simple and old-fashioned. His hair is gray and so is his mustache. His clothes are gray and so is his tie. He has a cigar tucked beneath the mustache and his gray Fedora hat shades his gray eyes. When he gets to the Statehouse he always goes in by the eastern entrance. It would be bad luck—oh, fearfully bad luck!—to go in by any other entrance than the eastern one. You understand that, of course.

A man might be marred considerably, in a political manner of speaking, by having the slighting "Little" tacked on to his name; but the Governor's Wabash County friends call him Little Tommy Marshall; and they do it so pleasantly and so respectfully that the title seems to fit him perfectly and to mean just what it does mean—affection instead of reproach. For the Governor is a little man—a slender, short, wiry, mild little chap, serene as a May morning, but, with all his serenity, as alive to conditions and as fixed in his purposes and as set in his motives as can be imagined. He knows what he wants to do, and does it. He moves along in his own way and makes no excuses. He understands the people and the people understand him.

He was a lawyer up in Columbia City and practiced there from 1876. One day, in 1908, some of his neighbors came in and said:

"Tom, the boys out in this district have indorsed you for governor, and we've come to tell you about it and pledge you our support."

"Seems to me," replied Marshall, "you'd have done a blamed sight better if you'd indorsed my partner; but I suppose we'll have to go out and get it now." Then he rapped on wood, picked up a pin, waited for the red-haired girl to pass by after the white horse had gone along, and resumed the business in hand, which was the patching up of some line-fence difficulty.

"Whatever is to Be Will Be"

THE movement spread. There was a demand for Marshall. The Democrats thought well of him and nominated him for governor; so he shoved back his chair, fixed his papers in orderly piles, went down to the store and bought a new gray sack suit, laid in a few boxes of cigars and went home.

"Well, mamma," he said to his wife, "I guess we'd better be moving about a bit."

They bade the neighbors goodby and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall went campaigning. They traveled round the state for three months. Mrs. Marshall attended every meeting. Also, she attended to a lot of politicians who tried to "get to" Marshall.

They crossed and crisscrossed the state. Marshall made many speeches. He told his hearers where he stood personally and as a party man. He told them he knew they couldn't vote for him conscientiously unless they believed he stood for the principles of the Democratic party—and he didn't ask them to. He moved round mildly and serenely. He attended no conferences, wrote no letters and did little handshaking, cigar-passing or baby-kissing.

He Picked Up a Pin and Waited for the Red-Haired Girl to Pass

He said what he stood for, quietly and without excitement, and then he went back to Columbia City and opened the law office again.

The party leaders were in a fearful stew. They didn't understand Marshall, though he understood them. The state central committee held grand lodges of sorrow every night over lost opportunities—and Little Tommy Marshall sat up modestly at Columbia City and arbitrated for the neighbors, and smiled and waited. He was elected. The Indiana people gave him nearly fifteen thousand majority over Representative Watson; in 1904 they had gone the other way by eighty-five thousand.

One of Mrs. Marshall's culinary specialties is buckwheat cakes. They had them one morning that winter. Tommy ate about seven, then he pushed back his chair and sighed: "Well, mamma, we've got to go down to Indianapolis now and begin being governor!"

So they went. The party leaders were there ahead of him with "demands." Little Tommy looked at them quizzically, picked up a pin and said:

"Boys, it seems to me that I'm the one who was elected Governor. Anyhow, I've just been sworn in, and I guess I'll try my hand at it."

He did. He made the peculiar announcement that the Governor of Indiana, as he looked at the job, was the Governor of Indiana and all the people in it—not a party governor, or a partisan governor, or a governor of only part of the people.

"But you are a Democrat!" wailed the party leaders.

"I am," assented the Governor calmly, "and I intend to continue as a Democrat. However, that does not make me any the less an Indianian." Whereupon he picked up a pin!

So he continued; and not so long ago the Democrats of the state elected their delegates to the national convention at Baltimore and instructed them for Governor Marshall as Indiana's choice for the Democratic nomination for president. That night the Governor had the great good fortune to miss a black cat by half a block when he was walking home.

His serenity is marvelous. Nothing worries or vexes or fusses him. This is his philosophy: "What is to be will be. What you or I may do will neither prevent nor promote it. Whatever is is, and whatever is is right." So he said nothing when they indorsed him for president, for his life has been ordered along the lines of that belief. They criticise him—and he smiles—and it never touches him! They praise him—and he smiles again and picks up a pin! Either he is to be nominated by the Democrats at Baltimore or he is not. There's no use worrying—and he doesn't worry.

Governor Marshall is an odd combination. When you laugh at him for avoiding the black cat he chides you gently: "You mustn't laugh at my frailties. They do no one harm. They help me a lot."

He was married when he was forty-two—after his mother died. It is said of him that he was never separated from his mother overnight while she was alive, and that he has never been separated overnight from Mrs. Marshall in the sixteen years they have been married. There is a deep and abiding sentiment in this; but, also, there is a quivery little fear on the Governor's part that "something will happen" if a stress of circumstances should separate him from Mrs. Marshall overnight. Still, the Governor is as unobtrusive about his little peculiarities as he is about his manifest virtues. He always picks up his pins in a modest—even diffident—way; but he always picks them up! And when he throws his pinch of salt over his left shoulder he always makes sure it will not hit any person in the eye.

Horse Sense

AKANSAS school-teacher was drilling her composition class in the relative value of words and phrases. The phrase "horse sense" was discussed, and she told one of the boys to write a sentence containing that phrase.

The boy labored for ten minutes and produced this: "My father didn't lock the barn door, and he ain't seen the horse *sense*."

Roasting a Reporter

WHEN Fred Kelly first broke into Cleveland journalism he was put on police. One night he was sent to a big fire down on the flats. A reporter named Brown was sent with him. The fire was a whale, and presently Brown disappeared. A wall had fallen and Kelly was sure Brown was under it. He rushed to the telephone and called up his city editor.

"Say!" he shouted into the telephone; "Brown is gone! He's burned up!"

"What's that?" asked the city editor.

"Brown is burned up, I tell you! He fell into the fire!"

"All right," said the city editor, hanging up the telephone. "I'll send down another man."

Tagged for Fame

LUCIEN YOUNG, of the navy, has a good many medals of various kinds, awarded him for his notable services. There was a dinner in San Francisco one night and Lucien attended in full-dress uniform, wearing his medals proudly displayed on his chest.

He rose to speak. After the applause had died away a man sitting in the rear of the hall shouted: "Lucien, where are you checked for?"

Short and to the Point

AKANSAS CITY young lady of few words went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted.

"Pull it!" she said to the dentist.

"All right," replied the dentist. He applied the cocaine, adjusted his forceps and out came the tooth.

"Want it?" he asked the young lady, holding the tooth before her.

"Want it?" she exclaimed. "Want it? What for? Do you think I'm an Elk?"

Fragile Father

A MAN traveling in Maine met a middle-aged farmer, who told him his father, aged ninety, was still on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"Yep; pop's close to ninety."

"Is his health good?"

"'Tain't much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him!"

IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED

What Happens When a Presidential Candidate is Nominated

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

A NATIONAL political convention is the official party smelter. Into it are dumped the results of all the struggling, fighting, intriguing, maneuvering, bluffing, buying, selling, intimidating, coaxing, coercing, cajolery, shouting, claiming, manipulating, predicting and piffle of the months or years devoted to the preliminary campaigns; and out of it comes, in more or less refined shape, the material which will pay dividends or bring disaster to the party fathering the convention.

A national convention is supposed to represent the expressed will of the people, to sublimate the various elements of the preliminaries and to present the finished product in its nominations as the result of its collective and deliberate wisdom. There have been conventions in the past when the nominations were attained after the conventions met and were the result of politics played and combinations made; but of late years the results of the conventions of both the great political parties have been foregone conclusions. The latest convention where there was any considerable doubt as to the nominee in either great party was the Democratic national convention of 1896, when Mr. Bryan, by virtue of a speech and a psychological condition, won the nomination for himself. There was opposition to McKinley in 1896, but no person conversant with the facts had any idea that McKinley would not be nominated. He was renominated without opposition in 1900 and Roosevelt had no opposition in 1904. There was some demonstration against Taft in 1908, but his nomination was a certainty long before the convention met. So was Bryan's nomination in 1900 and in 1908, and also Parker's nomination in 1904—though other names were presented to that convention.

Oligarchy Disguised as Democracy

THE reason for this unanimity in the conventions is found in the expertness of the preliminary campaigns. In each instance the convention, except the Democratic convention of 1896, was merely a registering machine for the work done before the convention. The delegates did not come with open minds to deliberate and pick the candidate best qualified, by reasons of politics and policy, to be the candidate. Instead, they came with closed minds—minds effectually closed by the men who had been promoting the leading candidates, and tied up with instructions or promises that could not be broken.

It seems likely that this year there will be a return—in a measure, at least—to the old, free-for-all convention, where the results will not be foregone conclusions, and where there will be opportunity for politics while the conventions are in session. Still, even when the result of a national convention is known in advance, the convention itself is one of our greatest national shows, viewed merely as a spectacle; and the preliminaries are interesting and instructive.

The politics of the United States, for a good many years, has been conducted on the convention basis—that is, the people have been supposed to select delegates to conventions at caucuses, or to confide that duty to the various political committees. A gradual change is in process—a change that will eventually place the selection of delegates to conventions directly in the hands of the people or, when carried to its logical conclusion, will give the people the direct nomination of the candidates and eliminate the convention system.

This change has been effected in various states to some degree, but the convention system, with local modifications, prevails in a majority of the states. It is a complex system. The smallest subdivision selects its delegates to the convention held by the next larger subdivision, and so on up—that is, the town or ward sends delegates to the county or city convention, and the county or city convention sends delegates to the district convention which, in turn, sends delegates to the state convention; and the state convention either sends all the state delegates or picks the delegates at large to the national convention. Interwoven with this is the committee. The town has its committee, and so have the county and the district and the state. Conventions are supposed to select the committee members, but in many instances the committees select the convention members. Thus it will be seen that the system, oftener than not, is about as far from being a popular expression as it can be.

Leaving the smaller subdivisions out of consideration, the state committee is selected by the delegates from each of the districts assembled in the state convention. The basis of representation varies in certain localities; but a state committee, for purposes of illustration, may be said to consist of one committeeman for each state senatorial or congressional district. A national committee consists of one member from each state and territory. These are selected by the delegates to the national convention—that is, the delegates hand in the names of the man selected for them by the persons interested in being national committeemen. Membership of a national committee is purely an honorary affair, and not important except in cases where there are many contests for seats in the convention by protesting delegations. Usually a dozen or so of the national committeemen run things and the others acquiesce.

Once in four years the national committee comes to life. Between campaigns it is a moribund institution that does not meet and has no functions, except the recommendation of men for jobs by individual members and such keeping track of things as the chairman may deem necessary or expedient. Along about October, in the year before a presidential election, the chairman of the national committee issues a call for a meeting of this committee to decide upon a convention city. That meeting is usually held in Washington, and it is the custom for the party in power to hold its committee meeting first, just as the party in power is supposed to hold its nominating convention first. The newspapers carry the call for the meeting, and the cities that desire to entertain the convention begin to lay plans to get a majority of the committee to vote for them.

Still, it Flatters a Lot of Men to be Alternates

There are several considerations in the naming of a national convention city. One is accessibility. Another is hotel accommodations and a convention hall. Another is political geography. The greatest, the most potent reason for sending a national convention to a city, however, is money. How much will the city put up to help defray the expenses of the convention and to help finance the campaign? National committees exact first, from the city that entertains the convention, a hall, suitably decorated, free of expense, and a guaranty of all other legitimate expenses. These comprise about twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand dollars. All money in excess of the amount can be used for the campaign. If a lively rivalry between cities can be incited the chances for getting much money are made greater. The men who have to contribute to the local fund are the men in each city who will get the most benefit from the convention crowds—the hotelkeepers and the railroads, the street-car men and the saloonkeepers, and all those who have receptacles into which the delegates and the crowds of visitors are supposed to drop money. The Democrats have worked this more skillfully than the Republicans of late years. They got a large sum from Denver four years ago and will have a large sum from Baltimore this year.

Conventions Awarded to the Highest Bidder

THIS question is the most important that comes before the national committee at its first preliminary meeting in the winter of the year preceding the national convention. There may be contests to be settled for membership of the committee, but the real question is where the convention is going and what inducements are offered. It usually comes down to selling the convention to the highest bidder.

The committee decides on a date, usually in June of the presidential year or very early in July, and the gentlemen who advocate various cities are invited before the committee to tell of the advantages their homes possess. These speeches do not, of course, go much into the sordid money side. They are merely the fireworks. They tell of the hotel accommodations, of the accessibility, of the sterling Democracy or Republicanism of the city and state, of the many other advantages of a sentimental nature that will accrue to the candidate who is so fortunate as to be nominated in their hospitable and patriotic midst.

All the time the committee knows just where the biggest money is, and the checks speak much louder than any words of the orators. Still, it would never do to make a selection without giving a hearing to all comers; and all comers are heard while the committeemen sit uneasily and wait—to vote for the men who have made the biggest and safest guaranty. After the city is designated, a subcommittee is named to make arrangements and another to draft the official call. This call is the document that makes the

The Convention Itself is One of Our Greatest National Shows

He Carefully Conceals the Name of His Candidate Until He Has Spilled All His Eulogium For His Man

convention valid. It stipulates how many delegates there shall be from each state, territory and colonial possession, how these delegates shall be elected and when, and gives other information and instructions. It also contains a paragraph that says all credentials of delegates must be in the hands of the secretary of the national committee by a certain date, and also all notices of contests, including statements of the grounds for such contests.

The subcommittee on arrangements opens a headquarters in the convention city and works with the local committee in getting things ready, keeps a sharp lookout for the collection of the guaranty fund, and fusses round until the time comes for the meeting of the full national committee to hear contests and to make up the temporary roll of delegates for the convention. Right here is where the national committee enjoys its brief season of real importance. It is charged with the responsibility of making the temporary roll of delegates for the convention. That temporary roll of delegates may mean the success of one candidate or the defeat of another. It is the vital thing of the preliminaries, and may easily be the most vital thing in the fortunes of a party or its defeat.

For example, suppose there has been a fight between two men for delegates to the convention—a fight carried into many of the states and fought out in state conventions or in primaries. These factional fights are much more bitter than any other political battles, and there are always charges that the apparent victors are victors because of fraud or collusion, or some other high crime or misdemeanor. It is the business of the national committee, sitting as a court, to determine the basic membership of the convention, to hear the claims of the contestants and to decide which sets of delegates shall be seated.

The Invention of the Steam Roller

THE committee has not the deciding voice in these matters, of course. The convention is the judge of the qualifications of its own members, but the committee has the tremendously important first voice; and when it makes a temporary roll that temporary roll usually stands in substantial form as the permanent roll of the convention. The committee hears the evidence, listens to the arguments and makes up the roll. A great deal depends on the friendliness of the committee for any candidate who may be in the field. Four years ago, at Chicago, Postmaster-General Hitchcock, then campaign manager for Mr. Taft, had taken the precaution to sew up a majority of the members of the Republican national committee, aided by the influence of Mr. Roosevelt, for Mr. Taft, who was Mr. Roosevelt's candidate for president. The committee performed admirably for Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Taft.

There had been a fantastic campaign against Taft which was known as the campaign of the allies. This campaign had been conducted along the old and time-tried lines of multiplying candidates in order to get favorite-son support from various states. They had several candidates and a lot of contesting delegates. Hitchcock had his lawyers with him; and whenever a contesting delegation or its representatives appealed his friends on the national committee—in the majority—made short work of the contestants and put the Taft men on the temporary roll without exception. It was this performance that originated the term "steam-roller methods." "How'd you make out?" asked a reporter of the leader of the anti-Taft contestants as they came out of the room where the national committee was sitting. The man threw up his hands in disgust. "Huh!" he said. "We didn't have a chance—Hitchcock ran the steam roller over us!"

Hitchcock kept the steam roller running over all contestants, and none but Taft men were put on guard wherever there was a contest. To be sure, there wasn't enough opposition to defeat Mr. Taft, but Hitchcock was taking no chances. The business of the committee was to make the temporary roll, and Hitchcock's business was to have the committee make the temporary roll as he wanted it made—which was what happened.

The theory of this is that the national committee, being in charge of the convention, must provide some sort of a list of delegates with which to begin business. Inasmuch as credentials are filed with the committee and all notices of contests made there, the committee does the preliminary sifting and hands to the convention its list of delegates who appear to be the legal delegates on the face of the returns and credentials filed with the committee. This is the theory; but, of course, contesting delegates are entitled to take their cases before the credentials committee of the convention, or to the floor of the convention itself, on appeal from the decision of the credentials committee. This often happens—but it often does not happen too. In many cases the contestants, having been thrown out by the national committee and thrown out again by the credentials committee, quit in disgust. In most cases the credentials committee, having in charge the making of the permanent roll of the convention, accepts the work of the national committee and adopts the temporary roll as the permanent roll—and there you are! Persistent contestants often get as far as the floor of the convention hall, where they usually get the hook for the third and last time; for the convention, in all ordinary cases, supports the report of the credentials committee just as the credentials committee supports the temporary roll of the national committee. If contestants have an unusually meritorious case a compromise is sometimes made by allowing both the sitting delegates and the contestants half a vote each, which salves wounded feelings and doesn't affect the general result.

These national committee meetings are in progress for a few days—or, if there are many contests, for a fortnight—before the convention is scheduled to meet. Meantime the hall is getting its finishing touches, the final hotel arrangements are made, the decorations are put up, the pictures of former big chiefs of the party that is to hold the convention are swung out, state headquarters and individual headquarters are labeled, and by the Friday before the Tuesday on which all national conventions open the crowd begins to get in.

The outward and visible signs of a national convention are interesting and noisy. The inward and determining factors are noiseless and invisible. The delegates, most of whom are to do exactly what they are told to do, come in with bands and marching clubs. Badges blossom on every man's chest. Headquarters are thronged. Candidates for place hold receptions in outer rooms and conferences in inner rooms. By Sunday the hotel lobbies are jammed and there is a hullabaloo that is deafening. Excited men talk excited politics. Inside information can be had of any bootblack for the asking or without it. Hot tips are scattered broadcast. Wise men affect to be wiser than they are; but back of it all there are men who have the entire situation in hand, and they are pulling the wires. It is not usual for candidates for the presidency to be on the ground. Candidates for the vice-presidency are always there; for, after a president is selected, the vice-president usually becomes a question of geography, not fitness. In the case of a cut-and-dried convention, like those since 1896, the politics is all preliminary to the convention. In a convention like some of the earlier ones, when there were several ballots and a compromise candidate was named, the politics is actually at convention time.

Still, the managers must be constantly on the watch. Anything is likely to break in the few days just before a convention. The essential thing is to keep the instructed and favorable delegates rounded up; to hold them in line until the actual work of nominating is at hand. Then there need be no more worry, for on the floor of a convention hall the instructed delegates always obey instructions. The candidates are informed of every move by telephone and by telegraph. They are consulted frequently. Their consent is asked. In 1900, at Philadelphia, Mark Hanna did not accede to the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for vice-president until he had called up McKinley on the long-distance telephone—which he did at the old Stratford Hotel—and had advised with McKinley about it.

The Choice of Presiding Officials

IT IS the province of the national committee to select the temporary officers of the convention—the chairman, secretary, clerks of various kinds, and other essential portions of the machinery. In the case of a convention like the one of 1904, where Roosevelt was nominated, or the Denver convention of 1908, where Bryan was nominated, the candidate made a careful choice of the presiding officials, both temporary and permanent. Inasmuch as the first organization must be temporary, so that the convention may itself decide on its permanent organization—that is, in order that that fiction may be carried out—this gives a chance for two keynote speeches, one by the temporary chairman and one by the permanent chairman. It is usual to select prominent party men who are good keynoters to make these speeches and to preside. The candidates and the party managers always take the precaution to know exactly what these orators will say. If there is a contest by several candidates with votes the question of a presiding official is of the utmost importance; and, after the convention is temporarily organized, there is a fight before the committee on permanent organization to secure this advantage. The chairman selected is usually inoffensive to all, has good lungs and is safe as to sentiment. If he doesn't know how to run the convention there are plenty of able seamen round who will run it for him. Indeed, they will run it whether he knows how or not!

There are two kinds of conventions—the convention where the candidate is determined in advance and the convention where the candidate is selected on the ground. Unless there are enough instructed or pledged delegates to nominate some one man before the convention opens, thus making the convention merely a ratification meeting for

The Hotel Lobbies are Jammed and There is a Hullabaloo That is Deafening

Fine Morning "Eats"

Here are some fine morning Eats for Miss Business.

Here are the Eats that are always ready to serve and that taste delicious.

Post Toasties

—the crisped bits of toasted Indian Corn; delicately browned, wafer-like and appetizing.

Serve them for your breakfast to-morrow morning.

You'll probably serve them again, and again, for—

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Michigan

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

the work the politicians have done in securing delegates for the man who is to be named, the nomination of a candidate for president depends largely on the skill, persuasiveness and resources of his friends who are on the ground. The Republican candidate is nominated by a majority vote, but the Democratic candidate requires two-thirds. If candidates are so multiplied that no one has the required number of votes on the first, second or third ballot the time for hurried manipulation is at hand. Then is when the combinations are made. If it so happens the leading men have delegates who will not desert, and not enough strength can be secured to add to these firm supporters, the politics of it is to find some man who can unite all the other elements in the convention and get enough votes to nominate him. Adjournments are often taken to bring men together and to argue with supporters of weaker candidates or labor with them in other ways.

The delegates have little to say as a mass. Almost always a state delegation is controlled by one or two men. Astute leaders tie up their delegations with the unit rule where they can, which makes it imperative for the delegation to vote as a majority of the delegation decides. These men who control are the men with whom the manipulation is done. They can throw their delegates where they will, for the delegates are usually political henchmen who are accustomed to do what their leaders tell them. So, when you get right down to it, in a convention where there are a number of candidates and a contest, the men who do the nominating actually are not the delegates as a whole, but the few delegates who control the delegates—the leaders of the delegations—and, back of them and more powerful, a few men who are national leaders and who can influence the men who, as state leaders, control the individual members of the delegations.

This sort of thing has not occurred for a good many years in either the Democratic or Republican national conventions, because, for the most part, those conventions have been merely ratification meetings. The results were known long before the convention met. In 1896 there was a bolt on the free-silver question from the Republican national convention at St. Louis. Mr. Bryan, who was nominated by the Democrats at Chicago later, was at that convention working as a reporter. It was the plan of the bolting Republicans and of some of the Democrats to force the Democratic convention to nominate Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, a senator and a Republican, who had led the bolt from the Republican convention. Bland, of Missouri, was the leading Democratic candidate. This plan went so far that Teller buttons were secured and stored in the Palmer House in Chicago, where they may be yet. Then Mr. Bryan went to the Chicago convention, made a fight for recognition, made his cross-of-gold and crown-of-thorns speech—and all the political plans were upset, including some plans in which Mr. Bryan was to take part.

Badges and Glory for All

Since that convention there has been no uncertainty as to the outcome of any national convention, either Republican or Democratic, so far as the candidate for president has been concerned; and the politics of the conventions has been confined to platforms and such smaller details. This year there is promise of some bigger politics. Certainly there are enough candidates to warrant the hope of something more than ratification meetings.

National conventions, of late years, have always opened at noon on Tuesdays. This gives the delegates a chance to put in a week at the work they are expected to do, provided there are no delays, and get back the following Monday morning to take up the dull routine and tell the homefolks all about it. Precedent is always observed, even in the details of opening the conventions with prayer. One day a Roman Catholic bishop or priest makes the prayer. Another day a Methodist or a Baptist or an Episcopalian conducts the service; and another day a rabbi is invited to solicit divine guidance for the forthcoming labors.

Conventions are held in great halls. The delegates are seated in the body of the hall, with the alternates back of them. This is a pleasing custom of national conventions. Each delegate has an alternate. The alternate has no functions except to wear a badge and garner such reflected glory as he may. Still, it flatters a lot of men to be alternates. Besides, it gets them into the convention. There are doorkeepers, also, and assistant sergeants-at-arms by the score, and many other brands of minor officials, all of whom have badges. The reporters have badges. So do the delegates and the committeemen. The most bebadged institution in the world is a national political convention in the United States. Standards are erected in the portion of the hall given over to the delegates, each standard bearing the name of a state. The delegates sit beneath the standards. The standards are useful for that purpose. Also they are useful when a trial at a stampede comes and the enthusiastic delegates tear them up and march round the hall with them. They do this three or four times in each convention. It is very affecting, and about as spontaneous and effective as a slap on the wrist.

When the time comes for opening the convention the chairman of the national committee, wearing a large gold badge, raps for order and says a few kind words about his party in convention assembled and the principles of the same. Then the prayer comes. After that some local celebrity always gives the presiding official a gavel, and the call for the convention, issued by the national committee, is read. This tells the delegates why they are there and is listened to with scant attention.

Nothing Left to Chance

After the call has been read the chairman of the national committee announces that the national committee has selected the Honorable Bejinkus J. Bejinks for temporary chairman, and some selected delegate moves the convention ratify the choice of the national committee. The question is put—the ayes have it, and the temporary chairman is escorted from the chair where he has been sitting, trying to look unconscious of the great honor about to be thrust upon him, and is received with cheers!

Lest there should be any mistake or any incident that might destroy the harmony of the proceedings, all the formal motions have been provided with official sponsors long before the convention meets—that is, there are certain motions that must be made, like the motion moving the ratification by the convention of the committee's choice for temporary chairman. These motions have been written out and handed to various men among the delegates, who get a little brief publicity by rising and making the particular motion assigned to them. There is nothing haphazard about it. Every little motion has a maker of its own, picked out days before and carefully instructed where and when to inject himself into the proceedings.

The temporary chairman gets his speech off his chest. Usually it is a speech about an hour long and always it is a glowing tribute to the achievements of the party in convention assembled. It praises past performances and predicts future achievements. Nobody listens much, for it is a cut-and-dried affair and is on the streets in the "extras" even before it is begun! However, it is always safe and non-incendiary, having been carefully revised by some of the skilled revisers of the party. No temporary or permanent chairman is allowed to produce any new thought. They must keep in the old and time-tried grooves and they always do. If there was any danger that they wouldn't they would not be selected.

When the temporary chairman has ceased keynoting he submits a list of temporary officers for the convention, consisting of secretaries, clerks, messengers, and so on, said list having been prepared by the national committee also. The delegate scheduled to make that motion moves that this list be adopted, and it is. Then the delegate who has been selected to put in the resolution adopting the rules of the past convention presents his resolution, which is also adopted; and the delegate who has the resolution providing for the appointment of the committees performs. In order that there may be no mistake the temporary chairman has been furnished with a list showing the resolutions that will be offered and the men who will offer them. His business is to recognize none other; and he refuses to do so—thus proving how the voice of the people prevails!

The roll is called and each delegation is expected to hand in the names of its chosen and favorite sons for the committees on credentials, permanent organization, rules and order of business, and resolutions. Each state, territory and possession with a delegation in the convention has one member on each of these committees. The selections have been carefully made and vised by the national committee, and the chairmen are selected for the committees with equal care. All the committees have to do is to vote as they are told. After about five minutes, somebody moves the rollcall be dispensed with and the names handed in, which is done; and the convention adjourns until noon the next day to give the committees time to operate.

I have explained the working of the credentials committee. It has the final say on the preliminary work of the national committee in making up the temporary roll. It hears persistent contests, makes its decision and gives the right to aggrieved contestants to appeal to the convention. It usually O. K.'s the work of the national committee and urges the adoption of the temporary roll as the permanent roll. If there is a big fight, and much depends on the seating of certain delegations, the credentials committee may become very important; but if, as has happened in the last sixteen years, the results of the convention are discounted the credentials committee hasn't much to do.

The committee on permanent organization is told whom the powers have decided on as permanent chairman and agrees. Also it usually decides to make the temporary organization of the convention in the lesser offices permanent—as it is also instructed to do.

The resolutions committee prepares the platform—that is, the resolutions committee takes such platforms as have been prepared and reprepares them. Always various members, selected beforehand, have drafts of platforms ready—drafts that have been submitted to the powers and to the man who is to be nominated if the identity of that person is assured, as has been the case since 1896. Great stress is laid on platforms by conventions. They are supposed to be the official announcement of the principles of the party that adopts them. The candidates are supposed to stand on them and the party to operate in accordance with their declarations. Platforms are largely fetishes, but they are mightily important at convention-time.

Always there is much discussion of the tariff plank and the financial plank. A notable platform fight was that at St. Louis in 1896 when the Republican party declared for the single gold standard. A large number of statesmen have taken credit for writing that plank and for getting it in the platform. In all the conventions since 1896 the candidates have dictated the important parts of the platform. For example, no one knew the exact terms of the money plank in the Democratic platform adopted at Kansas City in 1900 until a personal messenger from Mr. Bryan brought down the text from Lincoln; nor did any one know the exact terms of the "paramount" imperialism plank.

Back-Action Platform Language

The various drafts of the platform are submitted to the committee, and they are gone over and changed and modified and put into language that can be read several ways. This takes hours and hours. If there is a hotly contested point the committee may sit all night or for two nights. Usually, however, there are two or three strong men on the committee—that is arranged—who dominate the rest of the members by sheer force of prestige and intellect, and get what has been decided upon in advance. Sometimes the committee does what it wants to do, but nine times out of ten it does what the powers want it to do. Each party has a man or two who is a professional platform writer and who can say a lot of things in language that can be construed in various ways. There is no call for explicitness in a party platform. What is needed is language broad enough so all can find something in it to tie to. A platform must be all things to all men—and then some—and platforms usually are. The scheme is to put in everything that will catch votes and nothing that will repel votes—nothing, furthermore, that will embarrass even the most wideopen of candidates.

The credentials committee reports the permanent roll at the beginning of the second day's session. If there are contests that are to be fought out in the convention

they are fought out then. Finally the permanent roll is adopted and the committee on permanent organization names the permanent chairman—also carefully selected weeks in advance. The regulation motion is made; the permanent chairman is chosen and he makes his speech, which is also a keynote affair. Then the honorary vice-presidents are named, each delegation handing in one name, also selected with due care and consideration, gentlemen who need a little coaxing to keep them in line.

The rules are adopted, the national committeemen named, and any other business that may be up is considered. At this point usually, in Republican conventions, the question of representation from the Southern states is threshed out and always continued as originally devised. In Democratic national conventions this is about the time when Col. James M. Guffey, of Pennsylvania, is thrown out.

These things disposed of, the convention has ahead of it its work of prime importance—adoption of the platform and the naming of a candidate.

The first business is the reading of the platform. There may be a minority report if the platform fight has been hard; but usually the platform, having been bawled out by some strong-lunged chairman, is adopted with a whoop.

The usual proportion of spectators to delegates at a national convention is about ten spectators to each delegate. Sometimes it runs higher than that. For example, in a hall seating fifteen thousand there will be a few more than a thousand delegates and as many alternates, who are only spectators at that; and the rest will be newspaper reporters, officials and lookers-on. The galleries are always crowded. Sometimes the galleries do strange stunts. Women wave parasols or flags in efforts to cause a stampede for some candidate or other. The applause at the presentation of the names of candidates has come to be a matter of endurance. When they tried to stampede the Republican convention in Chicago, four years ago, the applause lasted more than an hour. There was nothing about it but a long-drawn attempt to make noise.

Nominating oratory is all of the same brand. The roll is called. Unless Alabama has a candidate, Alabama gives way to some other state farther down the list, and the man selected to make the first nominating speech goes to the rostrum. He carefully conceals the name of his candidate until he has spilled all his eulogium for his man. Then he names him and the delegates for him cheer as long as they are able, the galleries assisting and the band playing to help out. This goes along until all the nominating speeches and the seconding speeches have been made. Then comes the ballot.

Serious talk about the vice-presidential candidate does not begin until the presidential candidate is decided upon. The availability of many men is canvassed, but nothing much is done until a man has been named for president. Then there is the question of geography to be considered, for it is always well to select a candidate for vice-president who may carry some state considered doubtful. Also, the presidential candidate may have some preference—and usually has. Nobody knew the man to be nominated for vice-president at Denver four years ago until Mr. Bryan telephoned in from Lincoln, Nebraska. Then everybody knew the candidate would be John W. Kern, of Indiana. Conversely, everybody but Mr. Taft knew, on the day Mr. Taft was nominated, that there was a plan to nominate James S. Sherman for vice-president with him; and when Mr. Taft heard of it he was so glad he was out of the woods that he consented enthusiastically—which was graceful of him, for Sherman would have been nominated even if Mr. Taft had protested.

After the candidates are nominated committees are appointed to notify them and receive their formal acceptances; then the convention adjourns. Presently the notifications are made, the candidates accept and on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in the following November, the people do the rest.

A LOSING RESTAURANT

What a Newspaper Man Did With It

WHEN I left school twenty-eight years ago, age twenty, I became connected with a newspaper in a large city as a cub reporter. At forty-five, which was three years ago, I was still employed by the same journal as one of its associate editors. During those twenty-five years I had made a fairly good salary most of the time, but had not saved a cent except in the way of a two-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy—which showed neither judgment nor sense.

At forty-five I had a wife and three children depending on me, and as I was getting along in years I began, for the first time in my life, to think seriously of the future. I felt there was but little chance in my field of labor for much success, but unfortunately I knew nothing regarding any other. I had no real business knowledge. I saw that I had made a great mistake in not striking out along some other lines years before, as had most of my friends who had started with me, many of whom were now well-to-do and prominent in various walks of life.

In the retrospect I could see that I had missed excellent opportunities which they had grasped, and slowly but surely the fact dawned upon me that, sooner or later, my job would be given to a younger man. After fifty and perhaps before that time age counts against a man in newspaper work, no matter how efficient he may be.

Before I was thirty I had several chances to go into other lines of work, but as I was drawing a tolerably good salary on the newspaper I thought I would wait a while and see if something better would not blow my way. But the older I became the fewer were the opportunities that came to me and the more I dreaded making a change, as my family increased and likewise my expenses. At forty-five the matter began to trouble me greatly, and I fell asleep night after night trying to evolve some plan by which I could get out of the drudgery of newspaper work and into something where the harder I should delve the better it would be for me. There have been thousands of men in the same predicament, and there will be thousands more in the years to come.

I began to look round me in my rambles through the city and to scan closely the opportunities offered in newspaper advertisements. It is wonderful what a man can see who uses his eyes, and it is surprising what he will not see even if his eyesight is of the best. It all depends upon the man.

Since the early days of my reportorial work I had frequently taken my lunch in a restaurant not far from the office. Years ago it had done a prosperous business, but for some reason or other this had gradually dwindled. The first owner had died and his family had sold out to a man who apparently did not do so well. In a couple of years he had retired and some one else had taken his place. Since then the place had kept changing hands until the business had become practically nothing. Finally the last man got out and the establishment had stood closed for three months. That was early in August, three years ago.

As I passed the old place one day I stopped in front of it to light my cigar. All at once I seemed to see in the old restaurant building an opportunity of some kind that for the moment I could not exactly fathom. Then the thought suddenly struck me—why not take that place over, build it up to what it once was and make a success of it? Why not, indeed! Then I grinned at the apparent foolishness of such a thing. What did I know about the restaurant business? What did I know about any business except the one in which I had passed my whole life?

But the idea would not down. I took a good look at the deserted building and then crossed to the opposite side of the street, where it was shady, and gazed at it again, much to the surprise of several friends who happened to pass that way. The building was an old-timer, two and a half stories high, with a large double front. Although it stood on a side street there was much travel past it during the day and early evening, and the possibilities appeared to be good if only the crowd could once more be drawn into the place. It was advertised for rent by a real-estate broker whom I knew well,

Effort vs. Instinct

EFFORT is like a man in the street, plodding deviously through traffic to his work. *Instinct* is like a bird in the sky flying straight and free to the goal of its desire.

The principle of personal control around which the Virtuolo is built—the principle which *is* the Virtuolo—is to eliminate Effort and *liberate Instinct*—the instinct for musical expression.

Heretofore, where personal expression has been permitted at all by player pianos, the whole tendency has been to control the playing by mechanism which demands *constant Mental Effort* of the player. Not so with the

VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

It attains musical expression by *eliminating Effort* and also by allying itself with your Instinct.

As you sit at the Virtuolo, about to start the roll, you are like the virtuoso seated at his instrument, thinking, not of how he will attack the keys, but of harmonies rising like pictures in his mind, cadences like iridescent visions, which conjure forth his gift—the universal human gift of Musical Instinct.

There are four sensitive buttons beneath your fingers, but *you do not think of them.* Remembering how this same piece affected you when last you heard it, you are now aflame with anticipation.

Could this possibly be, if, instead of instinct, you were about to put forth effort?—Effort, which is like a man plodding deviously to his work?

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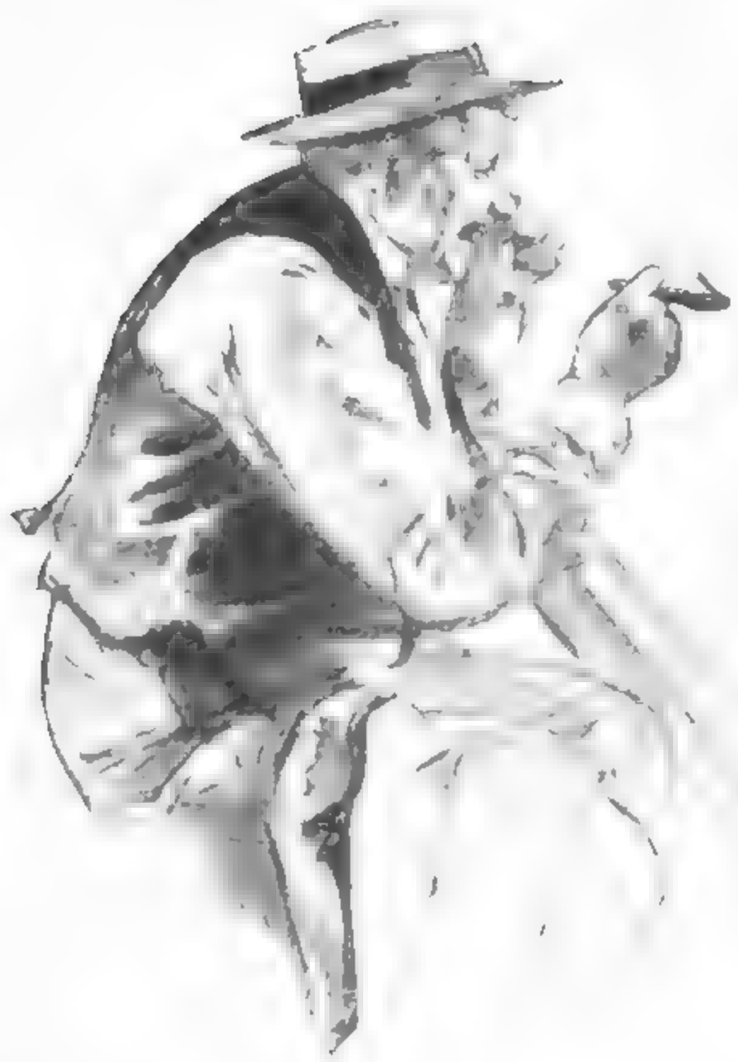

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and as I walked toward the office I determined to call on him and see what would happen. I had made up my mind, after an acquaintance with the old place off and on for twenty-five years, that I could make it go once more. I had no money. Perhaps I could raise a hundred dollars or so, but that would be about my limit. I would see the agent anyhow.

I dropped in on him the following day. The place, I learned, was for rent at $83.34 a month in advance. The stock and fixtures were worth $350 and were in fair condition. The building needed paint and paper and other repairs, which the lessee would have to look after. The only thing the landlord would do would be to keep the roof in order. The real-estate man wanted to know if I was interested in a friend who wished to rent the building. When I told him that I was thinking of taking it myself he laughed outright. He said, however, that he would like to rent the property to me, but hinted that the restaurant business was a very risky one to go into unless I knew something about it and he was sure I did not.

When I told him I was serious about the matter and had little or no money he still advised me not to attempt to do a thing at which so many others had failed. But when I persisted he promised to do what he could to help me. He gave me the keys, and suggested that I go and take a look through the property and then come back and talk to him.

Looking Over the Ground

I took them. It was a very hot day, and the place at first view looked dingy and dirty and certainly not very inviting. The first floor was fitted with an oyster bar, and a good-sized mirror hung on the wall back of it. There were a dozen tables, fifty or sixty bentwood chairs, a steam chest apparently in good condition, two large coffee urns and a water heater, besides a cashier's desk and a cigar case with a money register attached. The floor was covered with linoleum, which seemed in pretty good condition. The room, which was about thirty by thirty, needed paint and paper, and needed them badly.

The gas fixtures I saw at once would require repairs; but after they had been mended and cleaned they would probably do for a while, until better ones could be procured. Back of the restaurant proper was a kitchen—about thirty by twelve—which contained two coal ranges, one large and the other small, and a gas range. The large range required new firebrick and tops, but the other two appeared to be all right. The kitchen also needed paint and the skylight new glass. A lot of dishes and cutlery were piled upon the tables, together with tablecloths and napkins. There was no yard attached to the house, but a wide alley, in filthy condition, led to the street.

A rather neat hardwood stairway in front took me upstairs. On the second floor were two good-sized dining rooms, which had been used by ladies, as I remembered; and a pantry and a smaller dining room that could be opened in an emergency. The floors were fairly well carpeted. Twelve or fourteen tables and a number of chairs occupied the rooms, and the pantry contained dishes, silverware and some table linen. A dumbwaiter connected the first and the second floors. Everything was dusty and dirty, but the place looked to me to have possibilities.

The third floor was the attic and was divided into three rooms, with nothing in them but a cot and a couple of chests. The property had originally been two dwellings and was very old. I did not go into the cellar on this first visit, but I spent an hour going through the building, examining everything as closely as possible.

I knew a waiter in a near-by restaurant where I went occasionally for my lunch, and I decided to get him to go round with me the next day and see what he thought of the place as a venture. My waiter friend knew the house well, for he had worked there off and on for a number of years. As we went through it he told me that for several years it had been neglected by its owners, who had failed to cater to the class of people who would most naturally have patronized it. He said if it should be run with the idea of catering to such custom by a man who would give to the venture the best that was in him, it could, he felt sure, be made to pay again. If only he had the money or friends to help him, he said, he would be more than willing to take the risk himself.

He told me the greatest trouble in running a restaurant was with the cooks and waiters. As a rule they were unreliable and apt to leave on the slightest provocation, as they usually had little difficulty in getting other places. They would often stay away unexpectedly and leave the proprietor in a lurch during his busiest seasons.

It was a great advantage to a restaurant man, he said, to secure good waiters and keep them in his service, as customers like to see the same faces on the floor day after day. But this was, he assured me, a very hard thing to do, no matter how generous the wages were. Another trouble in conducting a restaurant was in arranging proper menus. Proprietors would get into a rut and serve the same dishes day after day. It was a good plan to change dishes often, he said. Some articles, of course, had to be used every day, but the method of cooking them should be different, and there were numerous ways of preparing even the most common vegetables. But there would be trouble with the cooks in this matter, also, as they would not want variety because it meant extra work for them. Then again their knowledge of cooking might be limited to a few dishes, and yet to employ efficient chefs in an ordinary restaurant would be altogether out of the question. He suggested that the front of the building should be painted white to attract attention, and that the outside as well as the inside should be brilhantly lighted at night, while during the day there should be a neat display of edibles that could easily be seen by passers-by. He also suggested that the locality was a good one for oysters, and that if the place could get a reputation for properly serving these he was quite sure it would do a large business. Of all the many restaurants in the city, he added, there were not more than six, to his knowledge, that had such a reputation, and the trade was a profitable one if the openers and cooks were closely watched.

When I carried the keys back to my friend, the broker, I told him I would take a day or two to consider what I should do. I wished to consult with my wife, which I had not as yet done, because my ideas were still so vague. That night I discussed the matter with her, and much to my surprise she seemed to favor the plan, if I could secure a little money with which to start. She realized that there was decided risk in the venture, but she knew the newspaper business also was risky for a man who was no longer young, and so she gave me her blessing.

She further surprised me by announcing that she had saved $150 out of her allowance during the last two years, and would give it to me if I determined to strike out for myself. That was a good beginning, and in addition I could, I thought, raise $100—or possibly $150—more, making altogether say $300. That, however, was all I could rely upon, and it seemed to me just then a very small sum.

Getting Ready for Business

Then and there I made up my mind that I would take the place if I could get it. I called on the broker, stated the amount of money I could raise, told him what I thought I could do with it and asked him what he would do for me. I said I should like to have a month to get matters into shape, so that the rent would not begin until early in September. I believed it would take fully a month before I could start, but in that time all the repairs could be made and the place be ready to open early in the following month.

He considered for a time and then told me he would take me up. The lease was signed for one year, with the privilege of renewal for two more years. He gave me a year in which to pay for the stock and fixtures, and said there would be no charge for the good will as the place had been closed so long. I paid $83.34 in advance for the first month and received the keys. I decided to retain my position, anyhow, until I was ready for business and, if possible, perhaps a little longer, as I thought I could get my wife and daughter to keep a watchful eye on the cleaning and repairs when I had to be elsewhere. Both were more than willing to assist me in this.

I secured a painter, who painted the front with two coats of white lead and did some inside work where it was absolutely necessary. Then I had the walls of the first and second floors papered with neat but cheap designs, which looked very pretty

when in place. At the same time I had the cleaners at work, and my wife and daughter repaired the carpets where necessary, looked after the dishes and cutlery and also the table linen, of which there seemed to be a very fair supply. At the end of the month, and after the cellar had been thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed, the building inside and out looked like a little palace compared with what it had been, and we all felt greatly encouraged.

This work had cost me about $75, and when I was ready for the opening I found I had just $100—not much for starting up a run-down restaurant. However, I was hopeful. In the mean time I had seen a butcher, who said he would give me credit for a week or so for meats, and I had made similar arrangements with an oyster dealer and a grocer. I also went to see a baker, a pieman and an ice-cream dealer, and all allowed me liberal terms after I had stated my plans and purposes. In this way I could get going without the expenditure of much money until the end of the first week. The help, of course, would not have to be paid until they had earned their money, although I soon found that they were great borrowers before their cash was due.

The Eventful Opening Day

I had arranged with my waiter friend that he should start in with me and give me all the points he could; and I in turn was to do the right thing by him if I succeeded. He thought it would be necessary at once to get an oyster opener, another waiter for the first floor and a waitress for the second floor to look after the ladies. For the beginning we could, he believed, get on in the kitchen with one good cook, a dishwasher and a colored boy as a general utility worker; as soon as business increased the kitchen corps could be added to. We were fortunate in obtaining this help, and they all turned out to be excellent in their places with the exception of the colored boy, whom we soon replaced by a better one. My daughter promised to act as cashier until I could afford to employ some one for that position.

The day before we opened two thousand oysters and some clams were dumped into the cellar, as well as a couple of tons of coal. Before ten o'clock in the morning of the opening day the meats had been sent, the ice cream—only four quarts as a starter—had arrived, and the baker and the pieman had left their quotas. We did not dare take too much of any of these and have them go to waste in an altogether untried business. I had noticed for several days that people, as they passed, looked in and seemed interested. Many stopped and read the notices that I had posted on the doors and windows, stating when the establishment would be ready to receive their patronage.

The eventful day came at last, and wife, daughter and myself were on hand at seven o'clock when the help arrived. Fires were started in the kitchen; the oysterman began to shuck oysters for stewing and frying purposes; and the meats and vegetables were prepared for cooking. On the advice of my waiter friend we had determined to try a thirty-five-cent dinner. For this we would serve half a dozen small raw oysters, soup, roast meat, three vegetables, bread, butter, coffee or tea, with pie, pudding or ice cream for dessert. At that time there was a fair profit in this dinner—nicely served as it was—but today it costs a little more, owing to the higher prices for provisions. Up to eleven o'clock only ten persons had come in; but we were not disappointed, as our chief waiter had said that we could never look for much business before that hour. Our regular dinner was ready shortly after eleven o'clock, and our first dinner customer seemed much pleased as he paid his thirty-five-cent check to my daughter. Then others began to come in in much greater numbers than we had hoped for, and the majority ordered the regular dinner, although many took oysters in various forms, as well as steaks and chops. At half-past twelve o'clock the tables on the lower floor were nearly two-thirds full, and there were about twenty ladies and several men on the second floor.

This was very encouraging for the first day, so my waiter said. Up to three o'clock people came and went, and all appeared to be struck with the appearance and cleanliness of everything. Many of them, so my daughter said, had told her that the food was good and nicely served, and that they would be sure to come again. Quite a number of the men purchased cigars at the desk, and that also was a source of profit. Everything went smoothly with the help, although for a time they were pretty well rushed.

At three o'clock when we counted up the checks and cash we found we had taken in $37.50. Between that hour and eight o'clock in the evening, when we closed, we made $8 more—a total for the first day of $45.50. My waiter friend thought that was an excellent beginning and he was positive we should do much better on the following day and improve right along. He suggested that a dinner waiter should be secured at once, as he was sure one would be needed. Those dinner waiters work from eleven A. M. to three P. M., or until the rush is over. We soon found the next day that we could not have done very well without him. Good service is an important factor in a restaurant, particularly during the rush hours when every one is in a hurry to eat and get back to his or her place of employment.

We soon learned this, and made it a point to have our service as good as possible. I saw to it that there should be no unnecessary waiting, even in the busiest times, if it were possible to prevent it.

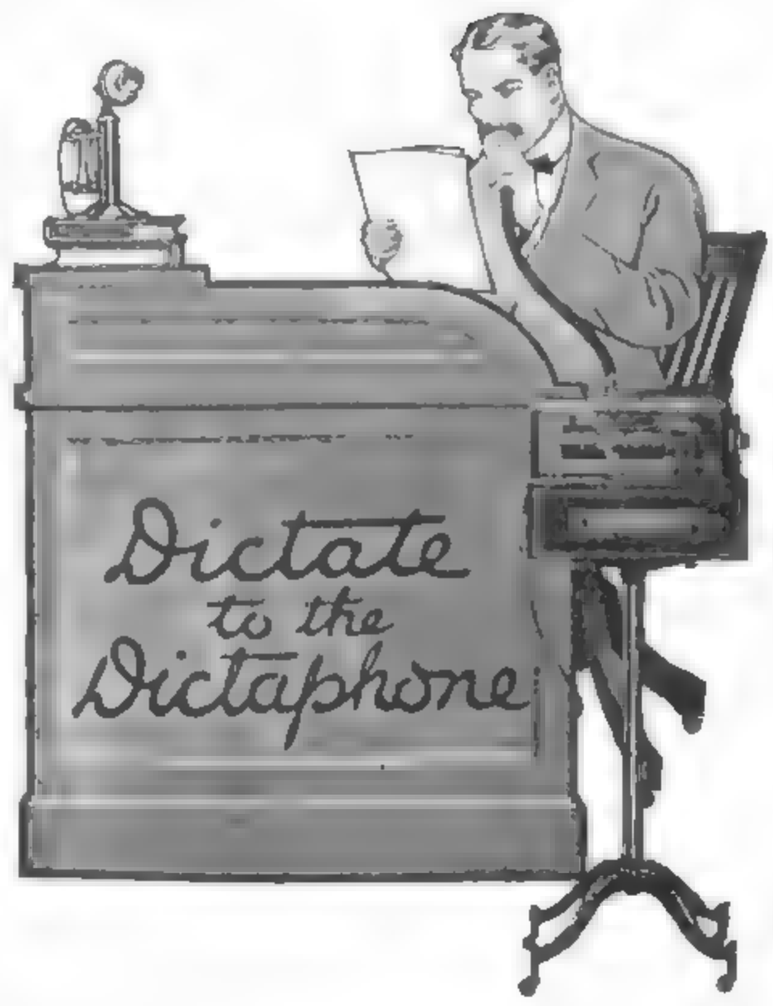
We increased our orders somewhat for the following day as we were sure business would be as good as on the first day, and probably better. Already, after talking with the cook and the head waiter, we had found where we could save and where we could use things to better advantage. The next day at luncheon we had more women customers and also a larger number of men on the first floor, and our receipts at three o'clock footed up $44.75, an increase of $7.25 over those of the day before. After three o'clock we took in $11.25, making a total for the day of $56. That was very pleasing. The following day, which was Wednesday, the daily receipts had mounted to $69; on Thursday to $72; and on Friday, which is known in the business as fish and oyster day, to $84. Saturday, being a half holiday, we did not do so well at the lunch hour, but the general trade throughout the day was found to be good.

By the advice of my waiter friend we had decided to keep open until twelve o'clock on Saturday night. Business was good all the afternoon and evening, mostly for oysters, steaks and chops, but principally for oysters, which we were serving apparently to the satisfaction of those who ordered them. In counting up the day's receipts at midnight, although the luncheon record was not so good as the day before, the register and the checks with which it was compared showed $91.50. In totaling for the week we found that our receipts had been $418, and our expenses, including wages but excluding rent, with several small bills to pay on the following Monday, had been $320. This left $98, and with $52, which I had still left from my little hoard, I had just $150 to start the new week. We kept closed on Sunday, as there is little or no trade in that part of the city on the first day of the week. I was exceedingly gratified at the result of the first week in a business of which I knew absolutely nothing and which I had opened on pure nerve and but little cash.

How the Business Grew

On Monday of the new week I hired a regular oyster cook, one regular waiter for all-day work and an extra dinner waiter for the first floor. I also had to procure a dinner waitress for the second floor. We had by this time too much work for the smaller force of the week before, and I wanted the service to be first class in every respect. I found I was wise in so doing. The second week our receipts were $510, the lunch trade as well as the supper trade having increased. The second-floor business had improved wonderfully, and the two girls were kept constantly on the go during the lunch hour. The third week our receipts were $592, and the fourth week they touched $642.

It was now found necessary to secure another oyster opener, one more dinner waiter on the first floor and also another on the second floor, as well as a cook to do nothing but prepare orders for steaks and chops and assist at making stewed and panned oysters and stewed clams. The other oyster cook was pushed with fried oysters, for which there was a great demand. Right along we were compelled to enlarge our working force until we really had hardly room enough for them to get round; but we



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Here Is the Story Told Over 8,000 Counters

"We back of the counter have to know 'what's what' about the lines we carry. We must be able to answer all kinds of questions about them.

"For instance—take **Black Cat** Hosiery—the best stores have sold it for 28 years. Selling more than ever.

"Over 3,000 dozen pairs made per day. Stop and think—a million pairs a month!—and the best of all—out of 36,000 pairs shipped daily only four pairs are returned for any cause whatsoever.

"Mighty good record for—

BLACK CAT

"America's Handsomest Hosiery"

"Isn't it? And there are reasons for this record.

"Just look at the Black Cat Heel and Toe—notice how far the reinforcement extends. It takes care of the rub at the ankle, the grind at the heel or the stub at the toe. But it doesn't extend over the sole where it gets 'bunchy' and uncomfortable. You know when it's too thick in the sole it lacks the sheer, 'Close-Knit' effect over the instep, so essential at the point where appearance counts.

"Only the finest yarns are used. Take this 25c half hose—our No. 235—made from the [illegible] Island sea Isle—all colors—dyed [illegible] the highest standard [illegible] America. Do you wonder that BLACK CAT is noted for its fast, beautiful colors?

"And here is the pick of our silks—our No. 325. It costs 50c and it is worth it—if you want a pure 'thread-silk' that wears as well as it looks."

If you want to know more about this splendid line of hosiery for Men, Women and Children—write to the address below for beautifully illustrated Style Book, which will be sent you if you mention the name of your dealer.

Dealer's Suggestion Leading dealers in towns where we are not represented, write for our Helping-to-Sell Plan.

Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Company, Kenosha, Wis.

realized that service must be of the best, or the food, however good, would count for naught.

October was a busier month than September had been, and November proved better still. In the latter part of November and during December, when the Christmas rush was on at the stores, we did a great business; we found it necessary to keep our restaurant open every night until twelve o'clock. In the middle of October I was doing so well that I resigned my position in the office, and I have never had occasion to regret the act. I saw that it was essential for me to watch matters very closely, and I saved many a dollar by strict and undivided attention to details, which counts in the restaurant business as in every other.

On one day in November—election day—we had to keep our establishment open until three o'clock in the morning. We were pretty tired when we closed, but our receipts that day amounted to $287.25, which was not so bad for a place that only two months before had been looked upon as a dead one.

Business was flourishing until Christmas. During the holidays trade was rather dull, but the next week it began to improve and came up nearly to what it had been in some of our best weeks. We made money right along in January, February and March, and good money too; but after Lent we noticed a decline, and in April and May we had to reduce our force of workers, as our customers seemed to be tiring of oysters. Still we made some money. In June we still made a little money; but July and August we found to be the dullest months of the year, which, we were informed, was to be expected.

Many of our regular customers were out of town, and those that came in seemed to have but little appetite and made their lunch on something light and cheap. This was particularly the case on very hot days. People do not eat so much in hot weather.

When I closed my books early in September I had cleared $1517.50, which I considered quite satisfactory for my first year in an untried business. I had improved the place in many ways, had purchased new table linen and cutlery, had paid my wife the $150 that she had given me, and had also paid $300 of the $350 for the stock and fixtures. My clearings did not amount to quite as much as I had earned the year before in my salaried position, but I saw that the possibilities were splendid and I knew I could do better in my second year.

With the return of the people from their summer vacations and with the opening of the oyster season in September, business again became exceedingly brisk. I had to increase my force of waiters and cooks to what it was in the busiest part of the year before, and our trade gradually improved until both floors were crowded during the lunch hour and it was all we could do to keep the service up to date. Our supper trade also became better and we began to do a neat little breakfast business. This helped materially in our receipts and kept the cooks and waiters more or less continually employed, which is much more satisfactory than having them idling round waiting for customers.

Getting New Ideas

The first year I bought all the pies we used, but they were very unsatisfactory to me and doubtless to many who patronized us. As one of our cooks was a first-class pastry cook I tried placing her on the job, and the product was decidedly better.

We were now serving oysters and clams in several new styles, which seemed to please many of our customers who wanted variety in these shellfish. I was told by one of our friends that he was very fond of oysters roasted in the shell, but that he knew of no place where they could be obtained cooked in this way. That gave me a hint. It pays to listen to what customers have to say, as you can get many a good pointer in that way.

During the winter I read a paragraph in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in which the writer expressed surprise that oyster juice in restaurants was entirely wasted, when it could be utilized in the same way as clam juice, which always is in good demand. After that I had this valuable juice saved and boiled down just one-half, placed in neat glass jars, which cost about four cents each, and sealed air-tight. These were placed on sale behind the oyster bar and at the desk for ten cents apiece, and contained sufficient of the strongly condensed juice for four stews or pans, or a dozen cups of bouillon. Today I am doing a large business in this oyster juice, with an excellent prospect of an increase in the near future.

The front of the building was again painted during the first summer and looked very attractive, and it has been kept in that condition. The accommodations for the ladies on the second floor were much improved. New carpets were placed on the floors and finer cutlery and table linen were used. Pictures adorned the walls and new gas and electric fixtures were added. At night both floors were brilliantly illuminated, as well as the front of the place.

As had been predicted before I started in, we had a great deal of trouble with the help we were compelled to employ, both cooks and waiters. They were either quarreling and fighting among themselves or getting intoxicated and remaining away from their work—usually at times when they could least be spared. It was no easy matter to fill their places at a moment's notice, and consequently the service sometimes suffered.

Light-Fingered Ladies

One peculiar thing especially in the business of running a restaurant surprised me. I noticed soon after we began that there was more demand for new dishes, cutlery, napkins and other table furniture from the second floor than there was from the first, although there was twice as much business doing on the latter. I looked into the matter, and for a long time was unable to understand it. Finally, from one of our new waiters I learned the explanation. In all restaurants, he said, the apartments used by women customers suffered more than those occupied by men. The ladies were known to be very fond of pretty glasses, stylish cutlery, and such things as napkins, and when they left they often carried them away with them and did not appear to think there was anything wrong in it. This was a well-known failing of women who take their lunches in medium-priced restaurants as well as those patronized by the wealthier classes. Many of our young lady customers, after eating a cheap lunch, would even fill their bags with crackers, bread and butter, or in fact anything else—if the waitresses were not looking—that could be easily carried away. Many of these were apparently nice girls, but they did not seem to see any harm in it. This is one of the serious losses with which the restaurateur has to contend, and it is exceedingly difficult to remedy it.

I closed the second year showing a decided increase in my business. I had cleared a little over $2500, after making alterations and improvements, although prices of nearly everything used in our restaurant had been considerably higher and were still rising. But for all that we made a good profit. In order to do that, however, it was necessary to watch the details closely, preventing waste on the floors and in the kitchen and making sure there was no pilfering among the help. As my capital increased and my knowledge of the business improved I know I saved many dollars that I lost the first year in various ways. If the little things are carefully looked after in a restaurant the big ones, as a rule, will take care of themselves.

When we opened our third year everything was shipshape. All repairs had been made during the summer, and we were in better condition for business than we had yet been. It was a good year for us, although general business was very dull and many persons were out of work. There are always people who have money to spend, and we got our good share of it from those who wanted to eat—and nearly every one did who visited our establishment.

At the end of the third year when I counted up my profits and losses I saw $3225 to my credit, which was extremely gratifying. That was considerably more than I had ever made while working for others, and I was no longer in danger of receiving the dreaded blue envelope at the end of the week.

The business is not so genteel as the one I gave up; but I am more independent.

I am satisfied with my little restaurant, and if for the next ten years I give it the attention I have given it in the last three I feel sure I can, at fifty-eight, sell out at a good price and retire with enough of this world's goods to keep me and my wife for the rest of our days, and leave something for our children. What more would the average man want?

BUSINESS HELPS

NOTHING is more important than to know just what kind of work is precisely the best for oneself. It is astonishing and sad to realize how many people there are who have chosen their lifework practically by chance! It is astonishing how many have allowed themselves to be swayed by temporary opportunity, temporary expediency, the operation of almost casual circumstances, without much real thought in regard to it.

"And there is just one thing to do if the wrong line has been entered. Get out of it! Get out at once. If a mistake has been made unmake it! Make the change for the better, even though you know that, at least for a time, it will be financially a change for the worse. Don't wait for some future time to change, but take time by the forelock and change at once."

It was a very successful business man, the manager of a great department store, who was speaking; and he was so earnest about it that I suggested to him that he must have something very definite in mind and was not talking generalities—perhaps some experience of his own.

"I am certainly not talking generalities," he responded.

There was something in his tone that told me he was speaking of himself and that it was his own case which made him feel so strongly in regard to the subject; and when I let him know he had given me that impression he smiled thoughtfully and reminiscently, and said:

"Yes, it is primarily about my own case that I am speaking, but I have known of many other cases too. It is so important for any one to get into the kind of work that is the very best for him personally, the best for his well-being and his future, that I cannot put it too strongly; but at the same time I cannot put it too strongly that nothing is more fatal than causeless or thoughtless change, the kind of change that comes from vacillation, from recklessness or whim, or because the new kind of work promises to be easier.

"And it cannot be put too strongly that, though a change for the better is good, it is impossible that changes can continue to be beneficial if they are of the radical kind. A change may be wise—the only wise thing to do—but a number of changes of occupation are foolish. It's right to take time by the forelock and change quickly when a change ought to be made—but one must not keep on grabbing at the forelock!"

"And the time you grabbed at the forelock ——" I suggested.

He smiled again.

"It was when I was seventeen years old, and I was a train boy, selling newspapers, magazines, books, candy, chewing gum. I was making a good thirty dollars a week—and you won't think it egotism in me when I say that I was doing much better than the average."

Looking Out for the Future

As he said this the thought came to me, What differences there are in the boys who go through trains—for whereas some can sell even to the most unwilling, others are hardly able to sell even when the passenger is ready to buy. And I could picture measurably, looking at this successful man, what a successful way he must have had with him as a youth—for he had it yet!

"Making so much money at that age—and earnings did not average so high over twenty years ago as they do now, and expenses were not so high; so that thirty dollars a week was really a good deal—it looked as if I had hit it just right and that I needn't worry about the future. And I suppose I might have kept at it and gradually got into something permanently good with the company I was working for. I don't know. But I do know it could not have been the best thing possible for me, though it might have been so for somebody else. That's the gist of it always—the best thing for oneself must be looked out for, the best thing for one's own individual ambition and abilities.

"In my own case, all I could think was that there was no real opening in front of me. I could see no future. I could only see an unsettled, floating existence, with little chance of ever making more money. So I decided to make a change.

"First of all I decided upon the city in which to locate. It was open to me to go anywhere; I was footfree—but every one ought to consider himself footfree and not let himself be tied down in such an important matter as it is. The city I chose was the one I knew best of all—one of the largest cities; a city with wonderful energy and, as it seemed to me, not only a wonderful present but a more wonderful future.

"Then I looked about to see what kind of an establishment I ought to get into. I wanted to find one that, like the city, promised to have a future. I wanted to grow up with a great city and a great establishment, and I wanted to make so good a choice that I should never want to make another change." He paused a moment. "And I haven't made any change since then," he said soberly.

"Of course, after what I may fairly call my success at selling things, I wanted to get into some place where there would be things to sell. I did not feel any bent toward any of the professions or toward manufacturing, though I could not help seeing that manufacturing was beginning to offer enormous possibilities. I felt that I was primarily a salesman; and so the place where there would be a great variety of things to sell was what I wanted."

Hiring a Good Boss

"What I chose was a department store, and I chose the particular one I did because I liked the proprietor at the head of it. Seems funny, doesn't it? One is so apt to think that it is altogether a question of whether or not the employer likes the would-be employee that the other way about seems something of a joke; but it ought not to be so. Anybody is likely to get on best and to make the best success when he has picked out his own employer. In this case I had seen the head of the house a number of times on the train and had liked his looks; and I liked the general atmosphere of his place of business. I used to make my small purchases there. Haven't you noticed that every store is sure to give you a general impression of its character if you merely walk through it?"

I was interested to know whether any of this careful planning had been the result of parental conferences and advice.

"No; my father was dead and I had no elder brother. I had to work out my problems myself.

"I gave up the trainwork and took a place in the department store at six dollars a week with no encouragement for the future except what was in my own mind.

"I may add that department stores, even in the biggest cities, were not nearly so important twenty years ago as they are now, though they were big things; but they seemed to me to have a logical certainty of growth—and great growth.

"For a while I was tempted to feel blue, as I wasn't even given a chance to sell things. I was made a stockboy—but I don't mind saying that I worked very hard to master the stock. And I suppose my earnestness must have been noticed, for after a while I was put, now and then, to help out at some bargain-counter sale.

"A year passed—a solid year—and I seemed to have made no progress. I knew I had learned a good deal, but on the whole it was pretty discouraging. There were times when I almost regretted the trains and the thirty dollars—and sometimes it had run as high as thirty-five. However, I didn't give up. And I didn't go to anybody and grumble about it. I realized that somehow I had failed to impress anybody that I was of any particular importance and that it was up to me to do it. After that it would be time enough to talk about better work and more money.

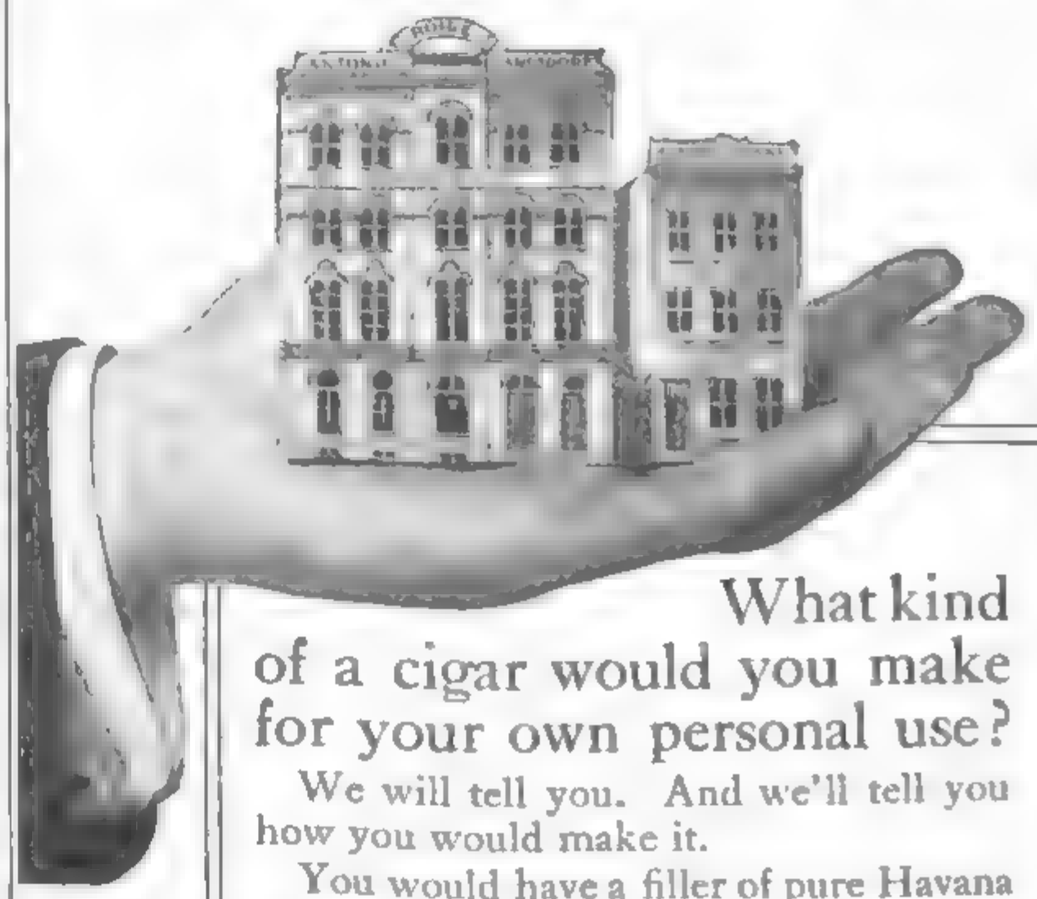
"Well, one day I was put at a bargain-counter sale of suspenders. They were to sell at twenty-five cents a pair, and I set myself to do the best I could. Toward the end of the day the Old Man came along—the 'Old Man' being the head of the store, the man I had decided to hire as my employer," he said whimsically. "Well, the Old Man came along and he stopped beside me for a moment. This was something I had often dreamed of his doing, but I didn't let it rattle me.

"'What have you taken in?' he said.

"'Eighty-five dollars,' I answered.

"I didn't say anything more. I didn't make any such fool break as to ask if it

If you owned a cigar-factory—



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We will tell you. And we'll tell you how you would make it.

You would have a filler of pure Havana tobacco—*grown in Cuba.* You would not spoil it by artificial "sweating." You would let it season naturally and sweetly to a ripe, mellow, perfect flavor—the true *Havana* flavor. You would have no "dope" in it; only pure tobacco. And you would find a way to blend it (even if it required years of experimenting) so as to produce one uniform result: A cigar *full-flavored yet mild!*

And this is exactly what we have made *for* you in *The Girard Cigar.*

A rich, satisfying cigar in all the regular colors, yet *never over-strong.* This is the cigar you want. Get it of your dealer *today.*

Hand-made 3 standard 10-cent sizes

"BROKERS"	"MARINERS"	"FOUNDERS"
5¼-inch Perfecto	5½-inch Panatella	5-inch Blunt

Other sizes up to 15 cents straight

If your dealer hasn't it, he will get it for you. Otherwise, write to us and we will supply you with a trial order at the regular retail price.

We do not carry on a mail-order business, but we want you to get acquainted with the *Girard cigar* in the easiest way for *you.* For your own sake insist on at least a trial of this unusual cigar. And start after it *today.*

You would make yourself a cigar like this

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ACTUAL SIZE

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You can wear SILK hose —pure, lustrous, clinging silk, every day in the year and yet be strictly economical, if you wear

PHOENIX SILK HOSE

MEN'S 50¢ 75¢ WOMEN'S

Have you hitherto regarded Silk Hose as a luxury to be worn only on "dress-up" occasions? Then you will find a double delight in the revelation that you can now indulge in its daily use at no greater cost than that of cotton hose. Not only is PHOENIX SILK HOSE sold at popular prices, but the wear of every four-pair box is GUARANTEED for three months.

PHOENIX SILK HOSE is made of the finest grade pure-dye thread silk—soft, brilliant and durable—no finer quality silk can be obtained at any price. Absolutely free from injurious loading or artificial weighting. Seamless; reinforced toes; high spliced heels; garter tops.

SILK HOSIERY

No Longer Ranks as a Luxury. Silk Clad Ankles as Numerous as "Sands on the Shore."

Surely the "world do move." Luxuries of yesterday are necessities today. But people who are inclined to put this down to the extravagance of the age must not lose sight of the fact that vast strides in productive improvement have kept pace with the progress of the age. New methods and new machinery work wonders. In no instance is this truth more marked than in hosiery making. One large Western manufacturer practically revolutionized the silk hose industry by putting on the market pure thread silk hose at popular prices. He did more than that: after exhaustive tests of the wearing quality of his product, he startled the mercantile world by selling his silk hosiery with a guarantee to wear three months. With this hitherto undreamed-of possibility, the impetus given to silk-hose wearing has been simply wonderful. Today from Maine to California men and women are wearing silk hosiery as an accessory to everyday dress—and strange as it may seem, they find it economical to do so.

Bahai Leader Here on Liner.

Men's extra heavy, No. 281, 75c pair—4 pairs $3.
Women's extra heavy, No. 370, $1 pair—4 pairs $4.

At your dealer or direct on receipt of price and style number

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
THE PHOENIX MUFFLER MAKERS
206 Broadway
MILWAUKEE

wasn't pretty good, or to say that it was three hundred and forty pairs. I realized he knew arithmetic and that he wanted to know how much and not how many. I suppose my trainwork had taught me a good deal about when to talk and when to be quiet. Anyhow, I just answered briefly and turned to a man who that moment came up and sold him two pairs, though he had only thought of buying one. The Old Man didn't say anything more either, but just went along; and I felt rather blue about it. However, he had at least noticed me, and I had the idea that he couldn't help thinking I wasn't altogether useless – if he didn't forget me!

"The next morning I was back at stockwork when I saw the Old Man coming slowly along, looking to right and left sort of incidentally, but seeing everything. It was a way he had. He didn't speak to me—merely nodded; but as he passed he handed me a card which I looked at eagerly. I saw it was a statement that my wages had been raised to ten dollars a week. From that time I knew it was all right—I knew I hadn't made any mistake in picking my employer."

The manager smiled again whimsically, for he is a very human man. He settled back in his chair.

"Well, another year passed and then came my first big promotion. It came with entire unexpectedness, with no preliminary mention or talk whatever. I was merely told one day that I had been made buyer for the departments of paper and toys. It was the more unexpected and unusual because I knew it was customary to put a man through some preliminary positions, including that of floor-walker; and I had often wondered when I should be put out on the floor in a long frock coat! And here I was skipping the usual and put in as a buyer of things I didn't know anything about; for I was chosen to take the place of a man who hadn't been quite a success, and it wasn't in the least a matter of looking round for some department that I might be expected to know something about. The Old Man wanted me for certain work; he wasn't looking for the right work to fit me.

"And now came in the results of the training I had given myself for two years in studying the methods of the store. I had really been working very hard, quite as much in observation of things all about me as in actual work of my own—and it had paid."

From Salesman to Buyer

"And I had self-reliance. Without self-reliance a man isn't going to make much of a success anywhere. He can't. When I find an employee with self-reliance and without impudence I can forgive him almost anything if he'll try to get along; for I know that he is almost sure to win out."

I saw that I was unexpectedly getting not only a dissertation on the value of choosing the right kind of work but a disquisition, with a personal case as an example, of the best qualities for a business man or woman to aim at and to cultivate. And that the man who was saying all of this was now the general manager of the store he had entered as a six-dollar-a-week stockboy was the best of all commentaries upon the practical value of his words.

"I didn't know anything about either of the departments, but I wouldn't tell anybody in the store that I didn't; and, most of all, I wouldn't run to the Old Man for help or advice. As a matter of fact I rather supposed that he knew just how green I was and that he was wondering how I would make out.

"I went quietly to the wholesalers and asked prices. And here is an example of what I had to learn. When the prices of paper were quoted to me I didn't even know whether they were prices by the pound or the quire or the ream. I found out by cautiously asking the wholesaler: 'About what ought I to get for this kind of paper by the quire?'

"Well, I made good—or, at least, the Old Man seemed to think so; for before very long he put me in charge of a larger department and then of a still larger one, and I began to grow as the business grew. Then I was made assistant manager, and next was promoted to be manager—and here I am."

He paused again, and again came the whimsical and reminiscent smile.

"It's a long time since I've run over the chief items in my business life," he said, "but, after all, it isn't so very many years since I began—and it all seems so simple."

Yes; it all seems so simple if you happen to look at it that way. And at any rate that kind of thing is fascinating. The determination to choose the best kind of work for oneself and the readiness to give up a good job for a poor one; then the wise choice of a city; then the choice not only of a particular business, but of the individual employer—a matter which is not so difficult as it would at first thought seem to be; next, an uncomplaining willingness to work, and to work hard, though without notice or promotion; always the readiness to take advantage of every possible chance; always self-reliance, without which no one can make very much progress in any line whatever.

And it seemed that there was something else, too, for he said:

"I think that I was greatly helped not only by working and being willing to work, but by being willing to work at whatever seemed to need doing. The department store with which I cast my fortunes was in its early stages and all of us had to hustle to keep things well under way; and I remember that I used to be ready to sweep the floor where I was working whenever it needed it. I didn't stop to think that it was the business of the sweeper or janitor or scrubwoman. If the floor needed sweeping I could always find a broom and I knew how to sweep. And I'm glad of it. Times and ideas have changed, however, and today nine out of ten of my clerks would hand in their time if I should ask them to sweep out the muss and litter they make themselves behind their own counters. Sometimes I am tempted to think that a general willingness to work is becoming forgotten."

Mothproofs for Flies

THE man who would a-fishing go will find his trappings in the best of condition if at the end of the previous season he has taken certain precautions. Moths eat thousands of dozens of artificial flies each winter. It will pay you to go over your trout, bass and salmon flies very carefully, being sure there is no sign of an egg about them. Put them away in big glass jars with a tight screwtop and rubber band, into which no moth can get. To make assurance doubly sure, pack some formaldehyde into your fly receptacle and it will knock out any moth life there may be about. Camphor is no good as a repellent. Moths are almost certain to get your flies if you leave them in your fly books without other attention. They also will get your mackinaw coats and woolen stockings if you don't take them out of the closet once in a while and brush and air them.

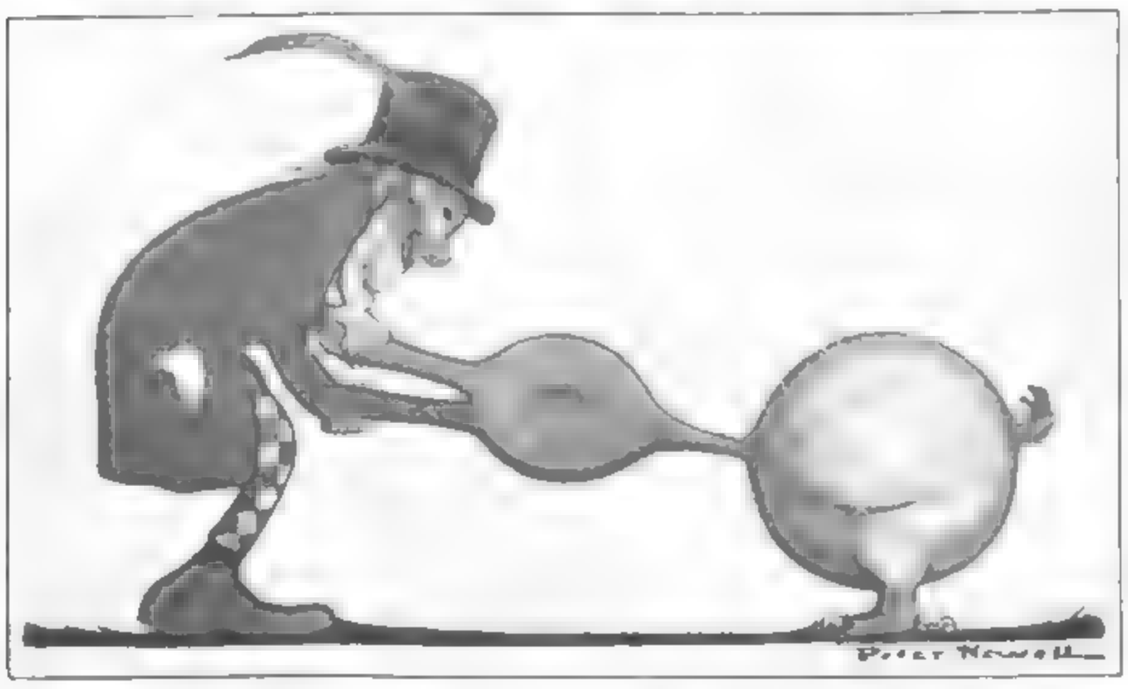
An enameled line gets all kinked and curled if left on the reel, especially if the latter has a small barrel or spindle. Get the hollow wooden rim of an old bicycle wheel, and reel your fishing lines round that at the close of the season. You can hang this on a nail and it will rest your line. Your pet line, the one you use for dry fly-fishing and that you want to float, had better pass the winter in a pan or canful of deer fat if you can get it.

Your rods ought to be rested also. No good rod ought to be left in the case all winter, but should be hung up by the tip. There is not room for this in the average room, but you can arrange for two joints in even a modern flat—and the top two joints are the ones that most need rest. Hang these two, jointed together, to a picturehook on the picture cornice in your den, tying a little weight to the lower end of the second joint. It will make a new rod for you next spring. See to it that the lashings of your rod and the varnish coat are in no need of renewing.

You ought also to look into your rifles once in a while, for even a little spot of rust on a rifle-barrel is dangerous—more so than it is to a shotgun. You can probably get it out with vaseline and emery. If you are using a pull-through be sure the string is strong, for a wad broken off in the middle of a rifle-barrel is no joke! If you use a pull-through pull it from the breech toward the muzzle; and whenever possible clean a rifle the same way—from the breech and not from the muzzle. The lands should be kept perfectly sharp at the muzzle.

If you have anything specially dear to you—such as fur-trimmed gloves or moccasins, or a pet lynx robe—examine these for moths yourself several times during the winter. Men and maids very often forget.

Sense and Nonsense



Inflating the Bellows Goose

Wishin'

It's gray, this winter afternoon; the day's
begun to fade
And twilight's creepin' in to fill the settin'
room with shade.
And I'm alone and dreamin'-like; and
there's come over me
A longin' for the good old days and ways that
used to be—
A feelin' that I'd like to set Time's clock-
hands back a spell
And be back in that other home I used to
know so well;
Be in that other settin' room, and hear the
cracklin' wood
In our old airtight stove that used to seem so
snug and good.

Be settin' there a-waitin' till the bell rings,
by-and-by,
For supper, with the quince preserves, the
doughnuts and the pie;
See the old-fashioned dishes shine beneath the
candle's light,
And hear the blessin' said, and then—have
the old appetite!
Eat—yes, eat everything! And drink, as cold
as melted snow,
The water that the bucket brought up from the
well below;
Climb the steep stairs, to sleep again in the
high, corded bed,
And hear the wind play "ticktack" with the
shingles overhead.

Ah, hum! The old days was the best! I wish—
I wish —— And yet
It took an awful sight of wood to keep that
airtight het.
What's that against the window-pane? It's
snowin', I declare!
It must be cold and raw outside. I hitch my
easy-chair
Across the floor, and settle back and snuggle
up my feet
Against the radiator—yes, we've got hot-water
heat—
And think about that bedroom, with the water-
pitcher froze;
And turnin' out at five to dress. . . . I
wonder! Well, who knows?

But those old suppers, sartin sure, were fine;
and—Ouch! Oh, my!
There's that dyspepsy twinge again. I wonder,
now, if pie—
Dried-apple pie—would help to get digestion
workin' slick.
I have my doubts. And doughnuts—Ouch!
Let's change the subject—quick!
But water from that well, I guess, was plenty
good enough
What's that the paper said about typhoid and
germs and such?
It ain't no use—one must be young to get the
solid joy
That used to be. I'm fifty-two. I wish I was
a boy.

I wish —— But here! Hold on a shake!
Let's think a bit and see—
If I was just a boy again why, where would
Martha be?
The wife that's helped me through the years.
And Nat and Caroline?—
The children we're so proud of now, both
growin' up so fine.

And this new house we planned for so? . .
Here's Martha, all serene!
She's come to light the gas—of course we use
acetylene.
My wishin's through. Old times were good,
but new ones beat 'em flat.
I'll thank the Lord I'm as I am—and let it
go at that. —*Joseph C. Lincoln.*

Too Garrulous for Him

TWO elderly chess fanatics were absorbed in a game at the Mechanics' Institute in San Francisco recently. Both were experts and rigid followers of all the rules of the game, written and otherwise. For nearly five hours neither had spoken a word. Backward and forward, moving and countermoving, the game swung, with no perceptible advantage to either player. Finally one of the old fellows made a fatal break. Quick as a flash his opponent moved his knight into position and softly murmured "Check!"

The other player, making no effort to conceal his displeasure, rose from the game.

"What's the matter?" demanded his friend. "Going to quit?"

"I certainly am. I'll be hanged if I can play chess with a darned old chatterbox!"

Who Can Guess?

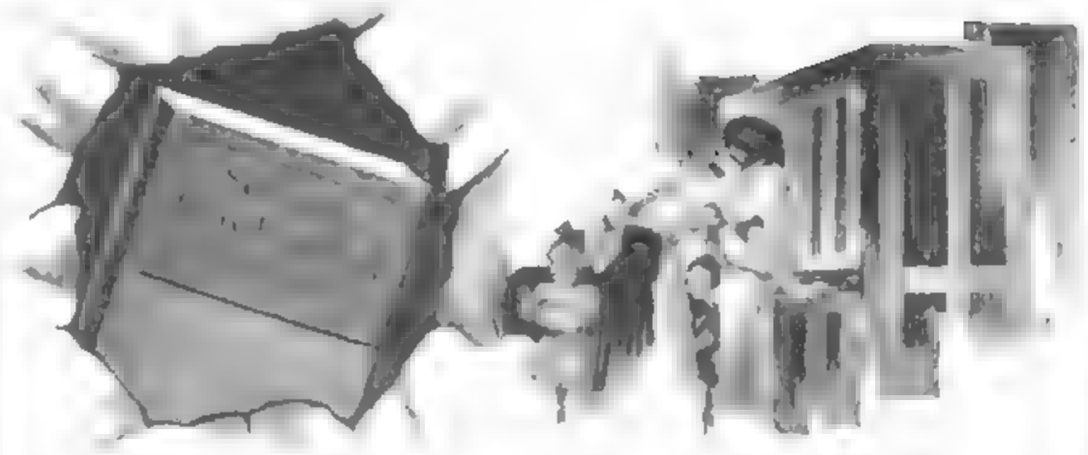
If a buzz machine that's red or blue
Costs a couple of thousand cash,
And it costs some sixty dollars too
When a big tire goes to smash;
If a young man sits in the driver's seat
While the engines wheeze and throb—
How soon will he get to Easy Street
On a hundred-dollar job?

If a lady pays a V a stack
And the hour's only just two;
If the boys have turned the clock hands back
And the heat is one blue,
If the midnight oil heads out to burn
Till the chaps in the rack are low—
Who'll be the boss of the big concern
In a couple of years or so?

If the lobsters broiled are two for ten
And oysters are five a quart,
It's better o'er seas when the yachts are to
For a couple of hours of sport;
If the host gets twenty-five a week
When two lead in this merry sport
Who in hell's the bank director who
When the cash on the bid is short?

If a boy on his way to and fro
And Mr. Younger knows
He can pick off a couple of hundred cash
Today from new-fed dolts,
If he shows his prowess for a guess
On the horse and his trend down town
Who will wear the last year's dress
Instead of a new fall gown?

If cash comes in at five a day
While ten goes out again;
If lights burn bright on the Great White Way,
And we just wake up at ten
Or eleven o'clock P. M., and lead
The boys in the merry dance—
What kind of new laws do we need
To give young men a chance?
—*J. W. Foley.*



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To THE MAN of THE HOUSE

¶ There is nothing in your house so important as the food you eat. There is nothing so dangerous as an inefficient "ice box." A refrigerator is a machine which you should know about. A Bohn costs a trifle more than an ordinary refrigerator. You should know WHY, and PAY that little premium.

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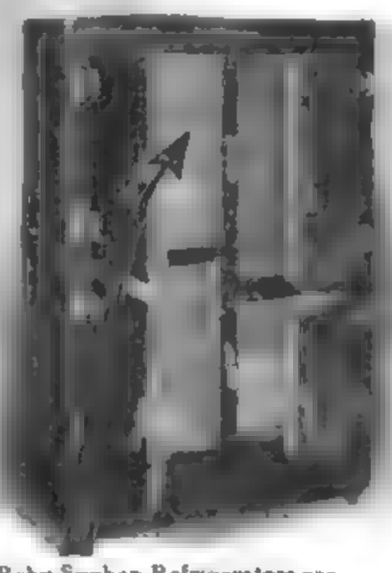

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The White Enamel Refrigerator Co.,

Send me your booklet on the Food Keeping refrigerator catalog, and extract from the State Food Commission pamphlet.

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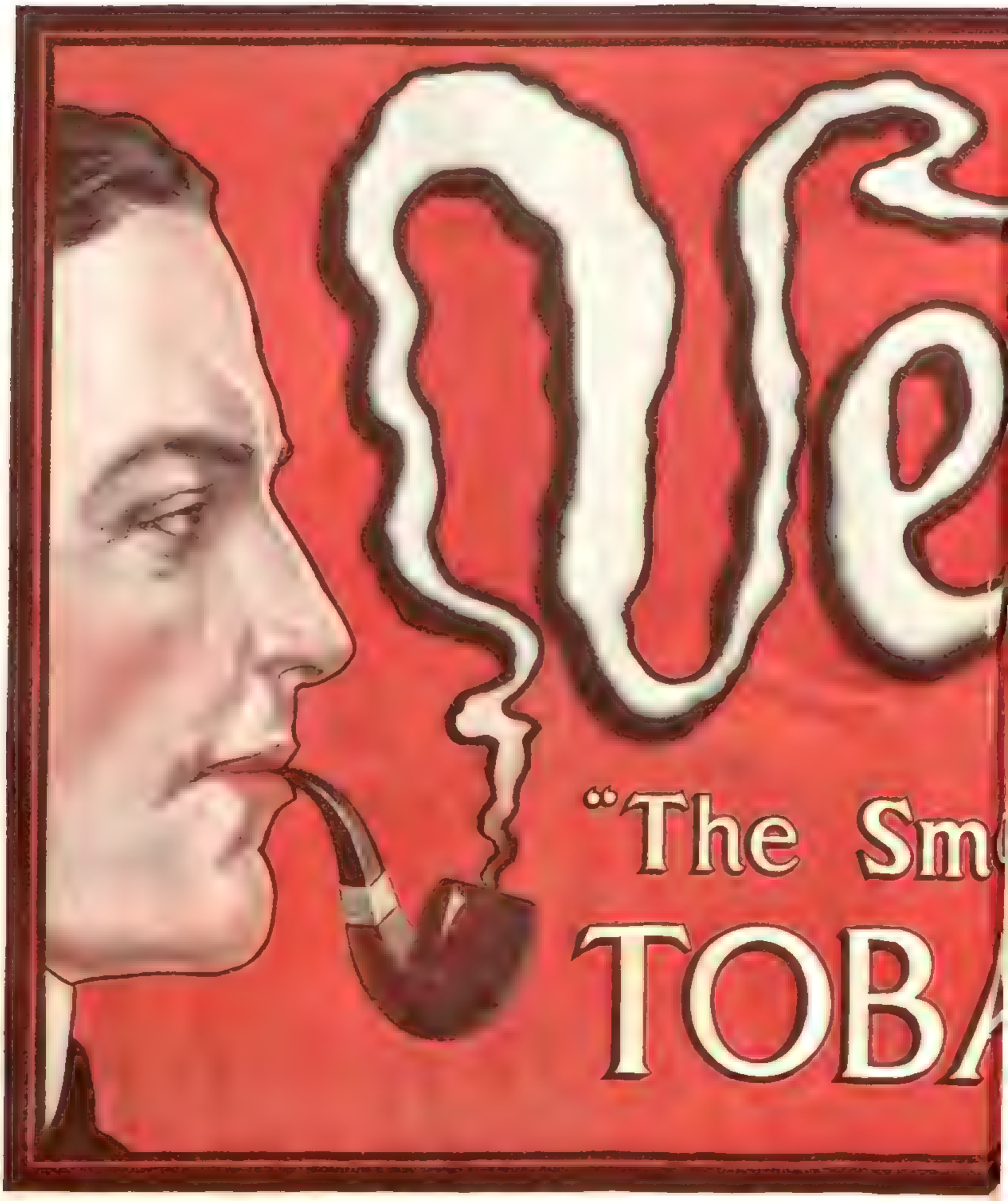
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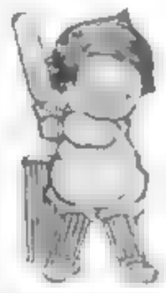

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Look for the red-and-white label

The Senator's Secretary

NEVER were ambitious patriots so harassed as were the Republican Bandwagon Brethren as this was written. They were between a fever and a chill. They had shifted twice since this hurrah-boys ante-election campaign began, and were halfway between the Roosevelt bandwagon and the Taft bandwagon, torn with terrible doubts. They did not know into which wagon they should make the final leap, but they did know they must make a final leap within a short time.

Suppose they should land wrong! Suppose they should tie up to one and the other should win! It was a depressing predicament, for the patriot, in these stirring days, who does not take one side or another will get no recognition from either side, and the patriot who guesses wrong will have even shorter shrift. It was no time for palterers. Most of the camp followers had changed back and forth so rapidly that it was impossible to tell whether they were coming or going, and they were all willing and anxious to keep chasing back and forth if only they might be sure to get in the right bandwagon at the finish.

That was the trouble. They'd hear Roosevelt was sure to win, and away they'd go to Roosevelt. Then it seemed to them that Roosevelt had had a check, and they'd hustle back to the Taft side and pose as original Taft men. Next morning the news in the papers favored The Colonel again, and the hotel lobbies were resonant with their loud shouts for Teddy! It certainly was hard lines on a multitude of eminent Republicans who were concerned with the welfare of the party and the country, that it should be so difficult for them to determine whether they should aid in the welfare of the party and promote the good of the country by allying themselves with Taft, or whether the best interests of party and country could be conserved by taking up with The Colonel. Also, it was equally hard lines on these eminent Republicans that it should be so difficult for them to figure out where they themselves would eventually land. When all was said and done, though they all held the party and the country preeminent, the personal equation had to be considered, for, as is well known, the political laborer is worthy of his hire—and all of them were anxious to be hired.

Anxious Days for Candidates

These harassed patriots wore paths running between the Taft headquarters in Washington, in the Raleigh Hotel, and the Roosevelt headquarters in the Munsey Building. They were on hand when Mr. McKinley got down in the morning and they interviewed him as to the prospects. Then they'd hurry up to see Senator Dixon and have a word with him. Then they'd gather on the corners and in the hotel lobbies and discuss the situation and wonder what was coming out of it all and whether it was to be Roosevelt or Taft, torn with doubts, oppressed with fears, haunted by the sickening apprehension that in the end they would guess wrong and wind outside the breastworks instead of in the bandwagon.

Nor was this situation confined to Washington, where the main work of the campaign direction and planning and predicting is done. It existed all through the counties. The politicians were in a frightful stew. They did not know what to do. They had no strong convictions—the people had the convictions—and all they wanted was to land with the winner, so as to be in position to make demands in case of November success. They had about as much regard for the party or for the proposed candidates of the party as they had for what the Liberals in Canada proposed. All they wanted was to be with the winner when the winning time came, and to find out as far ahead as possible what was going to happen, for the sole purpose of protecting their own selfish fortunes.

There was a fine example of this the other day. In one of the states where there will have been a presidential primary before this is printed two men announced themselves as candidates for Congress. Each man earnestly desired the nomination and each man was working very hard to get votes. Ordinarily the question of the friendship and support of Taft or Roosevelt by either candidate would have had little to do with the question of nomination, for the district situation is largely local. This year, however, after Colonel Roosevelt got into the race the question and the attitude of the candidates toward Taft and Roosevelt became the issue. The district was in a ferment over the candidacies of the two presidential candidates. The people wanted to know whether these men were for Taft or were for Roosevelt, and the determination, plainly enough, was to vote for the candidate for member of Congress on the basis of his support of Roosevelt or Taft, and for no other reasons whatsoever.

The two candidates had a most anxious month. They traveled through their district and sounded the people. There was a sharp division between Taft and Roosevelt and a good deal of feeling. It was very certain if one candidate should favor Taft all the Roosevelt men would vote for the other candidate, and vice versa. Hence in the minds of these candidates it came down to a question of whether Taft or Roosevelt had the greater strength, not only in the district but in the country, for the candidates knew they must be with the winner in order themselves to win in the district.

They came to Washington much disturbed. One of them went to see Mr. McKinley and listened eagerly to the Taft talk. He went to see Senator Dixon and listened to the Roosevelt talk. Then he went back to the district, frightfully torn by conflicting emotions, and sought to find how a majority of the people stood. The other candidate did precisely the same thing. He visited Washington, talked to everybody, hustled round—and left for home in an uncertain frame of mind. It was very trying.

Eleventh Hour Guess-Work

Neither McKinley nor Dixon is paying much attention to congressional campaigns, but however vital it may be to a candidate for Congress to have the man he favors nominated by his party for president, that condition isn't one-half or one-quarter so vital as his own nomination. So these particular candidates were worried. They hesitated, fiddled round, spent sleepless nights trying to discuss whether Roosevelt would carry their district, or whether Taft would, and had a most unpleasant time.

Originally, when the Roosevelt boom seemed a little lifeless, each had spoken in a rather tentative way of the merits of Taft. Then came the rush and the sweep of the Roosevelt movement. What had been a perfunctory Taft spirit in their district developed into a militant Roosevelt crowd on one side and a determined Taft crowd on the other. It was notice to carry water on both shoulders. Each had to decide and decide quickly, for the people were beginning to ask whether they favored Taft or favored Roosevelt, and please be in a hurry to tell.

Each made another trip to Washington and each had long consultations with Mr. McKinley and Senator Dixon. They didn't get much satisfaction. Mr. McKinley was cheerful and sure. Senator Dixon was enthusiastic and sure. Neither had advice to offer as to the particular district these patriots wanted to represent in the House, and they left for home still torn by doubts and fears, but knowing it was up to them to read the signs again and be reasonably sure the signs were read aright.

Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania. Then Mr. Taft came along and got New Hampshire and one or two other states. The primary time was approaching rapidly. They knew they must decide. It was heartrending!

One day about noon one of the candidates had a telephone call from a friend in one of the cities in his district. "Hello!" said the man at the city end of the wire. "Is that you, Bill? Well, you want to get busy right away. I have just had a tip from the inside that your opponent has decided most of the Republicans in the district are for Roosevelt and that Roosevelt will carry the primaries. He has given one of the afternoon papers here a red-hot interview or statement in which he comes out for Roosevelt, and it will be printed in an hour or two."

"What shall I do?" asked the other candidate.

"I dunno. It looks to me as if he had stolen a march on you. I think he is right about Roosevelt being stronger in the

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HENRI NESTLÉ
108 Chambers Street
New York

district, and if it comes out that way he'll get the nomination, for it's a cinch all the Roosevelt people will vote for him now and none of them will vote for you."

There was some hurried thinking. Appearances favored Colonel Roosevelt. The statement was to be printed in an hour or two. There was no way to offset that printing or to stop it, and it seemed necessary to get on the Roosevelt bandwagon or be beaten.

Necessity is commonly reputed to be the mother of invention. Necessity was here the incentive of political action.

The other candidate went to a telephone booth, called up every large town in the district, got some of his supporters and declared for Roosevelt over the telephone. These supporters went out into the streets and spread the word, and when the papers with the original Roosevelt man's declaration in them came out the people all said: "Huh, he's late! Bill declared for Roosevelt a long time ago." Which was more or less true. Bill had declared for Roosevelt all right and declared for him over the long-distance telephone, thus adding to our complicated politics another novel phase. The man who hops on the bandwagon by telephone is a reasonably new specimen of the expedient politician.

Meantime the politicians were not the only ones who were harassed. Big Business had had many unpleasant quarters of hours trying to decide to whom it should throw its support. Big Business is still of the opinion that its support is vital for a candidate, but that is an error, of course, for Big Business has ceased to be vital to any candidate. It is the candidate who is vital to Big Business.

Many of our leading captains of finance had been worrying themselves sick seeking to determine for whom they should go. Should they be for Roosevelt? Should they stand by Taft? Or should they take a chance on the Democrats in the hope that that party would nominate a man who would be somewhat of the character Big Business desired in the White House? The Predacious Plutocrats had been in Washington in shoals. They had paced back and forth between headquarters almost as nervously as the politicians. They had sent envoys and scouts and experts of all grades down by the regiment to see if an accurate line as to the outcome could be found. They had had conferences by night and by day and they were in a dismal mess when this was written.

They couldn't figure out just what might happen. They did not like Taft, of course, but they couldn't make up their minds whether they disliked him more than they disliked Roosevelt. It was a sorrowful season for all such. It would be more sorrowful if they should happen to go down with the loser, instead of winning with the winner, for in a fight as intense as the Republican fight had become, what was done before the convention would be remembered after the convention.

And the dickens of it all was that nobody could promise to deliver any goods, either to the politicians or to Big Business. There were many persons, of course, who said they could deliver, but they couldn't. Big Business, whatever it got, would get a pig in a poke. For the first time in its life Big Business was dealing "unsight and unseen." It was dealing, of course, and hoping for the best, but it was dealing in the dark.

Whatever the outcome at Chicago, and whatever the outcome at Baltimore, not many living persons have seen so interesting or so uncertain a political period.

A Hard Business

AN ADVERTISING man of Cleveland was going home one night in a street car. It was late and the man who sat next to him began to talk.

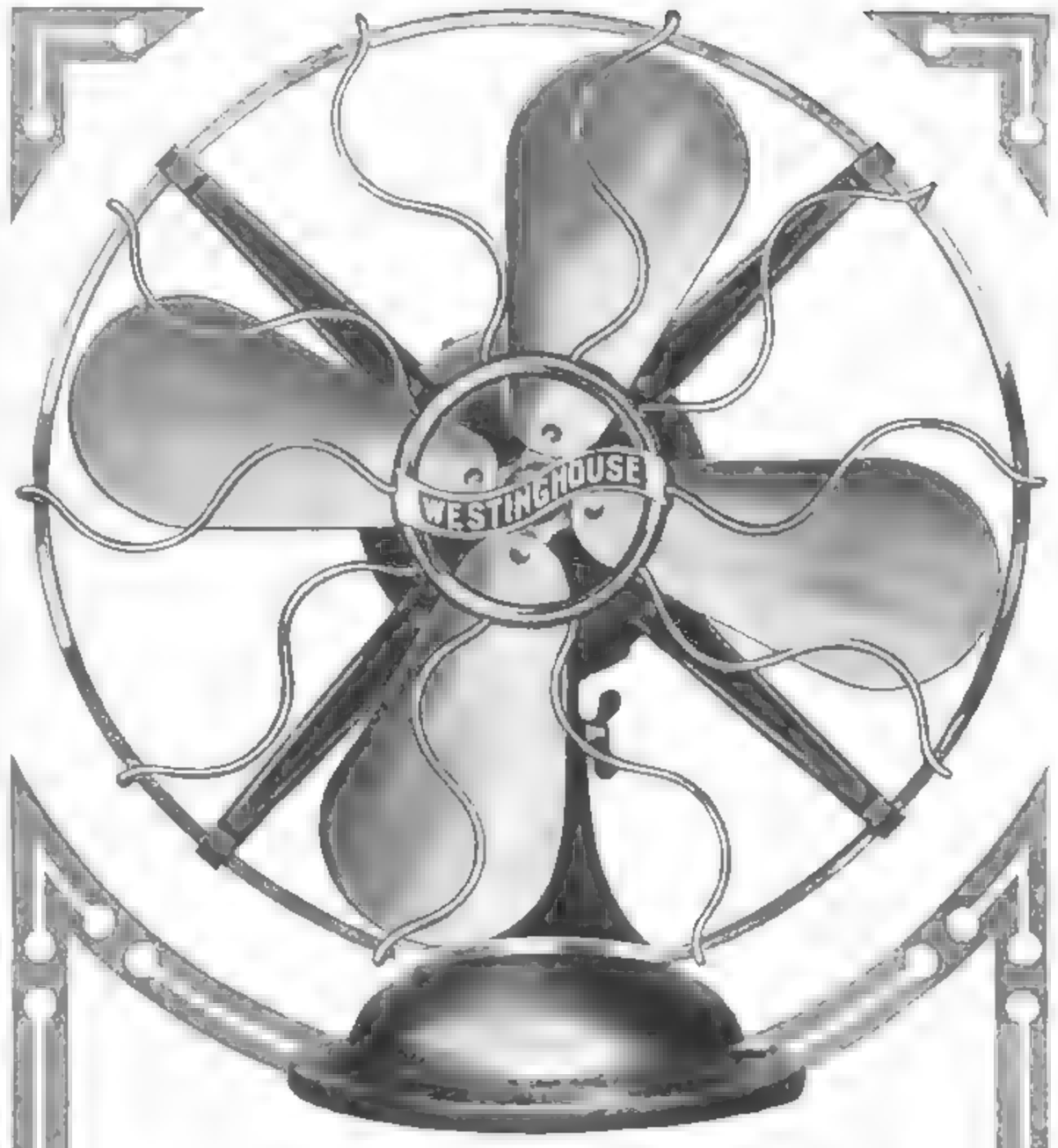
"What business are you in?" he asked.

"The advertising business."

"Is that so? I used to be in the advertising business myself. Quit it, though, and went into the rag-and-old-bottle business; got a horse and clean up my sixty every month'"

There seemed to be nothing for the advertising man to say, so he said it.

"Yes," continued the talkative man. "I was in the advertising business—was a sandwich man for a clothing store for six months! Say"—and he leaned over confidentially—"ain't it hard work when the wind blows?"



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This is the finest fan on the market and is the one you are looking for. Lubricate once a season. No other attention necessary.

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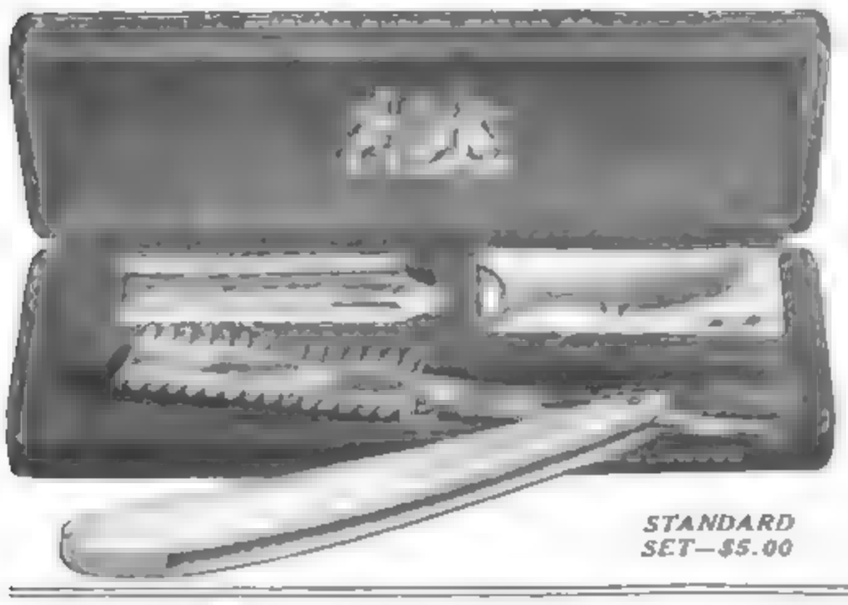

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Van Buren	John O. Kane

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[illegible]	[illegible] Drug Co.
[illegible]	Sun Drug Co.
[illegible]	Hartley Hardware Co.
[illegible]	Sun Drug Co.
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	[illegible]
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San [illegible]	[illegible]
Santa Barbara	[illegible] Drug Co.
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Washington	Gentner's Pharmacy, 14th and U Sts.
"	Bernard Harding, 9th and H Sts., N. W.
"	Paul Pearson, 18th St. and Florida Ave.
	[illegible]
	St., N. W.

FLORIDA

Cocoa	S. F. Travis & Co.
Daytona	W. M. Hankins
Fort Pierce	St. Lucie Drug Co.
Jacksonville	H. & W. B. Drew Co.
"	Kohn-Furchgott Co.
New Smyrna	Pitzer Furniture & Hardware Co.

FLORIDA—Continued

Town	Dealer
St. Augustine	Usina Hardware Store
West Palm Beach	West Palm Beach Drug Co.

GEORGIA

Aiken	Powell Hardware Co.
Atlanta	Benjamin Pharmacy
"	E. H. Cone
"	King Hardware Co.
"	The Tool Co.
Augusta	V. A. Hemstreet & Bro.
Brunswick	Ed. C. Bruce
Cochran	J. B. Peacock & Co.
Dublin	Gilbert Hardware Co.
Eastman	Bohannon, McRae Co.
Eatonton	George W. Nelson
Greensboro	T. B. Rice
Hawkinsville	Whitefield Hardware Co.
Louisville	W. P. Lowry
Milledgeville	Milledgeville Hardware Co.
Monroe	Monroe Hardware Co.
Sandersville	Sandersville Drug Co.
Savannah	J. S. Pinkussohn Cigar Co.
Swainsboro	Olliff & Carmichael Hardware Co.
Tennille	Pritchard Pharmacy
Vidalia	Lee Hardware Co.

KENTUCKY

Town	Dealer
Catlettsburg	John C. Hogan
Covington	Mersman Hardware Co.
Cynthiana	Van Deren & Oxley
Mayfield	Evans & Covington
Newport	Walter L. Brown

LOUISIANA

New Orleans	A. Baldwin & Co.
"	Cusach's Pharmacy
"	Mack Trunk Co.
"	H. J. Robbert
"	A. Vittur & Co., Ltd.

MAINE

Portland	H. H. Hay Sons

MARYLAND

Baltimore	Lee, Williamson & Co.
"	National Sporting Goods Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Attleboro	Lilly & Morgan
Boston	J. B. Hunter & Co.
"	Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co.
"	Liggett's Drug Stores (4 Stores)
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Stores (10 ")
Brockton	Hall & Lyon Company
	Riker-Jaynes Drug Stores

MICHIGAN—Continued

Town	Dealer
Detroit	Detroit Drug Co. (6 Stores
"	Gray & Worcester
"	Greenthal Pharmacy Co
"	Grunow & Patterson
"	E. C. Kinsel
"	C. P. Miller, Hardware
"	John F. Paddock
"	T. B. Rayl Co.
"	Ste. Claire Pharmacy
"	Sepul & Travis, 993 Woodward Av.
"	Standard Drug Store
"	W. B. Jarvis Co., 237 Woodward Ave.
Grand Rapids	W. B. Jarvis Co.
	Peck Bros. Co.
"	Schrouder's Drug Store
"	West's Drug Store
Kalamazoo	City Drug Stores Co. (2 Stores)
[illegible]	[illegible]
Marshall	Grove Greene
Monroe	William Comstock & Sons
Mount Clemens	Central Drug Co.
"	Schauber's Central Drug Store
"	R. C. Ullrich Hardware Co.
Muskegon	Fred Brandt's
	People's Hardware Co.
[illegible]	Hoffman Bros.
[illegible]	Smith & Leisenring (3 Stores)
St. Joseph	Gast Drug Co.
Trenton	Dorrance & Garrison
Wyandotte	Dorrance & [illegible]

MINNESOTA

[illegible]	A. L. Swedberg
Minneapolis	Vance Bros.

MISSISSIPPI

Aberdeen	J. L. Shell & Co.
Vicksburg	Gibson Drug Co.
Belzona	O. J. Turner
Brookhaven	C. E. Grafton Drug Co.
Canton	Johnson's Drug Store
Clarksdale	J. B. Ellis
Corinth	H. E. Walker Drug Co.
Durant	H. E. Perkins, Hardware
Greenville	Holcombe Drug Co.
Greenwood	S. L. Raines
"	City Pharmacy
Holly Springs	L. A. Rather
Jackson	Brown's Central Drug Store
"	Brown's West Jackson Store
Kosciusko	New Drug Store
Lexington	B. S. Beall
Meridian	Stevens Drug Co.
Muldon	Evans & Ivy
New Albany	Joe L. S. Rogers
Okolona	Bearden & King
Starkville	J. [illegible]
West Point	Clay County Hardware Co.
Winona	Talley & Co.
Yazoo City	W. L. Brown Co.

MISSOURI

Kansas City	Schmelzer Arms Co.
St. Joseph	George H. Weyer

NEBRASKA

Aurora	Schrandt & Miller C.
Columbus	Purity Drug Store
Fairbury	A. Vine Pease
Hastings	Olson Bros. & C.
Humboldt	Skalak & Son, Hardware
Lexington	Rosenberg Hardware Co.
Madison	Madison Hardware Co.
Nebraska City	H. Schwake
Ord	S. J. Brown, Hardware
Plattsmouth	Weyrich & Hadraba
Schuyler	McIntyre & McLeod
York	George A. Bullock

We have reserved a double page spread in the Semi-monthly Magazine Sections of

The Chicago Tribune,
The San Francisco Call,
The Pittsburgh Dispatch,
The Philadelphia North American,
The St. Louis Globe-Democrat,
The Boston Globe,
The Cincinnati Enquirer,
The Washington Post,

for use of dealers. If you want to participate and have your name appear, write for particulars.

IDAHO

Boise	Overland Pharmacy
Kellogg	Harris Bros. Drug Co.
Nampa	Hughart's Pharmacy
Wardner	Harris Bros. Drug Co.
Weiser	Walker & Ford

ILLINOIS

Chicago	Pomper & Fulton, 161 N. Clark St.
"	Rothschild & Co.
	Stebbins Hardware Co., 15 W. Van Buren St.

INDIANA

Indianapolis	Charles W. Fitchrodt
"	Vonnegut Hardware Co.
Mishawaka	J. Q. Swanger, Jr.

IOWA

Chariton	Gibbon's Pharmacy
Clinton	C. E. Armstrong & Co.
Corning	W. B. Ankeny
Corydon	Brock Drug Co.
Davenport	John Harding & Co.
Dubuque	Roshek Bros. Co.
Hamburg	Dinwiddie & Son
Ida Grove	Bell & Robinson
Osceola	Green & Beatley, Drugs
Red Oak	Artz Drug Co.
Shenandoah	George Jay
Webster City	J. W. Schroeder

KANSAS

Caldwell	D. N. Perry
Clay Center	S. W. Engler
Wichita	Dockum Drug Co.

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor	Mann's Drug Store
Battle Creek	Baker Drug Co.
Benton Harbor	Connell Drug Co.
Calumet	Metropolitan Pharmacy
Detroit	Crowley, Milner & Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Town	Dealer
Concord	Ritchie Hardware Co
Nashua	Blanchard Currier Co
	John W Fogarty

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City	Walter Brooks
	Harry B. Leeds
Jersey City	Gold's Pharmacy
Morristown	F A Trowbridge Co
Perth Amboy	L. Weinblatt

NEW MEXICO

Lordsburg	Eagle Drug & Mercantile Co

NEW YORK

Albany	John & Henry Palmer
Auburn	A E Adams
[illegible]	Leadley Drug Co
[illegible]	Babcock, Hinds & Underwood
Corning	A F Williams
Elmsford	A Greenland
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Glen Cove	[illegible] W. Clingen
Hudson	J C Rogerson & Co.
Jamaica, L I	James & Hawkins
Jamestown	[illegible] Hardware Co
	J W [illegible]
Kingston	Costello & Dugan
Little Falls	George D. Gibbs Co
Lockport	Chadwick & Morris
Long Island City	S. B Hamburger, 365 Jackson Ave
Lynbrook, L I	John C Barrie
Lyons	Emmerlein Bros
Malone	H D Thompson & Co
New York City (Brooklyn)	Harris & Wellenkamp, 288 Fulton St
	Hedgkiss & Co, 2515 Atlantic Ave
	Riker & Hegeman Drug Stores (All Stores)
	Royal Cycle Works, 609 Broadway
Manhattan	
	Arcade Stationer, 1 Madison Ave
	M. Bachrach & Son, 2275 3rd Ave
	Bloomingdale Bros., 59th St and 3rd Ave
	H & D Folsom Arms Co., 314 Broadway
	Kalish Pharmacy, 4th Ave. and 23rd St
	Kalish Pharmacy, 626 Madison Ave
	James McCreery & Co., 23rd and 34th Sts. Stores
	P. J. McSherry, 726 Columbus Ave
"	C. L Pope, 112th St. and Broadway
	Riker & Hegeman Drug Stores (All Stores)
	Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway
	F E Waeldin, 98 Nassau St
Niagara Falls	Mather Strong Drug Co.
N. Tonawanda	I W Broecker
Ogdensburg	Williams Drug Co
Olean	[illegible] Stadler
Oswego	Jules Wendell & Sons
Oyster Bay, L I	W. C. Bradley
Rome	Wardwell Hardware Co
Saratoga	Krieger Drug Co.
Syracuse	Burhans & Black Co
Watertown	W. W. Conde Hardware Co

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte	Finger Hardware Co
	Hawley's Pharmacy
Greenville	B G. & J R Abeyounis
Hendersonville	Justus Pharmacy
Lumberton	L. H Caldwell
Monroe	W J Rudge Co
Newbern	William T Hill
Shelby	Farmer's Hardware Co.

OHIO

Town	Dealer
Akron	Day Drug Co.
"	Lamparter & Selzer
Bellaire	Charles Arnold Co.
Bucyrus	J E Kern & Bro
Cincinnati	Dow's Drug Stores 10 Stores
"	Evans Bros.
	Mallev & Carew Co
	Theo Rosenthal
Cleveland	Marshall's Drug Stores
"	Standard Drug Co
Columbus	Liggett's Drug Stores (3 Stores)
Dayton	Burkett's Drug Store
	J W Miller
Findlay	Central Drug Store
[illegible]	[illegible] & Walters
[illegible]	[illegible] Hardware Co.
[illegible]	Heaney & Cooper
[illegible]	Folkemer's Pharmacy
[illegible]	C H Lines
[illegible]	Cooley Drug Co
[illegible] H	Frank Christopher
[illegible]	M L Buchwalter
[illegible]	Savre & Hemphill
[illegible]	[illegible] Mineral
[illegible]	[illegible] Hardware Co.

PENNSYLVANIA—Continued

Town	Dealer
Latrobe	W A Shrawalter
Lehighton	Kemmerer Hardware Co
"	Fred W Rex
Lewistown	J B. Selheimer
Mauch Chunk	Alonzo P Blakeslee
Meadville	Graham & McClintock
Mount Carmel	Sanner Hardware Co
[illegible] Kensington	Aigen Pharmacy
Perkasie	Gilbert L. Thompson
Philadelphia	G. A Supplee Co., 1538 Market St
"	E. K Tryon & Co., 611 Market St.
"	James M Vance & Co
"	Zimmerman Hardware Co., 441 Market St
Pittsburgh	[illegible] Pharmacy
"	[illegible] Drug Stores (5 Stores)
	[illegible] Hardware Store, 465 Market St
	[illegible] Drug Co, Liberty Ave
	[illegible] Hunter Co., 414 Wood St
	Liberty Drug Co., 701 Liberty Ave.
"	McCulloch's Drug Store
Pittsburgh	Saml McKnight Hardware Co
Pottsville	Swalm Hardware Co.
Punxsutawney	Punxsutawney Hardware Co.
Quakertown	Howard R Moyer
Shamokin	C A. Barron
"	Sanner Hardware Co.
Slatington	Dettmer & Handwerk
South Bethlehem	Charles E Drumbor
"	Milton Laufer
Sunbury	W. K. Armstrong
"	George W. Hackett
Uniontown	D. N. Craft & Sons
"	Wade H. Guyton
Warren	Pickett Hardware Co.
York	H B. Beard & Co.
"	Kline & Co.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport	Hall & Lyon Company
Pawtucket	Fisk Drug Co
"	Hall & Lyon Company
Providence	Cohen Hardware Co.
"	Hall & Lyon Company

SOUTH CAROLINA

Bennettsville	Bennettsville Hardware Co.
Cheraw	Cheraw Drug Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Continued

Town	Dealer
Columbia	Thomas Drug Store, Inc
Yorkville	York Drug Store

TENNESSEE

Memphis	M. Burrow's Drug Store

TEXAS

Beaumont	Dunlop Drug Co
[illegible]	J W Peeler
[illegible]	Corley Drug Co
"	D D Strong
Corsicana	Coulson's Drug Co
	Johnson Clothing Co
Dallas	T J Britton
Denison	Union Woolen Mills
Ennis	Glover & Guthrie
Fort Worth	Twentieth Street Drug Store
Gainesville	Southwestern Drug Co
	Stommer Bros
Galveston	Lyons Hardware Co
	[illegible] Witherspoon
Houston	[illegible] Kramer
"	A E Kiesling
Jefferson	W J Sedberry
Marshall	Fry Hodge Drug Co
[illegible]	S H Abbott & Son
Terrell	J G Warren & Co
Tyler	R E Bryan
"	Odom Drug Co
Waco	Old Corner Drug Store
West	Palace Drug Store

WASHINGTON

Ballard	Ballard Hardware Co., Inc
Cheney	C. I Hubbard Hardware & Grocery Co
Colville	Stannus Keller Hardware Co
[illegible]	J W Stevens Hardware Co.
[illegible]	A R Kruse [illegible]
[illegible]	Lee Allen, Hardware
[illegible]	Emerson Drug Co
Seattle	Piper & Taft, Inc, Sporting Goods
"	Seattle Sporting Goods Co
"	Spelger & Hurlburt, Inc
Tekoa	Henkle Hardware Co
Waitsburg	John Smith Hardware Co

WEST VIRGINIA

Fairmont	J. L. Hall Hardware Co
Huntington	Emmons-Hawkins Hardware Co
Mannington	L. Snyder
Sistersville	Smoker's Paradise
Weston	Fierney Bros.
Wheeling	McLain's

WISCONSIN

Fond du Lac	Kremer Drug Co
Manitowoc	F. C Buerstatte
Milwaukee	G. M Barrett Co
"	H. L Gerboth's Public Drug Store
"	Philip Gross Hardware Co.
Racine	Kradwell Drug Co
Watertown	D & F Kusel Co.
Waukesha	Hugo Hoeveler
West Allis	Russell Hardware Co

WYOMING

*Sheridan	L Jacobs

We are about to start a campaign in the farm journals to support our rural friends. If you wish to participate and want your name to appear, write for particulars.

OREGON

Albany	Hulbert-Ohling Hardware Co.
Ashland	Provost Bros., Hardware
Dallas	Conrad Stafrin Pharmacy
Eugene	W A. Kuykendall
Grants Pass	Rogue River Hardware Co.
La Grande	W. H. Bohnenkamp Co.
McMinnville	Parsons & Hendricks
Medford	Garnet-Corey Hardware Co.
Roseburg	Marsters Drug Co, Inc
Salem	Watt Shipp, Sporting Goods

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown	M. S. Young & Co.
Ambler	Joseph S Angeny, Jr.
Blairsville	S D. Stiffey & Sons
Charleroi	Might's Book Store
Clearfield	Dufton Hardware Co.
Columbia	W L. Bucher
Connellsville	Thomas & Brown
Doylestown	W L Randall
Dubois	Hibner-Hoover Hardware Co.
Erie	W C Andrews Pharmacy
"	Feisler's Drug Stores (3 Stores)
	Jackson's New Store, Park Row and State St.
	Gus J. Mider
Greenville	J H. Muntz & Co
Hanover	J C Tanger
Indiana	Indiana Hardware Co.
Jeannette	S. C. Dougherty
Jersey Shore	J. E. Mohn
Lansdale	Freeman's Pharmacy

This is the $2.50 Derby Set we are talking about

You pay 35c for this Durham Demonstrator Razor. We allow you 50c for it in exchange for our Durham Derby or any Durham Duplex Set. You will like this Demonstrator, and will want a better set; there is no reason why you should pay 35c for a Demonstrator and then pay full price for a regular set. Consequently we have authorized our dealers to take them back and allow you 50c in exchange on the price of the set you select. First we prove to you that the Durham-Duplex is the "best ever," then we sell you the Durham-Duplex and pay you for trying it. If this is not confidence in our razor, what is it?

These razors are manufactured and sold under patents issued by the United States Government. Any circulars or intimidating matter calling attention to suits won against other razor companies have no bearing whatever on our product, and if so stated are misleading, and no attention whatever should be paid to them, as we always protect our customers.

This is the razor you get for 35c if you take the coupon below to any of these dealers. It is equally as good a shaving instrument as our regular razor.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.—or any dealer mentioned.
111 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense). Send Durham Demonstrating Razor with Durham-Duplex blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.

Name_____

No. and Street _____

Town_____

State

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Here is the Regal Touring Car that first brought all the acknowledged advantages of the costly Underslung construction within a reasonable purchase price.

The greatest advantage undoubtedly is its "safety." The dangers of "skidding" and "turning turtle" in the tight place that comes to every motorist sooner or later are reduced to a scientific minimum.

Then, there are the other important advantages of "economy," most "easy riding," "accessibility," "beauty of line" and "unity of design"—all of which are most emphasized in this Regal Underslung.

It has been truly said by many owners—"to ride in a Regal Underslung is a new interpretation of what Comfort means."

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Ask any reliable haberdasher or department store. Write for the little *Roxford Book*

Roxford Knitting Co.

Dept. F **Philadelphia**

HOW TO BEAT THE BUILDING GAME

(Continued from Page 13)

horrified at the proportion of his outlay required for such planting! However, on the Northwest coast, at least, it would all come as easily as it does in England; and the houses in English style would perfectly suit the climate."

It may be said, indeed, that the small or modest home-builder would be well advised to lay aside a substantial sum for the planting of trees and shrubs about his house, for thus he will be enabled to save at least an equal amount in the building. With good planting the plainest and simplest of exteriors, and the most minute of houseplats, may acquire distinction. Analyze the pictures of some of the delightful small English houses, and you will see that they owe their charm largely to their proper placing against backgrounds of trees and behind foregrounds of shrubs and vines. Plank them down in the usual bleak American way—and see how ugly they would be! The planting must be judiciously balanced and grouped however; it isn't simply a matter of getting a bushy, leafy surrounding. A very successful house in a Southern town has become so largely through the careful planning by the architect of its trees and shrubbery setting, and its latticework about service court and kitchen garden. Then only was it given over to a landscape gardener to select the particular shrubs that would give best the desired effect.

In many of the Middle States, also, and in the more elevated parts of the Southern states, the smaller type of English houses could be very advantageously adapted to local conditions; only let those local conditions be clearly thought out. Where the sky is usually clear, or the heat of the sun oppressive during the months of residence, there should be wider roof-overhang, more veranda space, windows rising nearly to the ceiling and otherwise disposed for the free circulation of air. Where the days of bright sun are fewer, or the house is lived in only during the winter months, a nearer approximation to the unshaded wall-spaces of the English house is desirable.

A Home the Year Round

In this group, however, let me not be supposed to recommend among the English houses the type irreverently known there as "the blouse-and-skirt style"—brick below and half-timbered work in plaster above. These are at best but imitations of an imitation, as even in England they are now built without constructive truth, the wood being simply "appliquéd"; and in our climatic conditions it is almost impossible to make or keep them watertight.

A Southern acquaintance has lately complained that a careful study of books of houseplans has revealed nothing suitable for an all-the-year-round house in a Southern town where it is desired to break away from the one-story or bungalow type. It appears to me that here is an opportunity for young architects familiar with local possibilities and needs. The unexampled growth in Southern prosperity in the last few years has created an active need of well-designed, fair-sized houses in the growing industrial centers, which, so far as my observation goes, is now fully met only for those inhabitants who do not occupy their houses during the hot months, and who are therefore justified in building in a style exclusively adapted to the Southern winter.

On the windswept prairie, a house that is comfortable in the still, balmy air of the cotton states looks out of place. Nor does the sensible home-builder want, in the suburbs of a metropolis, a house that will transport the spectator in thought straight to Holland, Switzerland or Nuremberg, or the Never-Never Land of a Dürer drawing. There is a certain model town, not a thousand miles from New York, which seems to me to have sacrificed many essentials of solid building to just this spurious and reminiscent picturesque! The same criticism might be applied to almost any one of the projected workmen's settlements in the style of the English model villages, in which picturesque and wasteful wooden roofs and stucco walls vainly ape the solid, plain masonry set in generous planting which dignifies those houses.

In general, the home-builder who follows closely local types and uses local materials

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

This Summer!

Season June 15 to October 15. Towering mountains, vast glaciers, countless lakes, streams, waterfalls—a gigantic scenic playground of over 1500 square miles. Mountain climbing, tours on foot and horseback, camping and fishing—the ideal place for a real outdoor vacation.

Eight Hotel Colonies

located throughout the Park—roads, trails, [illegible] horses—furnish[illegible] for [illegible] splendid [illegible] at $[illegible] to $[illegible]

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[illegible] for 4 cents concerning *low summer tourist* [illegible] *low convention fares on* [illegible]

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Dealers Everywhere

will not only be esthetically safe but also save money in both material and labor. In the backwoods of rural Mississippi you will come, ever and anon, upon an unpainted farmhouse, weathered to a deep red-brown, that is only one remove from the "double log cabin" of the pioneer. Two rooms—or four—set opposite each other across a tremendous open "passage" not a hall—covered with a great sloping roof open to the rafters, which comes down in front and often in the rear to cover the wide veranda or gallery, with its high railing. A fireplace at each outer end and perhaps a lean-to behind complete an arrangement which is so absolutely suited to the half-tropical climate of the country that it is inexpressibly charming. And it is interesting to note that in the near-by towns the only really attractive, modest houses are those which copy as nearly as may be this child of the pioneer life. The New England Colonial, the "Dutch farmhouse," the Pennsylvania stone house, the "mission" type, are all attractive in the place where they are indigenous so long as it is the general effect and not the meticulous details that are reproduced. To be sure, the horrors of cooky-cut arches and scallops and scrolls on a small cottage in wood and plaster should warn even the most modest home-builder from attempting a "style" without expert advice. On the other hand, the really good architect can often do wonders with the homeliest materials.

A client in a small town at a distance from the center of population was anxious to build his home in masonry. The local brick was ugly and concrete was not well understood by the town workmen; to import brick and workmen was too expensive. His resourceful architect had an inspiration, and suggested laying up the sickly, yellow-brown brick in a very broad band of cement mortar—not too white—so as to get a good color combination. The effect was magical—the wall took on color and texture; and at last accounts an inexpensive but distinctive fireproof house was rapidly taking shape. There is a certain legitimate sentiment in even straining a point for what smacks of the soil. The concrete house of local gravel, the stone house of native stone, even the wooden cottage—lined and furnished as far as possible with material from the neighborhood, have a very definite charm and dignity of their own. Research in these directions will repay the prospective builder and open many unsuspected sources of interest. In a settlement of city people among the hills of Connecticut, for instance, I found the householders vying with each other to see who could entice away from the farmers' wives the greatest number of fine old smooth-worn flagstones for paths and steps. The closely tethered suburbanite alone seems shut out from these adventures; but I know that even the byways of the Bronx and the back roads of the Greater Boston villages are rich with suggestions of the old local ways.

Science in Court

THE frauds practiced by plaintiffs and witnesses in personal injury cases are often highly ingenious and are not infrequently successful; but Science is rapidly making it more and more difficult to deceive the expert.

The oculists have devised several catches that have confounded many a false witness.

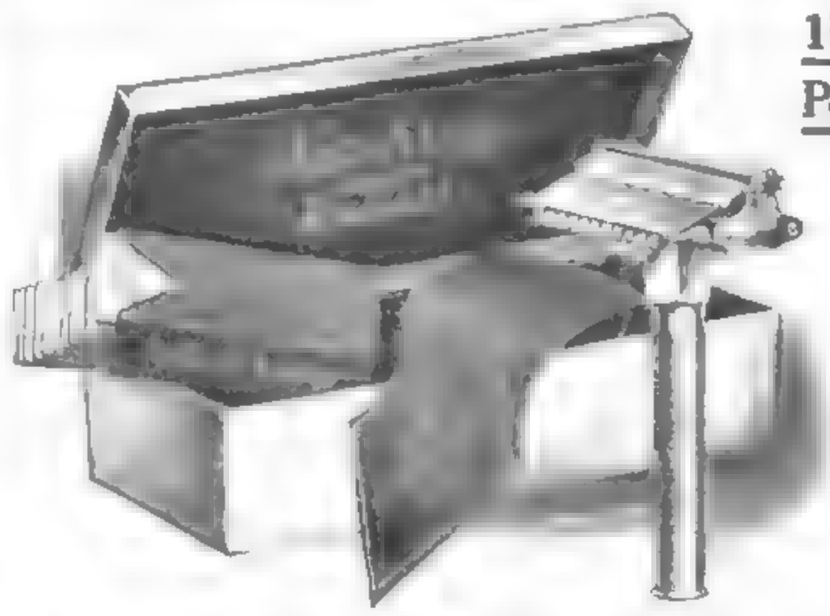
For those pretending to have affections of the eyes the following tests with colored glasses and letters are given by Doctor de Schweinitz:

"In general terms, the patient is required to look at alternate red and green letters. The admittedly sound eye is now covered with a red glass, and if the green letters are read evidence of fraud is present. Instead of a red glass a green glass may be used, through which the red letters would be invisible.

"Very ingenious letters based upon the fact that red upon a white background viewed through a red glass disappears and viewed through a green glass appears black, have been designed by Doctor von Haselberg."

The same authority gives the following test for simulated blindness of both eyes.

"Place a lighted candle in front of the subject. Now hold a six-degree prism base out before one eye. If both eyes see, the one behind the prism will move inward and on removing the prism will move outward, the other eye remaining fixed."



1⅔ Mills Per Shave

AutoStropping makes the 12 blades last 1000 shaves or 1⅔ mills per shave

AutoStropping—
the Twin Brother of Head Barber Stropping

WHAT makes the Head Barber's edge shave so many times without honing? The Head Barber's expert stropping.

What makes the Head Barber's edge shave so smooth and keen? Head Barber expert stropping.

What makes the AutoStrop Razor edge shave so many times? AutoStropping.

What makes the AutoStrop Razor edge shave so sharp that the face hates concave edge? AutoStropping.

What is AutoStropping? Mechanical stropping which the novice can use as handily and expertly as the Head Barber. Mr. Atc[illegible] at the Planter's Hotel, St. Louis, says, "AutoStropping is the one thing I ever [illegible] of a barber's fingers that [illegible] barber edge."

[illegible] AutoStrop set as above $5. Combination sets $6.50 up. Send for catalog. Price in Can[illegible] United States. Factories in both countries.

If not satisfactory don't hesitate to take razor back, as dealer loses nothing. We protect him from loss.

Ben Franklin said, "Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today." Don't *forget* the AutoStrop Razor *tomorrow*. Get one today. Dealer will send it on the quick. 'Phone or post him a card today.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 327 5th Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schleusenbrücke, No. 8, Hamburg

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR
Strops Itself

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
327 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Kindly send me *free* one of the new improved AutoStrop Razor Blades

Name

Address

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

offer the economy of long wear and a higher mileage average than you have ever believed possible in pneumatic tires.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles [illegible] ton, Seattle, Atlanta, and Akron, [illegible]

Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Co., Dallas, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

Keeps Hot 24 Hours
Keeps Cold 72 Hours

Thermos Saves Infants' Lives

Mothers! the danger season for bottle fed infants approaches. Let Thermos win the battle for your babies' lives by keeping their milk [illegible] clean, germ and fly proof. At night when baby is taken out—fill one Thermos [illegible] with chilled milk and [illegible]

[illegible] Thermos keeps liquids ice cold for 3 days or steaming hot for 24 hours.

Thermos Bottles $1 up Thermos Carafes $5

ON SALE AT BEST STORES

[illegible] one gen. on Thermos. If [illegible] Thermos" on the bottom of [illegible] we will ship you express prepaid upon receipt [illegible] Write for catalog.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
Thermos Building, New York City
Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

THERMOS
The Bottle

Five Years Without a Puncture —Without One Blow-out —and Doubled Mileage from Your Tires

ESSENKAY is the substitute for air in tires that we have all been *waiting* for, *hoping* for and almost *praying* for since the automobile began

It removes the one serious *bar* to the pleasures of automobiling. It cuts in half the *most serious item of expense*

ESSENKAY means the end of tire troubles.

It means the end of punctures and blow-outs.

It means the end of the expensive Inner-Tube.

It means the saving of countless thousands of dollars in the buying of automobile casings.

It means decided reduction in the cost of automobile maintenance.

ESSENKAY is *revolutionary*, of course. It means a great change in existing conditions. For that reason you will probably receive this announcement skeptically. We *expect that* and are *prepared* for it. No big industrial problem has ever been solved—no big invention has ever been introduced without public ridicule and derision—*at first.*

Yet we have staked $500,000 and our Business Future on the belief that Essenkay is the practical solution of the tire problem.

We Have No Stock to Sell

The men interested in the enterprise have a combined capital of Seven Million Dollars. They are *all successful business men.* And their deliberate investment of $500,000, made after careful examination, is in itself proof that Essenkay is not of mushroom origin and *has unusual merit behind it.*

We have convinced *ourselves* that Essenkay is the solution of tire troubles. We have convinced everyone who has seen it and tested it. We are not *deceiving ourselves.* We are not *speculating* or *promoting.* We are acting on *indisputable proof* and feel confident that a great fortune awaits us *For these reasons we have no stock to sell*

We have convinced *Five Hundred Owners of Automobiles in Chicago* that Essenkay is the solution. We filled their tires with Essenkay and let them use it in their own way to their hearts' content. They subjected it to *every known test* They applied acids and chemicals, heat and cold, in wet weather and dry. Chicago is a stubborn market and these people left nothing undone.

They used ESSENKAY on big cars and small cars, on light delivery wagons and great commercial trucks. Yet at the end of six months, one year, two years and five years they declared that ESSENKAY solves the tire problem for all sizes and all kinds of cars.

What 500 Owners Discovered

They used these cars in *all sorts of weather* and over *all sorts of roads*—cuppy roads, rutty roads and frozen roads—and they discovered these very important truths:

That ESSENKAY is as *resilient as air.* That it makes your car ride as *smoothly* and *softly* as pneumatic tires. That heat won't expand it. Cold won't *contract* it. Water won't *affect* it. It won't *crumble, harden, oxidize, run* or *rot.* It won't yield to *chemicals* or *chemical action.* It won't yield to the *elements.*

They learned that ESSENKAY doubles the life of automobile casings—that ESSENKAY does away with the inner-tube *altogether*—that they only have to buy *half as many casings* as formerly—that there is *no evident limit* to the life of ESSENKAY. It has been in use five years and has yet to show the slightest indication of wear and tear and disintegration. It can be removed from one casing to another without the slightest injury either to the casing or to itself.

If you want proof of what ESSENKAY has done for Chicago Automobile Owners, write for our booklet of testimonial letters

ESSENKAY is different from everything else heretofore put on the market. It is unique and original. It is different in principle. It hasn't a drop of rubber in it.

Be in a Receptive Mood

How many times have you said to yourself and your friends: "Some of these days some wise man will come along with a solution of the tire troubles, and when he does *he will make millions*"? Now that *he has come*, we hope you are in a *reasonable* mood. We hope you will take him at his word and investigate. We are writing this advertisement to announce what ESSENKAY has done. We are not trying to promote sales. For *you* know—and *we* know—that the sales will come fast enough once the merits of ESSENKAY become known.

If we can cut your tire expense *in half*, we believe you are going to find out *how.* If you will only have to buy one-half as many casings as heretofore, we have taken a serious burden from your pocketbook and you are not going to dismiss the subject with a smile. By eliminating the greatest of the trouble, labor and expense [illegible] and blow-outs cause, your interest in automobiles *will intensify.* And this announcement is written to tell you that ESSENKAY has already brought about *this revolution*

Impetus to Automobile Business

We believe ESSENKAY will boom the automobile business this year *more than any other one thing.* It is going to *save thousands of dollars for the public* and make thousands of dollars for us

Now we want you to write to us about ESSENKAY. Ask for our booklet which gives detailed information. If any question occurs to you, *ask it.* We'll answer your letter. You've got to come to ESSENKAY *so you might as well begin now.*

Meantime fill out the attached coupon and mail to us. Our booklet contains the very information you want and it is treated scientifically and in detail.

CAR OWNER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 21 Essenkay Bldg., 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am anxious to have all the facts. Please send me your illustrated booklet, "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay"

Name _____

My car is a _____ Street and No.

Size of tires _____ City and State

Essenkay

"ENDS TIRE TROUBLES"

THE ESSENKAY COMPANY CHICAGO, ILL.

21 Essenkay Building 2120 Michigan Avenue

A Great Business Opportunity Enterprising Men Wanted To Supply the Public With ESSENKAY

The discovery of Essenkay and its practical application naturally creates *a splendid business opportunity* for enterprising men in all sections of the country.

We therefore invite *applications for territory* from *live* business men who realize the significance of the proposition.

This is by no means confined to automobile men or men in kindred pursuits. It is open to *all high-class men* who appreciate the value of handling a discovery that sooner or later must be used by *every man who owns an automobile.*

We want these men to come to Chicago and investigate Essenkay thoroughly before making any *definite proposition.* We want to *see* them. We want to know *who* and *what* they are. Territory will not be assigned to every man who asks for it. We reserve the right to *choose our distributors.*

We want buyers and users of Essenkay treated as *we* would treat them *here.* Hence our desire to *see* and *talk* with the men who handle the product.

It may be this sounds a little independent to you. And perhaps it *is.* But we know the importance of this discovery *better than anybody else* and we don't want any false starts made by anybody.

We have done wonders in Chicago and are already overwhelmed with orders. We have acquired fine quarters on Michigan Avenue and have done some advertising here. The result has far exceeded our expectations—and our expectations have never been small.

Applications Coming in Rapidly

Already we have applications from many localities. A considerable number of contracts have already been closed *big men are taking hold of it.* For example, one of them is a prominent business man and capitalist of Tennessee. We contracted with him for the entire state of Tennessee. We knew his standing and his methods. *He was fit to represent us.* He spent several days in Chicago going over the matter, interviewing owners of cars who have used Essenkay and riding in cars equipped with it. His visit *added amazingly to his enthusiasm.* He feels that Essenkay is the practical solution of the tire problem and predicts its *immediate* and *complete* adoption by the automobile public.

A Big Proposition for Big Men

We consider this a big proposition for big men. Its possibilities are *limitless* and it will not take a great deal of capital to swing it in your territory. From present indications, it is *a permanent thing.* It will be a long time, in our estimation, before anything better—or even as good—*can possibly be devised.*

We can't close contracts by wire. That is to say, we can't assign territory until we know precisely *who* we are dealing with. We will, however, respect telegrams for *short time options,* it being understood that those asking options are to appear at our Chicago office at *the specified time.* State your wishes clearly in your telegram and say just what day you will be in Chicago, so we can keep the appointment and conserve your time.

ESSENKAY in Operation

When you come here we will show you *Essenkay in operation.* We will make your investigation easy. We will give you the names of owners of automobiles *who have proved Essenkay* and let you hear *their* story. We will afford you every opportunity to satisfy yourselves that we have a magnificent thing and then you can be the judge whether you care to handle it or not.

We don't want this advertisement mistaken for a "hurry-up." It is *not so intended.* But Essenkay will be ready for the general market shortly and we want to be ready when the general demand comes. We want to be able to supply any man in any part of the country immediately he determines that he wants Essenkay in his tires Hence *the necessity for speed in selecting agents* and getting them in readiness for the rush

Something Worth Having

We want prospective agents to understand that this is what they have:

A perfect remedy for tire troubles. A perfect substitute for air. An invention that does away entirely with the inner-tube and doubles the mileage of casings. An invention that means the positive end of punctures and blow-outs with their attendant labor and annoyances.

This invention will be wanted by *every man who owns an automobile.* So that an agent's possibilities are limited only by the number of automobiles in his territory. Every new buyer of an automobile is *a new buyer for Essenkay* another customer for *you.* And as long as the automobile flourishes so will Essenkay flourish.

We Do the Selling

We will create the demand for Essenkay and give our dealers the full benefit of our organization, advertising and enterprise.

A live business man will see in Essenkay *a virgin proposition.* He will recognize it instantly as the "long felt want" and he will know that the people will seize it eagerly just as soon as it is properly placed before them.

So, as soon as you read this advertisement and have fully grasped the opportunity, telegraph us for an appointment and take the train for Chicago. If you want to know more about the proposition before coming, fill out the attached coupon and mail it at once. It will be honored on arrival and the information will go to you by return mail.

Essenkay
"ENDS TIRE TROUBLES"

THE ESSENKAY COMPANY CHICAGO, ILL.
21 Essenkay Building 2120 Michigan Avenue

DEALER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 21 Essenkay Bldg., 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please give full particulars regarding your AGENCY Proposition.

Name

Territory interested in Street and No.

City and State

Estimated No. cars in territory_

Better Bread
Biscuit Cakes
and Pastry

—not merely *promised* but *guaranteed* or your money paid back.

OCCIDENT
The Guaranteed FLOUR

makes *every* baking a success. It's because of the *wheat*. Only the choicest *Northern Hard Wheat* of North Dakota goes into OCCIDENT Flour.

This is the *finest* bread-making wheat produced, richest in nutriment grown on the most fertile wheat lands. There isn't enough of this wheat for everybody. But with eight of the OCCIDENT Mills and more than eighty OCCIDENT elevators located in the midst of these famous wheat fields we get *First Choice* for OCCIDENT Flour.

RUSSELL MILLER
OCCIDENT
MILLING COMPANY

OCCIDENT

Costs More
Worth It!

In Every Sack Is Our Written Money-Back Guarantee.

Have your grocer send one sack—test it for extra whiteness, lightness and superior taste in your bread and other baking. Test it for the extra *quantity* it makes.

If OCCIDENT fails to please you more than any other flour you have ever used, your money will be paid back. Send for our *Free* booklet, "*Better Baking*"

Russell-Miller Milling Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

"GULDEN FLEAS"

(Continued from Page 11)

And Le Perkins was grateful and fond of him. Moreover, it was clear that Danny was disinterested; he had been generously unwilling to share in the proceeds of the sale and had only consented when he saw that to withhold consent would be to give real offense by persisting in his refusal.

"Well," said Perkins at last, "it behooves me to hump myself if I'm going to get back on this train. Coming to the depot with me? Let's go. I can hardly wait to get back to the mine and operate on that varicose vein of dental filling."

He caught up his valise as he spoke and they walked down to the station together, and parted lovingly and with mutual misunderstanding.

* * * * * * * *

The two months that followed were anxious ones for Mrs. Riggs. A change had come over her Danny that, if not inexplicable, was at least unexplained; for Danny, normally the most open and confiding of husbands, had become uncommunicative to a degree. He spoke little, indeed, on any subject, and had long fits of abstraction from which he roused himself with an obvious effort; he was often morose and flared from moodiness into sudden childish anger at trifles; and—as bad a symptom as any—he neglected the garden patch, the cultivation of which had been his delight. Mrs. Riggs forbore to question. Whatever it was, Danny would tell her in time; and meanwhile she endured with sublime patience and a cheerful countenance.

Then came the announcement.

"My dear," said Danny, "I've about made up my mind to move to Casper."

"Move!" exclaimed Mrs. Riggs. "To Casper!"

"'Gene Brayton writes me that things are on the boom there and he wants me to go in with him," said Riggs. "I can run down and look the ground over and see about a house and it won't take long to pack. I think we'd better go. There's nothing for us here and—and the people make me sick."

"I thought you liked the people here, Danny," Mrs. Riggs said.

It was true. He had liked the people and the people had liked Danny Riggs; but now he regarded his townsmen as [illegible] judges, uncompromising, merciless or they who would make no allowance for circumstances; who would condemn him for what had been, after all, merely a justifiable retaliation; and he resented the attitude that he was convinced they would take. "Riggs," they would say, "sure! I knew him fifty dollars' worth myself. Skinned the Swede settlement here with a batch of wall-eyed mining stock and then skipped over into Wyoming. Oh, he's a smooth article—Riggs is!" And so Danny passed old cronies with averted look or slight greeting.

"I've made up my mind, my dear," he said. "I'll take the train tomorrow morning and I think you might as well begin to pack."

* * * * * * * *

Usually the homecoming exaltation was strong in Danny Riggs. The return after any short absence from his family was wont to fill him with a delight almost painful in its intensity. The clamp of the carwheels sang a rhythmic refrain of home; every telegraph pole, culvert or bridge that was passed he marked with joyful emotion, and all his senses were strained, eager for new evidences of the glorious fact of getting home. Now, after being away more than a week, he sat huddled back in his seat in the smoker feeling that he was being forcibly dragged to some impending harm.

It was with an effort that he presently forced his mind to the one assurance of good that was his—the certainty that whatever might happen, there would be awaiting him love unfailing, faith unwavering, sympathy unfathomable, forgiveness without cavil or reproach. Nothing but death could take these from him. And then his heart smote him as he thought of the way that he had lately requited his wife's tenderness and trust, and dwelling upon this sadly and with certain resolutions half formed, he came to his journey's end.

Mrs. Riggs was on the platform and ran like a girl to meet him. Danny was conscious of an odd constriction in his throat and his eyes became suffused with tears as he felt her almost convulsive embrace. There was something unusually excited in her manner too. She had more color, more animation, her eyes were brighter than

The Educator
"Double-Header"

"Comfortable as an Old Shoe yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

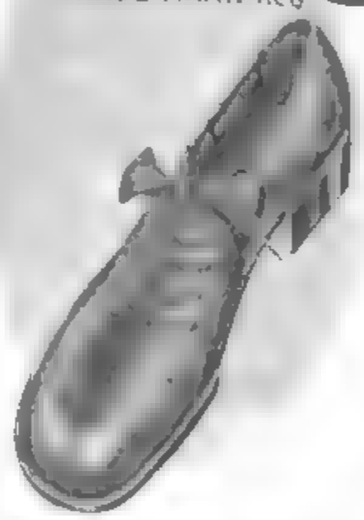
WHEN [illegible] of comfort looks at the same time. [illegible] charged now [illegible] conservatives are [illegible] comfort—they are [illegible]

Educators:
"Easy to wear, but hard to wear out."

Children started in Educators never know foot trouble. Men and women who wear Educators avoid or relieve corns, bunions, flatfoot, ingrowing [illegible], etc.

The name "*Educator*" is branded on every Educator sole. Look for it. If your dealer hasn't Educators, write for catalogue. We will see [illegible] are supplied.

EDUCATOR SHOE
TRADE MARK REG



We [illegible] make them to wear like old friends.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 High St., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined $31.75

Direct from Factory to User

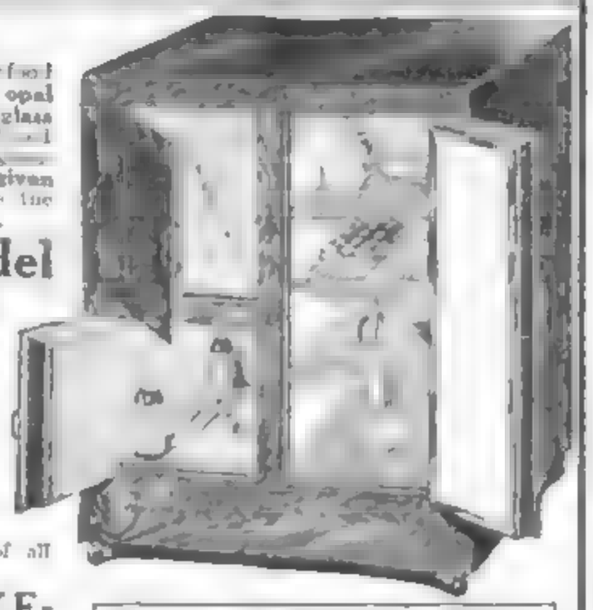
The [illegible] Refrigerator [illegible] oak. The food compartment and door are lined with the famous opal glass. [illegible] Opal glass [illegible] by Wickes. It is [illegible] a part of [illegible] Double refrigeration from every pound of ice is given by the [illegible] system of construction. Thus the Wickes is the *most economical* of all refrigerators.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only $31.75

[illegible] Our Money Back Guaranty [illegible] The Extra [illegible] same size refrigerator, specially priced . . . $45

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

[illegible] Wickes Refrigerators of all [illegible]



Measurements: Height 45 in., Width 36 in., Depth 21 in. Ice Capacity 100 lbs.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO. (Established Over 60 Years)

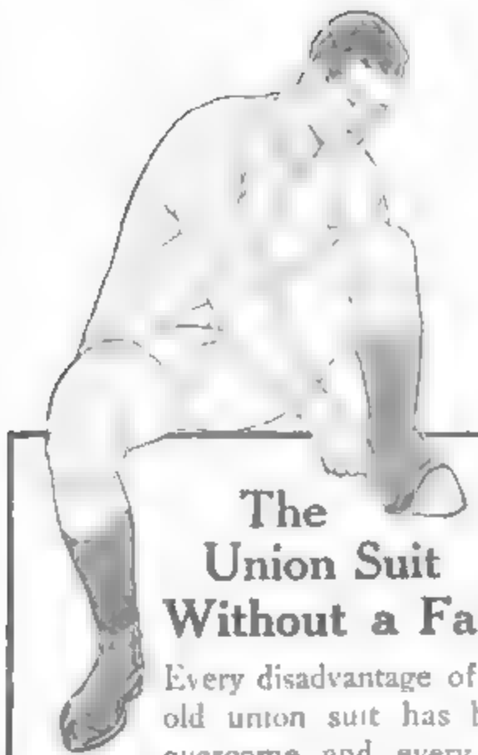
Dept. 38, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago Dept. 38, 29-35 W. 32d St., New York
130-132 E. Sixth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Branch Houses in the Principal Cities of the United States, France, Canada, Mexico (28)

A Canful of
DIXON'S
MOTOR GRAPHITE
(Pulverized Flake)
will cure your friction troubles

[illegible] shows it [illegible] frictionless coating of great durability. That [illegible] Your car runs more smoothly and with increased power [illegible]

Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor." D I X O N

Joseph Dixon Crucible Company
Established in 1827
Jersey City, New Jersey



The Union Suit Without a Fault

Every disadvantage of the old union suit has been overcome and every advantage of it retained in the

Klosed-Krotch

(Patented)

Union Suit

With the seat opening running down into one leg.

It is the ideal Union Suit, for the crotch is closed like a pair of drawers. No open edges running through the crotch to draw or cut, because the seat opening runs down into one leg. No buttons in the crotch to pull and chafe. Opening down front does not connect with opening in the rear. Observe how flap across seat is fastened. Impossible to gape open or roll into uncomfortable folds.

Ask your dealer to show you

White Cat Union Suits

With the Patented Klosed-Krotch

For the man seeking solid comfort this is the underwear to buy. Made of the finest yarn with the special cable twist, it wears like iron. It is soft and elastic, fitting and smooth. Comes in weights, wool and cotton, in sizes, proportioned to fit every body. Look for this White Cat in the label. It is your guarantee of everlasting underwear satisfaction. If not at your dealer's, write to the originators and patentees.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis.

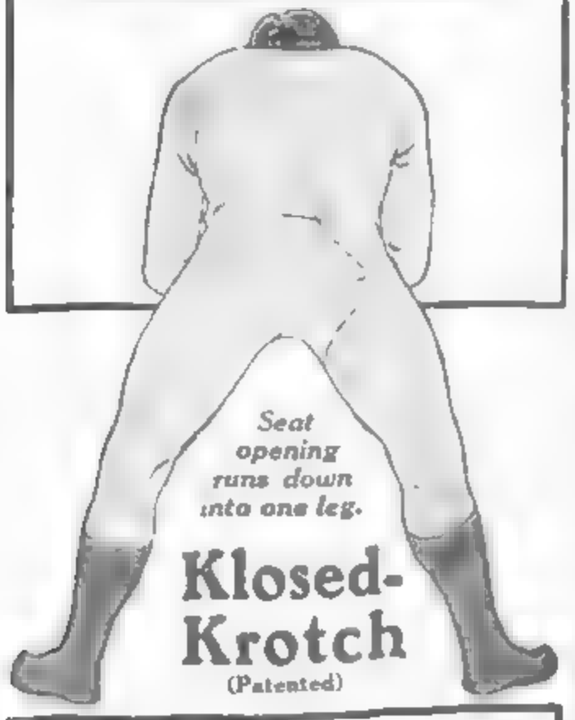
The following firms are licensed by the Cooper Underwear Co., Kenosha, Wis., to manufacture the patent KLOSED-KROTCH:

Goodknit Klosed-Krotch Athletic Union Suits,
Made of nainsook, linen and silk

Goodenow-Brookfield Knitting Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Cooper Mfg. Co., Bennington, Vt.
Men's Klosed-Krotch Spring Needle Knit Union Suits

Van Dyke Knitting Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ladies' and Children's Klosed-Krotch Union Suits.



Klosed-Krotch
(Patented)

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO.
Kenosha, Wisconsin

common, and there was something in the quick little pressure she gave his arm that meant more than the happiness of reunion.

"Well," said Riggs awkwardly as they neared home, "it's good to get back."

"If you knew what you were getting back to!" said she with another squeeze.

"What is it?"

"It's good. Oh, Danny!"

"Tell me what it is!" repeated Riggs urgently.

She broke away from him and ran into the house; he followed and, at her call from the living room, found her waving a handful of papers, among which he saw the torn yellow envelopes of two telegrams. He made a movement to take them, but she drew her hand back.

"The letter first," she said. "That came the day after you left; but I didn't open it until the telegram came. Then I thought you wouldn't mind. It's from Mr. Perkins."

Danny spread out the letter with trembling fingers and read:

Friend of my Bosom: The sun of prosperity has come up like thunder in a glittering glory of aureate splendor. Yesterday afternoon I struck our vein—not in anger, believe me—and the Holy Terror ore at its richest wasn't a mitigating circumstance to what we've got! Come up and help me stand off the howling mob of capitalists that wants in. These for the trusty and well-beloved general manager and joint proprietor of the Golden Fleece. Posthaste—and ride for your life—ride! PERKINS.

P. S. This is a cold, hard, incontrovertible, stubborn, easily demonstrable fact. J. P.

Riggs gasped.

"Do you suppose he actually went back and put that five hundred ——"

"Here's the telegram," interrupted Mrs. Riggs, laughing half hysterically. "I would have sent it on to you, but I knew you must have left Casper."

The telegram was brief:

Did you get my letter? In Heaven's name, what detains you? Wiggle hitherward and wire. J. P.

"I telegraphed back," said Mrs. Riggs. "I told him that you would return in a few days. This other telegram is just to ask you to bring the stock that he left in your safe and not to sell any; and here's a Deadwood Pioneer that came in this morning's mail, marked with an account of the strike. They say it's the richest —— Danny, dear, what's the matter? Oh, you mustn't!"

Danny's shoulders were jerking and he was making uncouth noises.

"And I thought all the time he was half rascal—and see what he's done!" he answered.

"What will you do, Danny, dear?" Mrs. Riggs asked.

"I'll go to him of course," Riggs replied. "I'll give him the best there is in me of help, so long as he really wants me. There won't be any partnership; but if he wants a manager—or a clerk—for I mean to tell him too. . . . I don't care what it is. I can look my fellowman in the eye now, even if I shake before the Almighty!"

. . . . . .

It might be well to leave Danny here in a humble and contrite condition, solaced by wifely affection, reunited without a cloud-shadow of reservation to his family, restored to a modest degree of self-respect and an object of highest esteem to his townsmen; but there remains one scene to this more or less brief and eventful history. It was when Mr. Riggs set out on his northward way to clean, hard work and lasting financial ease.

He was in the act of climbing aboard the train when a loud clumping of heavily shod feet in hot haste sounded along the board platform behind him, and a stentorian voice shouted imploringly:

"Mester Riggs! Mester Riggs!"

Riggs, one hand still grasping the rail, turned and saw before him the sweating and expansive countenance of Ole Jansen.

"Mester Riggs!" panted the Swede. "Dees Gulden Fleas stog—Mester Riggs—please? You haf some more, maybe, you sal mae—please, Mester Riggs!"

The train was beginning to move and Jansen was hurrying to keep pace with it before Danny fully recovered from his surprise and acted.

"Sure thing; I've got more!" he said gratingly. "It's here!"

He swung his valise as he spoke and Jansen hit the platform with a thud and rolled over and over, clutching at the planks as he rolled. Danny looked out long enough to see him helped to his unsteady legs and led away; then Danny grinned and entered the car.

Solid-breech Hammerless .22 REPEATER

The Remington cub has a curve of beauty too!

Solid-breech Hammerless Side-Ejecting

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy —And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The *Remington-UMC* .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every *Remington-UMC* .22 Repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible. There is no hammer to catch in clothing, fence or tree branch.

The *Remington-UMC* .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech. You can look through and see that it is clean.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment. Mix them as you will you cannot clog the action.

Ask your dealer to quote you prices on this small game and target rifle to-day.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY
299 Broadway New York City

$2.50 for $4.00 PANAMA

Genuine, hand woven in South America, like finest kind; but MORE durable because of broader weave. Shaped in the new "Alligator" or "Telescope" crease. Soft pliable silk band and leather sweat. Sold in all sizes, 6¼ to 8 wide. To get you acquainted with our weaver-to-customer prices on Panamas we offer this special $4 value for $2.50—Express prepaid. Order today, stating size. Money back if not satisfied. Free summer catalog showing complete line of Panamas and Straws at Special Sale prices—write!
FRANCIS H. LESTER CO., Dept. B14, Manila Park, N. M.

Best grade cedar canoe for $20
Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened
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MAKING A BUSINESS WOMAN

Continued from Page 15

a particle of taste. Binks whispered a few words in Miss Krog's ear.

I went on to my machine, and a little later the new girl, Miss Meeks, was sitting by Binks' desk, taking notes on one of his most verbose perorations. I never saw such a girl for work; she fairly ate it. She sat near me, and the way she bent over her notes and hurled out her letters was a caution. Miss Krog said to Binks that the Meeks girl was the best stenographer they had ever had; and even the two partners laughed good-naturedly together over "Bones," as Bittner at once nicknamed her. Binks remarked that he guessed Bittner was right in his theory this time; it seems that Bittner was all against hiring pretty girls. He said they spent too much time preening before their tiny bits of mirrors tucked away in their desk drawers. Binks preferred pretty girls. He held that they were happier and therefore worked more contentedly, and weren't always pestering him for a raise; they had "fellows" to think about. I wondered how Miss Krog had ever got past Bittner's prejudices.

The coming of Miss Meeks seemed to bring an era of peace. Bittner called her "Binks' girl" with mildly satirical remarks occasionally, but he never seemed impelled to go near her himself or to give her any work to do. I thought that on the whole he was rather mean to the new girl; she did her work so well that he might at least have spoken pleasantly to her now and again. Binks seemed well satisfied, and the routine of the office went on, unbroken by any serious quibbling. We pounded our typewriters, dreamed of a raise and rushed the hours away, and soon the second week went by and I had another four dollars in my pay envelope. This time I hadn't been docked. I religiously put one of the bills away in the leaves of my Bible in the darkest corner of my closet. I must start a fund for next month's rent, and besides there were winter clothes to be purchased. I had never lived in a cold climate before, and already the chilly days had provided me with a slight cough. The potato deal had worked so well that I now added a small piece of steak. I cooked and ate it with the windows wide open, then burned joss sticks to kill any lingering odor. I felt wonderfully secure in my conspiracy.

The third Monday morning peace was once more broken. Bittner came to my desk with a parcel and asked me whether I thought I could write a book.

"What about?" I asked.

"The dope's all here," he answered, tapping the bulky package. "All you gotta do is to fix it up. Run it together, short chapters, title page, name. See what you can do." Then he went out.

I Begin Work on Bittner's Book

I was very much interested, and pushing my typewriter to one side I began going over the "dope." It consisted of notes and jottings that had gone down at odd moments apparently through several years. I gathered from the general drift that it was a book on selling—selling by merchant, salesman, letter, advertisement. It seemed to set forth the principle of selling goods, illustrated by numerous incidents picked up on the street, at the club, here and there and everywhere. It was interesting reading even in this crude, misspelled, disjointed form. I was having a good time over it when suddenly Binks discovered that my typewriter was not going, sprang up, and rushing over to me bent over my shoulder.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"The book," I answered; "Mr. Bittner wishes me to put it in shape."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Binks, scratching hard. "We've no call to get out a book, no money to waste on pet hobbies. Put it up; these letters must go out today if we work till midnight."

Binks was on the spot and he controlled my pay envelope. True, Bittner had dismissed Binks' favorite helper, but still it was Binks I was afraid of. Minds do work in that unreasonable way sometimes! I put the parcel in my drawer and went back to pounding out the line:

"Mr. Jones, a resident of your city ——"

At four Bittner sauntered in from his club where, I was given to understand, he spent his afternoons playing billiards. Pulling off his coat he came over to me.

"How's she goin'?"

"I think it's dandy stuff; but Mr. Binks said these letters must go out first."

He scowled and his face took on that dull purply look that I now associated with his rages. He went back to the joint desk of the partners and sat down.

"I'll give you to understand, Binks, you don't go monkeyin' with my work," he said, leaning forward and wobbling his head from side to side in an ominous manner.

"And I'll give you to understand you don't use office help paid by the company to do your private business."

"It's company business," Bittner retorted.

"This company's not organized or chartered to publish books," Binks came back, growing redder every minute and his eyes looking wildly about. "And I want to say right now I don't go into any schemes to publish. Fortunes are sunk in it every year! Chicago's the graveyard of magazines, and you know it. What the deuce ails you, man, that you can't see nothing no more?"

"You're the one that can't see beyond your own snoot," Bittner retorted with a sneer. "You'd still be down at Thurber's sellin' hardware at twenty-five dollars per if it wasn't for me."

My First Raise

"You! You! You!" Binks leaned forward in his chair and foamed and spluttered, and finally got out some more words. "You have got just about as much to do with the success of this business as — as the mouse that eats the cheese left from the girls' lunches! You spend your time at billiards, while I'm digging in for all I'm worth. I do two men's work and draw one man's pay. If right ruled you'd not be entitled to a cent in this business."

"You don't say," Bittner drawled, coolly gazing at the irate red man whose tossing hair, trembling lip and swelling throat betrayed the long suppression of a constantly mounting wrath. "Well, all I gotta say is—don't you get too gay buttin' into my work, that's all. The climate might get hot."

I typed on wildly, rapidly, trying not to hear, trying to keep out of it, for I saw in this chronic quarrel between the two partners the end of any employee who might get mixed up in it. That night I took Bittner's book home with me; and this was the beginning of night work, carried on unflaggingly for a long time. The day work was so tiresomely mechanical that the mental night work was really restful. I borrowed a typewriter from one of the other roomers, a writer who used it only in the daytime, and little by little I untangled Bittner's conglomeration of notes. These were made on scraps of paper—the backs of letters, envelopes, laundry bills, store checks, club notices, dancing programs, postcards, newspaper margins, and even street-car transfers and stubs of theater tickets. These quaint bits of paper showed the program of his life; and as I went over them I began to wonder whether "billiards" was not a name that covered a good deal besides that engrossing game. Some way, from the very beginning, I had had an instinctive feeling that however much Binks might be the legs and arms of the firm, Bittner was its brains. The "dope" intensified this feeling.

When the following day he asked me about the work, I told him I was doing it at home, as the office was too noisy; and day by day afterward I was able to assure him that the work was progressing. He seemed satisfied; Binks had no more spasms; and Peace was once more securely riveted to her throne.

A thing that served to unsettle me to a certain extent was the constant coming and going of the office help. Every Saturday familiar faces disappeared and every Monday morning there was a fresh avalanche of girls applying for the vacant places. I wondered where our girls went, and why. At noon one day I got into conversation with several and found out. It seems that the Bittner-Binks Company was known up and down the street as tight; employees soon caught on to the company's system of taking on raw girls from the business colleges, keeping them as long as possible without a raise, then letting them go and filling their places with other recruits from

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the ranks of the inexperienced. There were always new girls needing to get experience, and I can't say that this experience was not valuable. After a few weeks of the Bittner-Binks grind any other position would seem a veritable snap; so this training received early in the game had its good psychological effect on those who were quick and clever enough to get away soon. But woe to the girl who worked hard and stuck, hoping for advancement! I found that no typist had ever been paid over six dollars a week; that was the high-water mark for the herd.

At the end of my first month, though I worked both day and night, I was still drawing, when not docked, four dollars a week. There was hardly a girl on the force who had been there when I began. Frequently, at luncheon, I met these girls who had come and gone, and I found that all had bettered themselves. They scorned the "softies," as they called them, who stayed with Bittner-Binks. "'Fraid cats!" they would say with a toss of the head. "Wouldn't catch me over many paydays with that outfit! All I need is to know once; I don't have to be shoved. Get wise; quit!"

I began to wonder whether I was really a "'fraid cat." I decided that I must be—but then those pert young flashes of femininity were stenographers as well as operators; they had more to offer an employer than I had. It made me blush to admit it, but I had to recognize the facts. Then also, in the face of all the evidence against the wisdom of staying on, an instinctive feeling that it was the best course for me made me do so.

On my sixth Saturday when the bookkeeper—who on any other day broke out in bristles when she came in contact with the girls—purringly handed me, *à la* lady Lountiful, my pay envelope, it fell heavily in my hand and my heart sank. I must be docked again, otherwise I would receive my pay in two bills. I covered my chagrin as best I could—I was nearly always docked, some way or other, and felt heartily ashamed of it, for those other girls, all younger than I, were seldom docked and went on to the cloakroom.

There in the security of its dim light I lifted my envelope and shook the money out into my hand to empty it into my purse. To my amazement I discovered that I had been given a raise: fifty cents in one silver piece had been added to my two two-dollar bills.

I went home jubilant, but there a new horror confronted me. In the seesaw of life, between business and home, it is apparently not given one to be up at both ends at the same time.

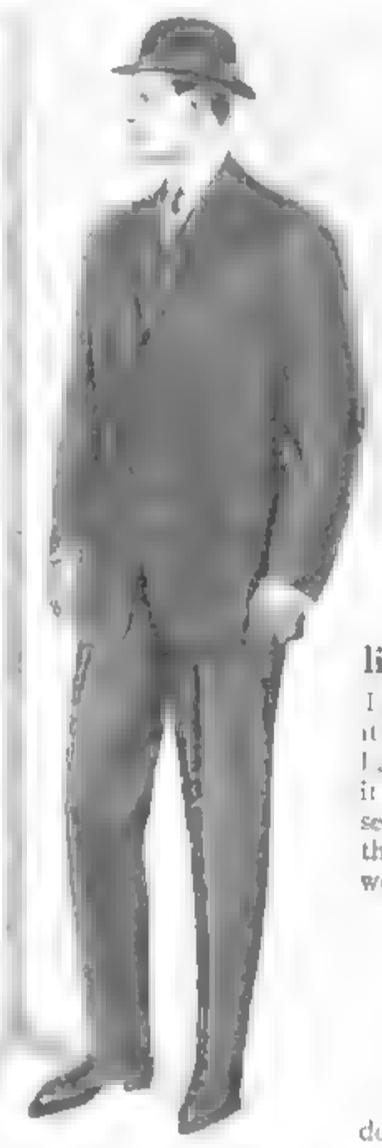
Editor's Note—This is the second of four articles by Anne Shannon Monroe, relating the experiences of a woman in the business world. The third article will appear in an early issue.

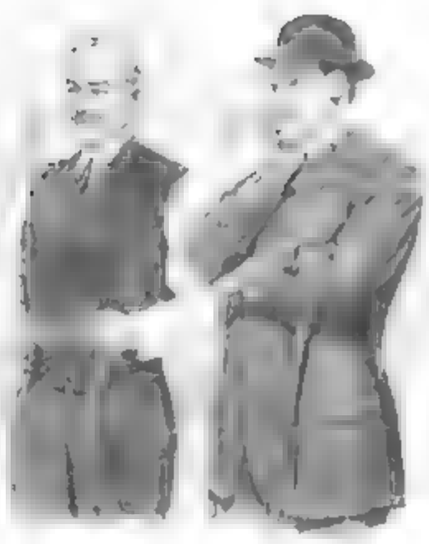
Book Bargains

AT THE end of each season the still unsold books that crowd the shelves of some enterprising bookstores are carefully packed away; and a few months or a year later they suddenly reappear as the result of "publisher's failure."

It may pay any one to look over some of these "bankrupt publishers'" sets. If you want "standards" there they are and to spare. The scholarly and literary values are there, for they are in the text. The bindings are nearly always irreproachably plain, with printed labels. It all comes finally to a question of taste. If you are not particular about good paper and clear printing and neat margins it is your grand chance for the prices are sweet.

An important form of book-selling employed by some successful publishers is known by its title of mail-order book-selling. Instead of sending an agent to get the order, the publisher sends a circular. He has to make an enormously greater number of calls and of course he fails enormously oftener to get the order; but when he gets it he has no agent's commission to pay. The problem is to write the circular or the advertisement in such a way as to induce the reader to act on the impulse—and this requires great experience and skill. Once the reader lays the circular aside without writing his acceptance—no matter how strong his intention to do so later—the chances are many to one that he will never send it. And it doesn't pay to circularize again the same list for delinquents. It is a matter of shooting to kill with the first barrel.





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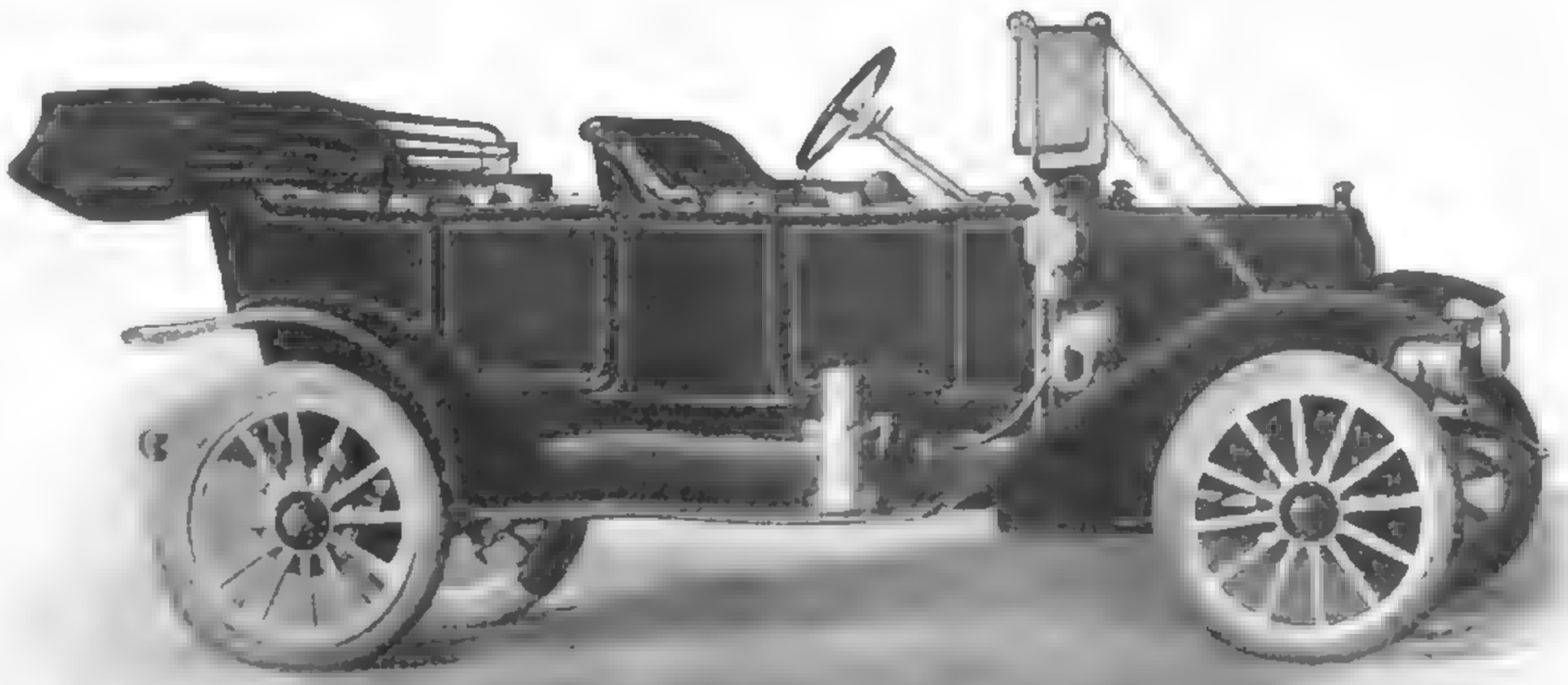

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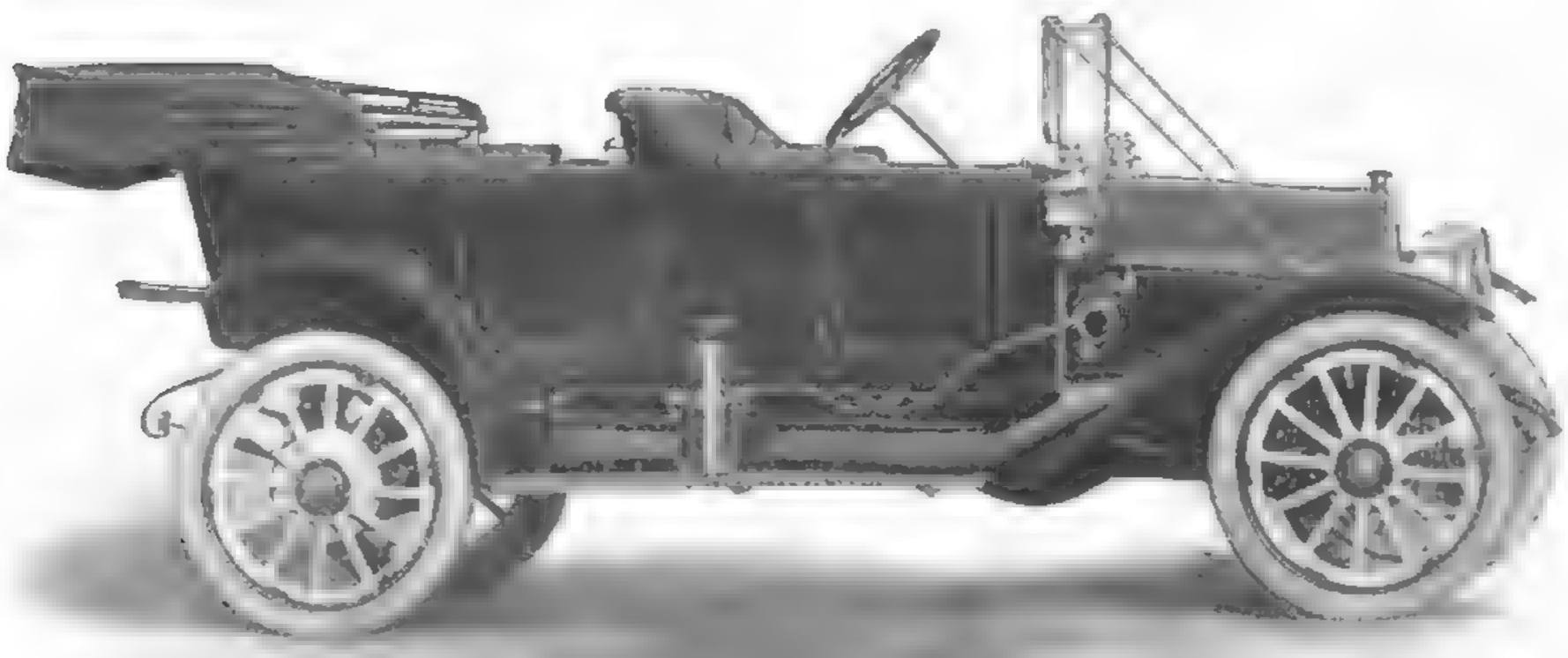

1. "Down the Dixie Trail."
2. "First to Hazelton."
3. "The Oldest Car in the Show."

Nos. 1 and 2 are stories and photos of Flanders "20" performances and No. 3 pertains to E-M-F "30."

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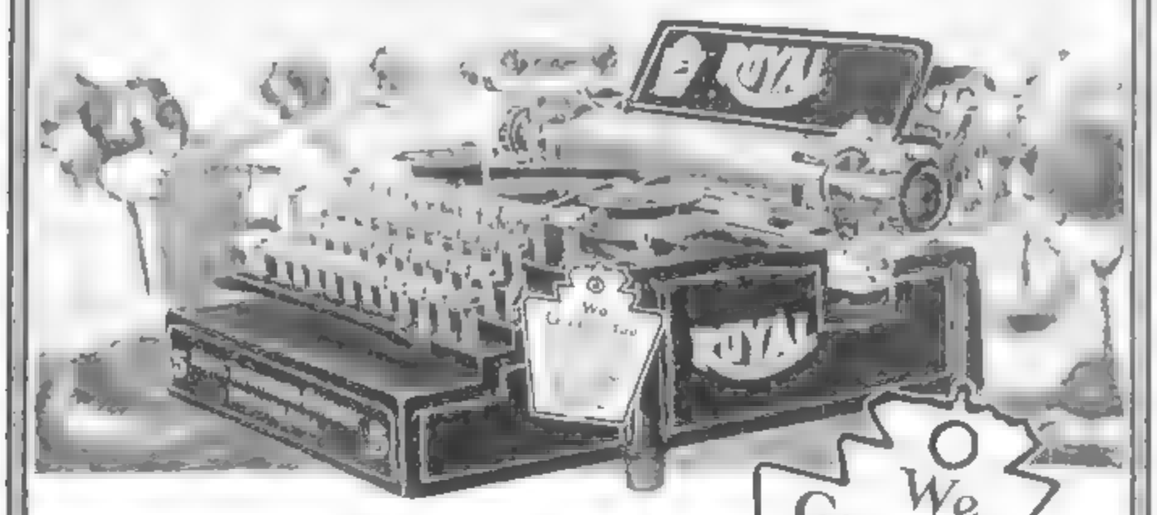

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THE JINGO

Continued from Page 21

He stood within six inches of that rifle when the prince got ready to fire it, but Onalyon was a man of steady nerves.

"Did I hit it?" he demanded, feeling his shoulder and handing the rifle to Jimmy for a reload.

"Which target did you shoot at?" inquired the king, standing up in the cart with the telescope.

"Number one," replied the prince.

"No," reported the king. "I think there's a mistake—number two target, I mean."

"Impossible!" retorted the prince indignantly; then he glanced at the king and saw that he was laughing. He clinched his jaws without a word and took the gun from Jimmy. "Did I hit it?" he demanded with a trace of impatience.

"No," reported the king soberly, now interested.

"Well, I will!" Onalyon declared, throwing the lever himself, and Jimmy stepped back out of the way.

At the fourth attempt the prince dropped the butt of his gun to the ground.

"I hit it!" he excitedly claimed. "I hit it! I saw it move."

"Almost a dead center, Onalyon," approved the king.

"I knew I could do it!" exulted the prince, handing over the gun and climbing back into the cart. "Let them shoot."

He took an intense interest in the contest as the different squads came up for their try, helped the king call the scores, and offered a special prize of his own for the best marksman of the day.

It was not very much sport, however, for the densely packed crowds on the hills; and Bezzanna sent out peremptory word to Jimmy that if he didn't do something pretty soon besides little cracks of musketry and little puffs of smoke she'd go home.

Jimmy waved his hand to her and smiled when he received that message and, an overcurious buzzard happening to flap its lazy way over the field just then, he took careful aim at it and brought it down. He hated the thing anyhow. It had no business to be flying over a threatened battlefield! Its presence was too suggestive.

As the great black bird, following the report of his rifle, suddenly stopped its lazy flight and dropped like a lump straight down to the earth a murmur of awe rose from the hills, and Jimmy judged that it was time for a dramatic climax.

"Bring out the cow!" he ordered, and the high private in the rear rank—little Keezap—untethered the salmon-pink cow and led her out to where the targets had been.

"We had to have her tonight anyhow," Jimmy explained to the prince as the prize marksman of the day lowered himself to one knee. "We're out of beef at the palace."

The prize marksman pulled his trigger and the king's dinner dropped dead.

It was an impressive exhibition, as the swelling voices of the audience attested. The power of the new weapons actually to take life had been fully demonstrated, and while the prince was pondering this startling and disquieting fact the king deemed it the psychological moment to turn to him with:

"By-the-way, we haven't come to any agreement about that water-power of yours."

"I want fifty-one per cent of the stock," immediately asserted the prince, not so much impressed by the death of a salmon-pink cow that he was overlooking anything in a commercial line. He had been too long on the stock exchange for that.

"All right," agreed the king easily. "You mean, of course, in the Power Company!"

"Certainly," agreed the prince. "Is there to be another company?"

"Yes—the Operating Company."

"I don't quite understand the difference just now, but I do know this much: I must have fifty-one per cent in the Operating Company also. I expect to pay great attention to business; in fact I expect to give up all my other interests for it."

"That's a commendable idea," approved the king. "I don't know, Jimmy, but that we may be able to arrange it to let the prince take up fifty-one per cent in the Operating Company also—eh?"

"Well, yes," agreed Jimmy, giving up the point with surprising readiness; "and possibly in the Holding Company also, prince."

"What is the Holding Company?" puzzled Onalyon.

"We'll explain that to you when the time comes," Jimmy cheerfully assured him. "Let's step to one side, here. They're getting ready for a final demonstration and we're slightly in the road. We couldn't stay here if we wanted to, because if we tried it we'd disappear. By-the-way, prince, don't you think it would be a good idea for some one to start a strictly cash department store having the exclusive sale of the American products which have become so popular?"

"Well, I don't know—certainly," hesitated the prince as he walked back with the king and Jimmy to the little artificial embankment. "I intend to put my store on a strictly cash basis as soon as I return to the city."

"I'm glad to hear that," observed the king. "I doubt if the city needs two big cash department stores." And he and Jimmy exchanged glances of quiet and calm and peaceful satisfaction. They were having a very enjoyable field day.

"If you intend to do that," suggested Jimmy, "it's a pity that so much of the cash has been retired from circulation."

The prince considered the matter.

"I don't think it will take long to persuade the people to replace their wheat in the public granary," he hopefully stated—and paused as he found himself peering into the heavy iron cylinder in the pit. Only its mouth projected above the level of the ground—and the mouth, which was very black, was almost large enough for him to stick his head into it. He was standing directly in front of it and he moved away.

"This is a cannon," explained Jimmy, patting it affectionately on the nozzle. "There are a dozen of them concealed about the palace grounds and most of them are pointed in this direction, though they can be shifted."

The prince glanced up toward the palace park apprehensively. He was not exactly comfortable. It was a very brisk and chill fall day, but he wiped the back of his neck.

"I guess the ordnance department is about ready," suggested Jimmy. "We'd better give these men a good, clear space to work in." And he started walking briskly away from there.

The king and the prince followed him with equal briskness. They did not care to stay.

"What are those men doing down at the far end of the field?" asked the prince, who was not overlooking anything from the foreground to the horizon in any direction.

"They serve a double purpose," Jimmy informed him. "They are attracting attention to that clump of young trees at the end of the field, and they are also seeing that no one has strayed in there to look these proceedings in the eye. They're ready now. Hold tight to something and watch that clump of trees!" Jimmy warned.

Onalyon looked round, but could not see anything to hold to except some tufts of dried grass, and that seemed undignified.

Suddenly the world gave a tremendous throb and all the earnest noises of the universe were condensed into one roar, to which were added the screams and yells of about twenty-five thousand people. So far as mere sound was concerned it even satisfied Jimmy. He could have done with less. He had a grave suspicion that there were only ragged rims where his eardrums had been, but he did not care. He was enjoying the countenance of the prince.

Onalyon's mouth and eyes were distended to their utmost extent, and following the direction of his gaze Jimmy was gratified to discover a large, bright, new area of blue sky at the lower end of the field where the trees had stood. There wasn't a young tree left—not even a sapling; not even a leaf. There were a few splintered trunks projecting a foot or so from the ground, but there were not many branches lying round. That promising young forest had simply gone.

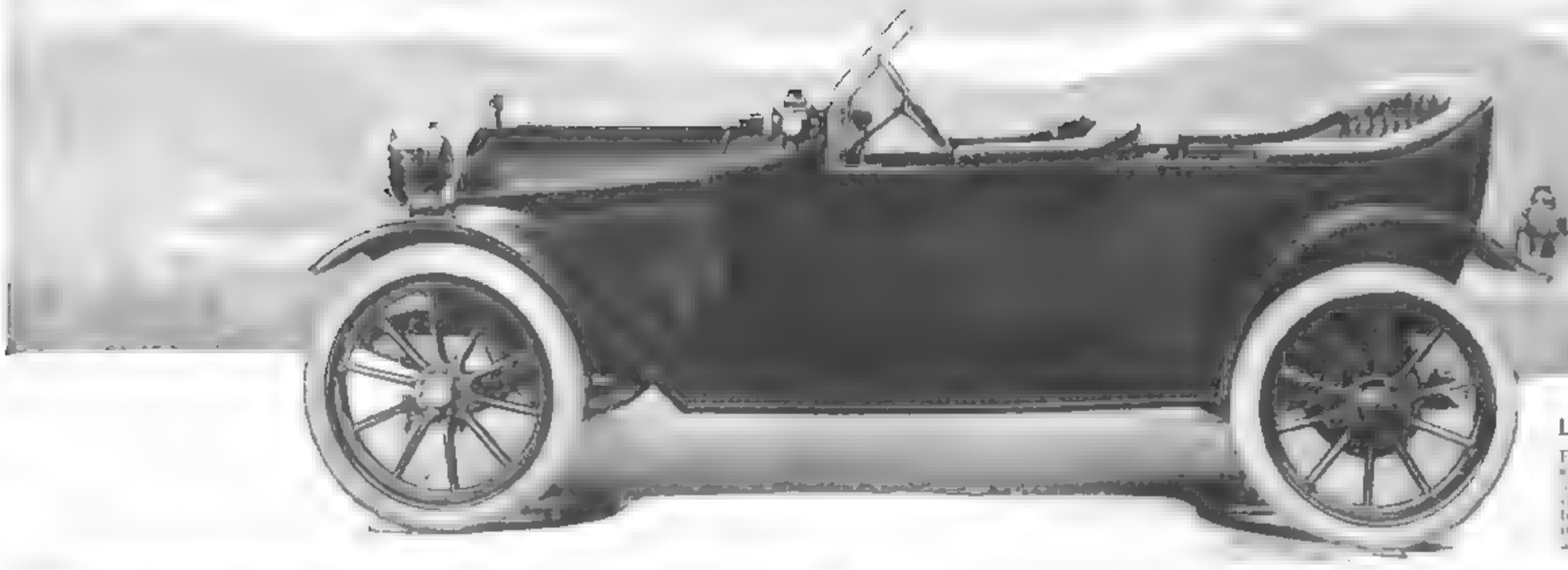
The prince, for all his dumfounded aspect, seemed to have a thorough appreciation of what he had seen. When the king once more reminded him that neither one of them had a right to incur bloodshed, Onalyon earnestly, though falteringly, agreed with him.

"Then take your army and go home!" ordered the king, turning so suddenly savage that his ears were red. "The gunners may want to practice with the rest of the cannon. If your army stays it may be in the way!"

The prince looked about him disconsolately. His army had already gone home.

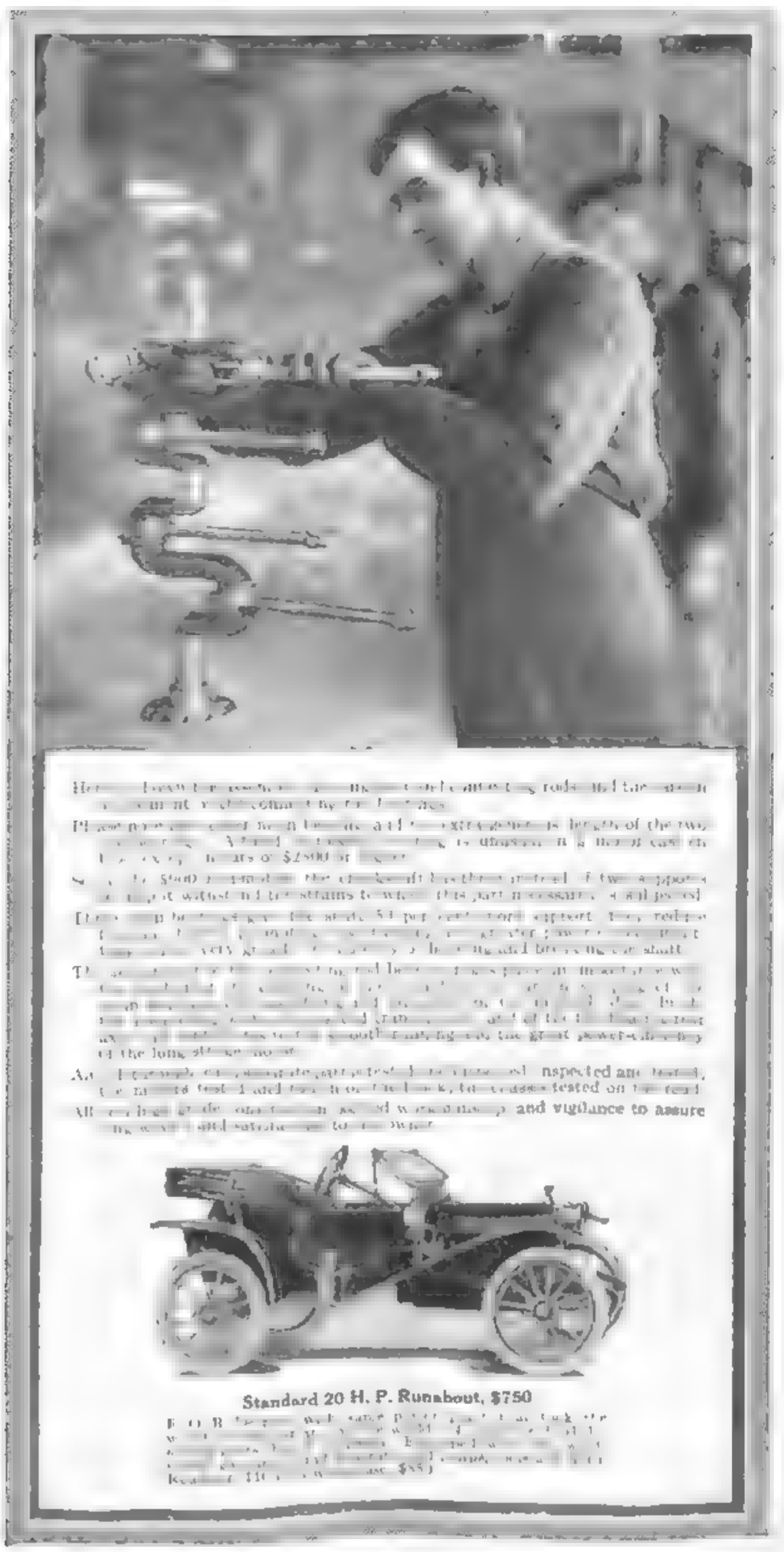
He decided to go himself. He very thoughtfully took no banners with him. They were too heavy to carry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, with standard equipment. Roadster $900



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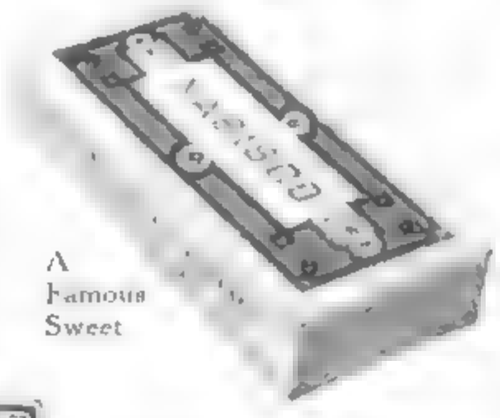

A Famous Sweet

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE GULF PORTS AND PANAMA

(Continued from Page 18)

a nearer repair basis for ships using Panama than those Atlantic yards where favor is now being concentrated?

No port can build up on purely Government favor. The Gulf ports are content to bide their time. When more railroads and more commerce come—as they are coming every day—means of national defense will also have to come, even from Republican politicians to a Democratic constituency.

When you come to consider the individual ports of the South Coast each has some special advantage of which it boasts and some disadvantage which it does not care to mention. You have in Key West the Gibraltar of the Gulf and a subsidiary naval station; but it is remote from any base of ground in case of attack or retreat. Tampa has an ample harbor, splendid docks and terminals, and, as the crow flies, is nearer Panama than the other ports; but vessels don't sail as the crow flies. Steamers from Tampa must circle the west end of Cuba, and Tampa is so far down the coast as to be isolated from the general traffic of the Mississippi. Across the Gulf, Galveston, almost the reverse of Tampa, has railroad connections innumerable and a state railroad commission, insuring such equitable rates that not only the traffic of Texas but of other Southwestern areas will seek export via this harbor; but Galveston—they all have a "but"—is so far inside the big circle of the Gulf as to be the port farthest from Panama. Cotton and the products of her own vast inland empire Galveston will waysship—cotton to the Orient and South America by Panama—at a saving of fifty per cent on the rates now paid by Suez; but the great circle that gives her almost a monopoly of Texas sea-traffic cuts her off from great participation in traffic through Panama.

It is when you come to Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans that you are in the thick of plans for Panama traffic. Pensacola has a magnificent harbor—seven miles across, half an hour from the open sea, thirty to fifty feet draught, thirty to thirty-five feet across the bar. Also, more than half of the forty miles of Pensacola's splendid waterfront is controlled by the city; but—here it comes again—that splendid waterfront lies today almost idle because, up to the present, Pensacola has been bottled up by one railroad. This year, in anticipation of Panama bringing traffic to the Gulf, two new roads have come in; and three more roads were looking over the ground when I was in the South.

The Rival Cities of the South

Mobile has the advantage of being the harbor nearest, both by river and rail, the coal and iron fields of the great mining district round Birmingham; but—there it is again!—Mobile is thirty miles up a river that has been dredged to twenty-three or twenty-five feet, is now being dredged to twenty-eight and should be dredged to thirty-five. Mobile has five or six independent railroads, with their allied steamships; and with a view to Panama traffic it is now building by private capital enormous modern fireproof steel-and-brick terminals and concrete docks

New Orleans has the advantage of a dozen railroads; also a magnificent system of civic belt railroad for terminals and docks; as well as the advantage of being a gateway to the river of an inland empire; but—the eternal but—New Orleans is one hundred miles plus up the river, or a day from the open sea.

Towns are not God-made—they are man-made, as Chicago and Los Angeles and London, and a hundred other cities built on mudpuddles and flats, prove. What bothers the Gulf ports is: Which is going to be the man-made city of the Gulf ports?

Behind Pensacola is an inland empire of a million people. Lumber, coal, cotton, steel, loaded at Pensacola, are only half an hour from the sea. Where the rate on coal to Atlantic ports is from $1.40 to $1.80 a ton, the rail rate to Pensacola is only $1.10 to $1.15; and when the canal is opened between Pensacola and Mobile that rate for coal will be between twenty-five and fifty cents. That canal is one of the city's special preparations for Panama, and the first Federal appropriation for it was assigned this year. It will practically give

Surprise Your Wife

with a new Plain Cabinet Glenwood—the smoothest range made. It is so easy to clean, no filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the [illegible] iron finish—"The Mirror Stove" applied to a range.

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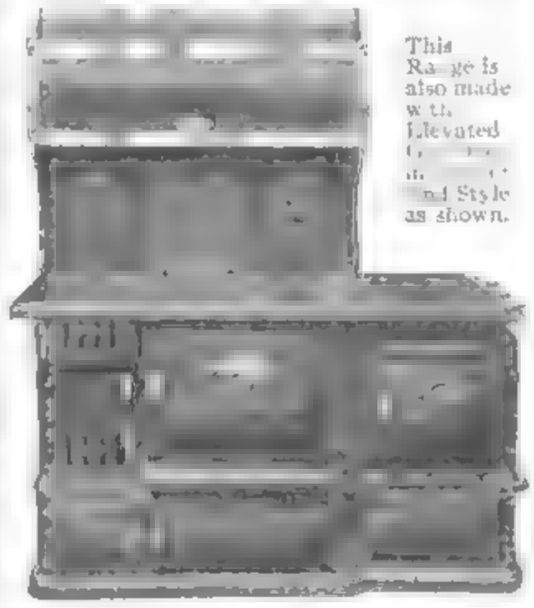

This Range is also made with Elevated [illegible] and Style as shown.

Coal, Wood and Gas Range

[illegible] range can be had with [illegible] on the end opposite the fire box [illegible] furnished with fire box at either [illegible] also with the [illegible] that conveys the ashes direct to ash barrel in cellar

Cabinet **Glenwood**

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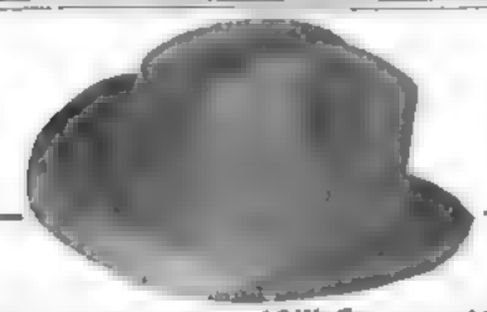

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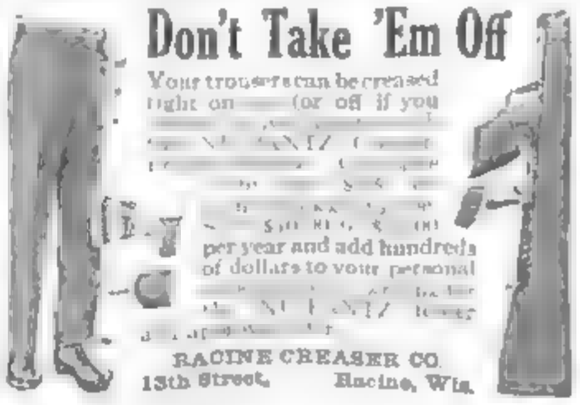
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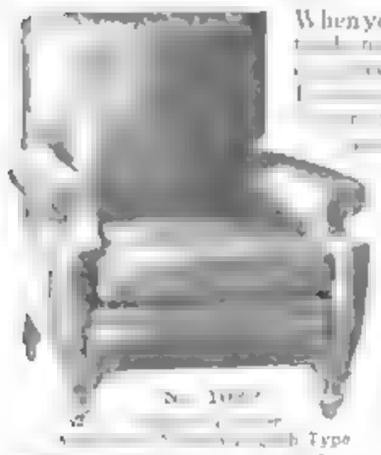

When you [illegible] own below, [illegible] construction which will endear it to you more and more with the light of time.

All Karpen Furniture must pass the most rigid inspection before we allow it to bear our [illegible]. Every piece must have a character and [illegible] which shall be an honor to us [illegible]

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[illegible] all [illegible]

By this study, our designers have acquired a faculty for designing patterns and creating schemes of color harmony which find favor with the largest clientele in America.

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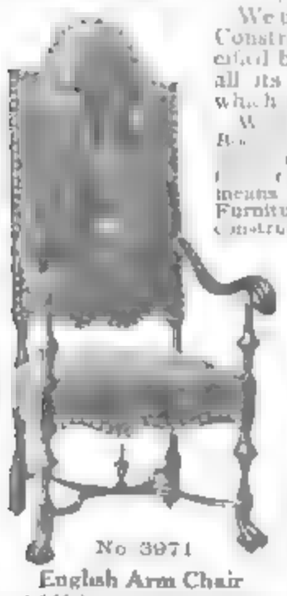
[illegible] re of Karpen [illegible] Morocco Leather [illegible] weaves, [illegible]



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In Imported Tapestry

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50 Times the Strength

The most exquisite perfume ever made. Lasts 50 times as long as ordinary kinds. A new process, made without alcohol, gives only pure distilled odor of flowers (not diluted with anything). Don't use a drop—just touch long stopper.

$1.50 a bottle—druggists or mail
Send check, stamps, money order or currency

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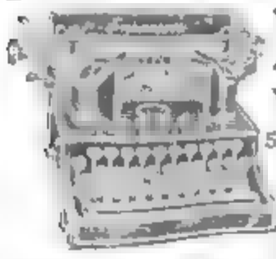
"Flower Drops" Toilet Water, $1.00, $1.75, $3.00 bottles. Other High Grade Rieger Perfumes, 50c an oz. up at dealers in perfume

Rieger's Flower Drops

Rieger's Perfumes



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Pensacola's seafront water connection by river and canal with the mines of the interior. Steel, that now costs three dollars a ton to bring to Pensacola, can be brought by barge for a freight rate of seventy-five cents. Cotton, that now bears a tariff of one dollar to two dollars a bale to the [illegible] front, will be laid on the docks at fifty cents a bale. If these new rates do not bring to Pensacola the same increase in commerce enjoyed by Savannah and Galveston, then the capitalists now investing in Pensacola are wrong in their anticipations. Pensacola is 1344 miles from Panama, compared to 1371 for Mobile, 1380 for New Orleans, 1480 for Galveston. The population has increased from six thousand to thirty thousand in the past decade. Manufactures have gone up fifty per cent in the last two years; and Pensacola, by way of proving her confidence in her own future, has just completed one hundred and thirty miles of boulevard and paving equal to anything in the United States.

In one year, with a spirit that emulated Los Angeles, Pensacola spent on civic improvements one hundred dollars for every inhabitant, white and colored. This did not include a half-million-dollar hotel which the citizens built by subscription in anticipation of the opening of Panama, when every port on the Gulf looks for a quickening of the pace. Pensacola begins her career with one advantage over Los Angeles—she has the harbor ready made at her door; and the two places are much alike in dauntless confidence, a united spirit and the good fortune to have citizens rich enough to back hopes with cash; however, if Pensacola is to win in the race of the Gulf ports for ascendency in Panama traffic she must acquire three more things—more railroads, independent ships, and such a terminal system as Montreal or New Orleans has put in. It would pay to send a delegation to Montreal to see how that port, with a five months' season, ships twenty million bushels of wheat compared to New York's six or ten millions.

Difficulties Made by Man

Two million dollars have been spent improving the channel at Mobile; and Mobile has just bought from the Government the old Cuban drydock taken over from Spain. In 1895, when the channel at Mobile was twenty-three feet, two hundred and ninety steamers a year called at the port. After the deepening of the channel to twenty-six and twenty-eight feet, six hundred and eighteen steamers a year called at Mobile. Mobile will be able to deliver bunker coal cheaper than any other harbor in America—under two dollars a ton; the result of water and towboat connection with the mines. Mobile plans coal deliveries not only to Panama liners, but for California and South America, where prices now range from ten dollars a ton up. Mobile plans to deliver coal to those regions at from three dollars to six dollars a ton. Can she do this? If she is not hampered by high Panama tolls she can. Likewise she can deliver steel and iron at lower freight and terminal charges than any harbor if she is not hampered by high tolls.

"It is one of the cases," said Secretary Thurley, of the board of trade, "where tolls on Panama traffic simply mean putting so much extra freight charge in the pockets of the railroads and exacting so much higher price for coal from the American public. If the railroads can jack up the price of steel to boatbuilders, and harry steamers by delays, and bedevil terminals, and dictate a tonnage over the water route—then all I have to say is: 'Good by to the United States for all benefit from Panama!' Our trouble here is never to supply a cargo for a ship. We can always supply a cargo for an outward-bound vessel. The trouble is to get a cargo for the ship coming in. When you know the steamers are all controlled by the railroads you do not need any explanation of that difficulty. It is a man-made difficulty and could be removed."

"We find," says the majority report of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, investigating Panama tolls in Washington—"We find that the operators of the coastwise lines are very shifty and discreet, and do not need the remission of tolls." If they had added "because the liners are owned by the railroads" the statement would have been complete.

New Orleans' plans for Panama traffic are so interwoven with the Mississippi Valley that they must be given with the story of the river.

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—have been the most treasured adornments—the most beautiful specimens of the jeweler's art. Nothing else is so dainty. Nothing else looks so well. Every man, woman and child should wear a solid gold set-ring, especially since anyone, now, can *safely buy* such a ring.

In "W-W-W" Rings all stones save diamonds, are guaranteed secure. There is no chance to lose any money through the loss of a stone. These rings are investments. We, White, Wile & Warner, are the security. Yet they cost no more than rings of cheaper quality.

We are ring specialists. Our entire factory is used in *building* stones into "W-W-W" ring settings so they will *stay*. We *guarantee* these rings without any time limit. If a stone comes out, and is lost, we will give you a new one free. This holds good as long as you wear the ring.

The great value of [illegible] in the stones. We could give [illegible] to [illegible] W-W-W" Rings if we [illegible] hundreds of dollars. [illegible] "W-W-W" Rings for $2 [illegible]

All "W-W-W" Rings are standard [illegible] solid gold. We set all kinds of [illegible]

Give gem-set rings for birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, weddings and other special occasions. [illegible] jeweler to show you his [illegible] of the many beautiful and exclusive "W-W-W" designs. Wear your birthstone—it is thought to be "lucky." We produce over 3,000 designs. If your jeweler hasn't "W-W-W" Rings in stock, send us his name and we'll see that you are supplied. Write for the Catalog now—it tells all about these rings. You ought to see it. Just send a postal.

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We have no special way of setting. We simply use extreme care and the highest-priced skill obtainable. That is all there is to it. We have produced several hundred unique designs.

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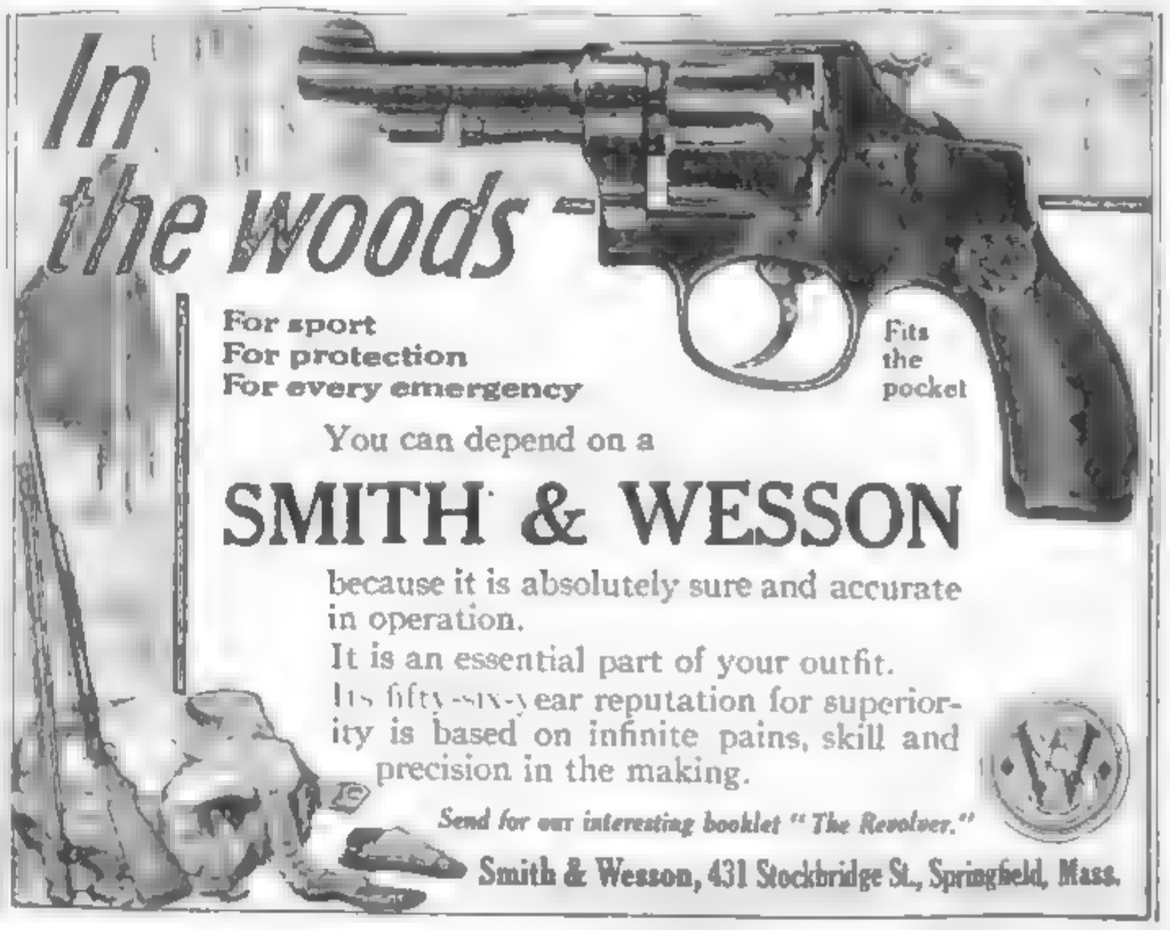

In the woods

For sport
For protection
For every emergency

Fits the pocket

You can depend on a

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Its fifty-six-year reputation for superiority is based on infinite pains, skill and precision in the making.

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You tilt the blade like this

You shave as you've always shaved, like this

But it isn't creeping into the razors—that's the trouble. No use telling men they can acquire this stroke. It's like asking them to learn the barber's trade.

But the diagonal stroke is the thing; all razor makers admit it. It is not a matter of preference, it is the only way to get a real shave.

And the way to get this stroke is to use the razor that gives it—the Young

Any-Angle Razor

Note the pictures—a touch tilts the blade and there is your slanting stroke!
Nothing to learn, nothing to do but shave as you've always shaved!
Try the Any-Angle Razor.

Your money back without a word if dissatisfied after a thirty day trial.

All dealers are authorized to refund your money if you return the Any-Angle Razor 30 days after purchase. If your dealer cannot supply you send the price of the razor to us with same return privilege.

The price of the Any-Angle Razor and 12 keen blades, in rich, genuine leather case, is **$3.00**

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Leading makers of ready-to-wear clothing can supply any retailer with Sumar Suits.

THE POLICEMAN AND HIS WORK

(Concluded from Page 17)

with the convicted offender lies in teaching. The first step in this direction came when boys and girls guilty of crime were separated from convicts and sent to reformatories. Another step ahead came when first offenders were separated from old ones. Then came the teaching of trades in prisons and the endeavor to see that discharged prisoners got started right in the outer world under a system of probation.

Within the next generation great things are to be expected from these new methods. The prisoner sentenced for crimes of malice often has energy, ambition and a passion for the good, the just and the new, according to one of the most eminent students of criminal psychology; and these qualities need proper direction. The swindler, the forger, the counterfeiter, the better-class thief—all have some good qualities to start on. It is a rare lawbreaker who is not liberally endowed with vanity, at least—a prime-moving force of great possibilities in the hands of a first-rate manager of men. The swindler is usually gifted with imagination so much so that Lombroso thought he would make his mark as a novelist; the counterfeiter and forger are artists, but they work in an unlawful field—and so on.

There is a business man in New York who spent his whole boyhood within prison walls because his father was superintendent of a penitentiary. His memories of those days are agreeable, for the lawbreakers, so sullen in the hands of the police, became very human fellows, as a rule, while serving their sentences. There was work and remission of time for good behavior, and other humanizing influences. The lad had many friends in stripes. The best of all was a grizzled "trusty," known as Boston Jimmy, who was serving a long term for forgery. Jimmy had found it impossible to repress his faculty for imitating other people's writing. It was a natural skill that had got him into trouble again and again. He loved the superintendent's boy, and would give him all sorts of good advice and do him any kind of service; but there was one good turn that Jimmy delighted to render more than any other: when the boy had played hooky from school Jimmy would forge him a fine excuse to the teacher in his father's handwriting!

Raffles to the Rescue

One fact not widely recognized in connection with crime is this: there are important business interests behind the fear inspired by the criminal. It is easy enough to take a New York daily paper and—by the criminal items—make it appear that the metropolis is overwhelmed by a "wave of crime"; but the policeman considers New York quite an orderly town. Criminal news occupies much space in newspapers because a very large proportion of news material comes through police channels. And the items in New York dailies are numerous and sensational because they are the misdeeds of a population exceeding that of any state in the Union except Illinois and Pennsylvania. Not only the newspapers have a keen interest in criminal news, but also the burglary-insurance companies, the burglary-protection companies, the safe-deposit concerns, safebuilders, private detective agencies—and so on. These interests undoubtedly reduce crime by giving protection and making people more careful with valuables; but it would be a sad day for them if there were no more criminal news.

Every novel dealing with the exploits of an imaginary Raffles is valuable as publicity—and every newspaper item that will send a shiver down the law-abiding spine. Charges of police laxity and beliefs in "crime waves" can often be traced pretty close to interests of that character, along with figures purporting to show the annual burglary loss—made up of liberal estimates on every sort of crime, with the lost cats and dogs thrown in to swell the grand total.

The conscientious policeman, putting in his seven days a week to keep the town in order, is perhaps justified in believing—as he sometimes does—that some of those interests occasionally undertake a little spectacular burglary on their own account when business needs stimulating.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Smoke Talk №9

Mental Fog

and dizzy nerves come from smoking strong, heavy cigars. They're rich in nicotine. There's a whole lot of enjoyment and very little harm in that full flavored blend of light Havana and right domestic in the

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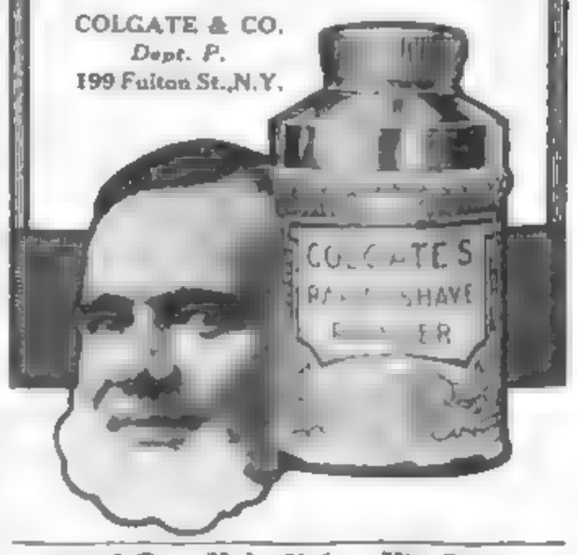
Made by STRAITON & STORM, New York, since 1857

Ask your Doctor

COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

A quick lather—a clean shave. Trial box (*size shown*) sent for four cents postage.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P.
199 Fulton St., N.Y.



1912 Yale Helps His Business

A Galveston, Tex., roofing contractor writes that with his *Yale* he covers so much more territory that his business increased 50% in 8 months, and he gained 31 lbs

The 1912 Yale Offers You

more drop forgings than any other motorcycle; the Y-A Shock Absorber "that Absorbs the Shock 2¾ in. Studded Tires, Auto Fender Mud Guards, Eclipse Free Engine Clutch, Full High Forks, Eccentric Yoke, Triple Anchored Handle-Bars, Muffler Cut-Out, comfortable saddle position and Mechanical Oiler on Twins.

Write 1912 literature, describing the four new Yale [illegible] H P Twin [illegible] and ask for it

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

Your own skin will tell you why it needs this kind of nether-wear

NOTE—Keepkool garments are not classed under the common name of underwear. They are called "nether-wear,"—because they are so uncommon!

SUPPOSE you are a live, active, hearty, red-blooded man,—will you want to feel like a hot baked apple all summer?

Consider!—your body is a veritable furnace. It is a generator of intense heat. Your skin is the radiator, and your skin-wear is the ventilator—the conductor that should carry off the heat.

Think of the thousands of exuding, perspiring pores in your skin! Think of the millions of raging red corpuscles in your blood—how will you keep cool in "sizzle" weather?

Really!—there is only one right answer:

Keepkool
TRADE MARK
NETHERWEAR

Look at the illustration,—see the elastic, ribbed, lock-stitched, perforated, open-meshed, web-like, knitted fabric. It is made this way to serve several good purposes.

The eyelets are little exits—they allow the imprisoned heat to escape. The ribs are air-channels—they permit the outer air to circulate next to the skin.

The web-thread mesh between the ribs absorbs the moisture. All of which are real reasons why Keepkool are the most rational, logical, hygienic, absorbent, ventilating garments for skin-wear!

Don't confuse Keepkool Nether-wear with other "holey underwear." Get the real thing for your skin's sake! Of most dealers, or by mail.

Separate Garments—Men's, 50c; Boys', 25c. Amazing ease and fit in Union Suits—Men's, $1.00; Boys', 50c. Write for Style Book and sample of fabric.

Sent on receipt of price. State size, and specify whether athletic shirt, long or short sleeves; drawers, knee or ankle length.

THE FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

SOFT finished for Summer wear. "Nassau," a particularly good-fitting outing collar, and Arrow Shirts in fast colorings and uncommon patterns. *Collars, 2 for 25c.* *Shirts, $1.50 & $2.00*

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 457 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

SNUGTEX Fabric Belt

DOES your belt match your suit? That's the style. The Snugtex Fabric Belt is made in colors to match any suit. White for flannels or ducks; blues for serge; grays, browns and black for mixtures.

Snugtex (worsted) Belts have a short strip of elastic fabric under the flap. Hold firmly without binding.

Snugtex Belts (with the elastic feature), made of worsted fabric, patented tongueless buckles, **Price $1.00.**

Snugtex Belts (without the elastic feature), made of special fabric, with tongue buckles, 50 cents.

Every Snugtex Belt is guaranteed for a year. ***Get one at your Men's Furnishing Store.*** If they haven't Snugtex write us.

SMITH WEBBING CO., 350 Broadway, New York

Makers of "Smith-Web" narrow fabrics—elastic and non-elastic. **Manufactory, Pawtucket, R. I.**

JANE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Hey," he called, "whoever that is come in and fix the lights. They're broken. And I want some bread and milk. I can't sleep on an empty stomach!"

Jane padded on past the room where love lay cold and dead, down the corridor with its alarming echoes. The house seemed very quiet. At a corner unexpectedly she collided with some one going hastily. The result was a crash and a deluge of hot water. Jane got a drop on her bare ankle, and as soon as she could breathe she screamed.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" demanded the red-haired person angrily. "I've been an hour boiling that water, and now it has to be done over again!"

"It would do a lot of good to look!" retorted Jane. "But if you wish I'll carry a bell!"

"The thing for you to do," said the red-haired person severely, "is to go back to bed like a good girl and stay there until morning. The light is cut off."

"Really!" said Jane. "I thought it had just gone out for a walk. I daresay I may have a box of matches at least?"

He fumbled in his pockets without success.

"Not a match, of course!" he said disgustedly. "Was any one ever in such an infernal mess? Can't you get back to your room without matches?"

"I shan't go back at all unless I have some sort of light," maintained Jane. "I'm—horribly frightened!"

The break in her voice caught his attention and he put his hand out gently and took her arm.

"Now listen," he said. "You've been brave and fine all day, and don't stop it now. I—I've got all I can manage. Mary O'Shaughnessy is ——" He stopped. "I'm going to be very busy," he said with half a groan. "I surely do wish you were forty for the next few hours. But you'll go back and stay in your room, won't you?"

He patted her arm, which Jane particularly hated generally. But Jane had altered considerably since morning.

"Then you cannot go to the telephone?"

"Not tonight."

"And Higgins?"

"Higgins has gone," he said. "He slipped off an hour ago. We'll have to manage tonight somehow. Now will you be a good child?"

"I'll go back," she promised meekly. "I'm sorry I'm not forty."

He turned her round and started her in the right direction with a little push. But she had gone only a step or two when she heard him coming after her quickly.

"Where are you?"

"Here," quavered Jane, not quite sure of him or of herself perhaps.

But when he stopped beside her he didn't try to touch her arm again. He only said:

"I wouldn't have you forty for anything in the world. I want you to be just as you are, very beautiful and young."

Then, as if he was afraid he would say too much, he turned on his heel, and a moment after he kicked against the fallen pitcher in the darkness and awoke a thousand echoes. As for Jane, she put her fingers to her ears and ran to her room, where she slammed the door and crawled into bed with burning cheeks.

Jane was never sure whether it was five minutes later or five seconds when somebody in the room spoke—from a chair by the window.

"Do you think," said a mild voice—"do you think you could find me some bread and butter? Or a glass of milk?"

Jane sat up in bed suddenly. She knew at once that she had made a mistake, but she was quite dignified about it. She looked over at the chair, and the convalescent typhoid was sitting in it, wrapped in a blanket and looking wan and ghostly in the dusk.

"I'm afraid I'm in the wrong room," Jane said very stiffly, trying to get out of the bed with dignity, which is difficult. "The hall is dark and all the doors look so alike ——"

She made for the door at that and got out into the hall with her heart going a thousand a minute again.

"You've forgotten your slippers," called the convalescent typhoid after her. But nothing would have taken Jane back.

The convalescent typhoid took the slippers home later and locked them away in an inner drawer, where he kept one or two things like faded roses, and old gloves, and a silk necktie that a girl had made him at college—things that are all the secrets a man keeps from his wife and that belong in that small corner of his heart which also he keeps from his wife. But that has nothing to do with Jane.

Jane went back to her own bed thoroughly demoralized. And sleep being pretty well banished by that time, she sat up in bed and thought things over. Before this she had not thought much, only raged and sulked alternately. But now she thought. She thought about the man in the room down the hall with the lines of dissipation on his face. And she thought a great deal about what a silly she had been, and that it was not too late yet, she being not forty and "beautiful." It must be confessed that she thought a great deal about that. Also she reflected that what she deserved was to marry some person with even a worse temper than hers, who would bully her at times and generally keep her straight. And from that, of course, it was only a step to the fact that red-haired people are proverbially bad-tempered!

She thought, too, about Mary O'Shaughnessy without another woman near, and not even a light, except perhaps a candle. Things were always so much worse in the darkness. And perhaps she might be going to be very ill and ought to have another doctor!

Jane seemed to have been reflecting for a long time, when the church clock far down in the village struck nine. And with the chiming of the clock was born, full grown, an idea which before it was sixty seconds of age was a determination.

In pursuance of the idea Jane once more crawled out of bed and began to dress; she put on heavy shoes and a short skirt, a coat, and a motor veil over her hair. The indignation at the defection of the hospital staff, held in subjection during the day by the necessity for doing something, now rose and lent speed and fury to her movements. In an incredibly short time Jane was feeling her way along the hall and down the staircase, now a well of unfathomable blackness and incredible rustlings and creakings.

The front doors were unlocked. Outside there was faint starlight, the chirp of a sleepy bird, and far off across the valley the gasping and wheezing of a freight climbing the heavy grade to the village.

Jane paused at the drive and took a breath. Then at her best gymnasium pace, arms close to sides, head up, feet well planted, she started to run. At the sundial she left the drive and took to the lawn gleaming with the frost of late October. She stopped running then and began to pick her way more cautiously. Even at that she collided heavily with a wire fence marking the boundary, and sat on the ground for some time after, whimpering over the outrage and feeling her nose. It was distinctly scratched and swollen. No one would think her beautiful with a nose like that!

She had not expected the wire fence. It was impossible to climb and more difficult to get under. However, she found one place where the ground dipped, and wormed her way under the fence in most undignified fashion. It is perfectly certain that had Jane's family seen her then and been told that she was doing this remarkable thing for a woman she had never seen before that day, named Mary O'Shaughnessy, and also for a certain red-haired person of whom they had never heard, they would have considered Jane quite irrational. Personally, I believe Jane became really rational that night for the first time in her spoiled young life.

Jane never told the details of that excursion. Those that came out in the paper were only guesswork, of course, but I believe it is quite true that a reporter found scraps of her motor veil on three wire fences, and there seems to be no reason to doubt, also, that her puffs were discovered a week later in a cow pasture on her own estate. But as Jane never wore puffs afterward anyhow ——

Well, Jane got to her own house about eleven and crept in like a thief to the telephone. There were more rustlings and creakings and rumblings in the empty house than she had ever imagined, and she went backward through the hall for fear of

something coming after her. But, which is to the point, she got to the telephone and called up her father in the city.

The first message that astonished gentleman got was that a red-haired person at the hospital was very ill, having run into a wire fence and bruised a nose, and that he was to bring out at once from town two doctors, six nurses, a cook and a furnace man!

After a time, however, as Jane grew calmer, he got straightened out, and said a number of things over the telephone anent the deserting staff that are quite forbidden by the rules both of the club and of the telephone company. He gave Jane full instructions about sending to the village and having somebody come up and stay with her, and about taking a hot footbath and going to bed between blankets, and when Jane replied meekly to everything "Yes, father," and "All right, father," he was so stunned by her mildness that he was certain she must be really ill.

Not that Jane had any idea of doing all these things. She hung up the telephone and gathered all the candles from all the candlesticks on the lower floor, and started back for the hospital. The moon had come up and she had no more trouble with fencing, but she was desperately tired. She climbed the drive slowly, coming to frequent pauses. The hospital, long and low and sleeping, lay before her, and in one upper window there was a small yellow light.

Jane climbed the steps and sat down on the top one. She felt very tired and sad and dejected, and she sat down on the upper step to think of how useless she was, and how much a man must know to be a doctor, and that perhaps she would take up nursing in earnest and amount to something, and ——

It was about three o'clock in the morning when the red-haired person, coming down belatedly to close the front doors, saw a shapeless heap on the porch surrounded by a radius of white-wax candles, and going up shoved at it with his foot. Whereat the heap moved slightly and muttered "Lemme shleep."

The red-haired person said "Good Heavens!" and bending down held a lighted match to the sleeper's face and stared, petrified. Jane opened her eyes, sat up and put her hand over her mutilated nose with one gesture.

"You!" said the red-haired person. And then mercifully the match went out.

"Don't light another," said Jane. "I'm an alarming sight. Would—would you mind feeling if my nose is broken?"

He didn't move to examine it. He just kept on kneeling and staring.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Over to telephone," said Jane, and yawned. "They're bringing everybody in automobiles—doctors, nurses, furnace man—oh, dear me, I hope I mentioned a cook!"

"Do you mean to say," said the red-haired person wonderingly, "that you went by yourself across the fields and telephoned to get me out of this mess?"

"Not at all," Jane corrected him coolly. "I'm in the mess myself."

"You'll be ill again."

"I never was ill," said Jane. "I was here for a mean disposition."

Jane sat in the moonlight with her hands in her lap and looked at him calmly. The red-haired person reached over and took both her hands.

"You're a heroine," he said, and bending down he kissed first one and then the other. "Isn't it bad enough that you are beautiful without your also being brave?"

Jane eyed him, but he was in deadly earnest. In the moonlight his hair was really not red at all, and he looked pale and very, very tired. Something inside of Jane gave a curious thrill that was half pain. Perhaps it was the dying of her temper, perhaps ——

"Am I still beautiful with this nose?" she asked.

"You are everything that a woman should be," he said, and dropping her hands he got up. He stood there in the moonlight, straight and young and crowned with despair, and Jane looked up from under her long lashes.

"Then why don't you stay where you were?" she asked.

At that he reached down and took her hands again and pulled her to her feet. He was very strong.

"Because if I do I'll never leave you again," he said. "And I must go."

He dropped her hands, or tried to, but Jane wasn't ready to be dropped.

"You know," she said, "I've told you I'm a sulky, bad-tempered ——"

But at that he laughed suddenly triumphantly, and put both his arms around her and held her close.

"I love you," he said, "and if you are bad-tempered, so am I, only I think I'm worse. It's a shame to spoil two houses with us, isn't it?"

To her eternal shame be it told, Jane never struggled. She simply held up her mouth to be kissed.

That is really all the story. Jane's father came with three automobiles that morning at dawn, bringing with him all that goes to make up a hospital, from a pharmacy clerk to absorbent cotton, and having left the new supplies in the office he stamped upstairs to Jane's room and flung open the door.

He expected to find Jane in hysterics and the pink-silk kimono.

What he really saw was this: A coal fire was lighted in Jane's grate, and in a low chair before it, with her nose swollen level with her forehead, sat Jane, holding on her lap Mary O'Shaughnessy's baby, very new and magenta-colored and yelling like a trooper. Kneeling beside the chair was a tall, red-headed person holding a bottle of olive oil.

"Now, sweetest," the red-haired person was saying, "turn him on his tummy and we'll rub his back. Gee, isn't that a fat back!"

And as Jane's father stared and Jane anxiously turned the baby, the red-haired person leaned over and kissed the back of Jane's neck.

"Jane!" he whispered.

"Jane!!" said her father.

Wholesale Economy

ONE of the great manufacturing corporations, with offices in various cities, has instituted a system by which one man is stationery buyer for the entire string of offices. He not only buys all the writing paper and all paper that is to be used for printed forms and advertising matter—the item of paper running into many thousands of dollars a year—but also sees to the purchase of pens and pencils, of pads and ribbons; in short, of all sorts of office supplies.

The purchase of typewriters is also in his province; and his procedure as to them will give an idea of the broad scope of his work, for every machine is recorded and a history kept of its life and its repair bills. When a requisition comes for expensive repairs for, say, typewriter number fifty-three, the buyer looks at the record to see if the machine's life has already been so expensive as to indicate a worn-out condition and the need for being discarded rather than be the cause of further expense. This record, too, shows whether operators make machines last well or wear them out quickly.

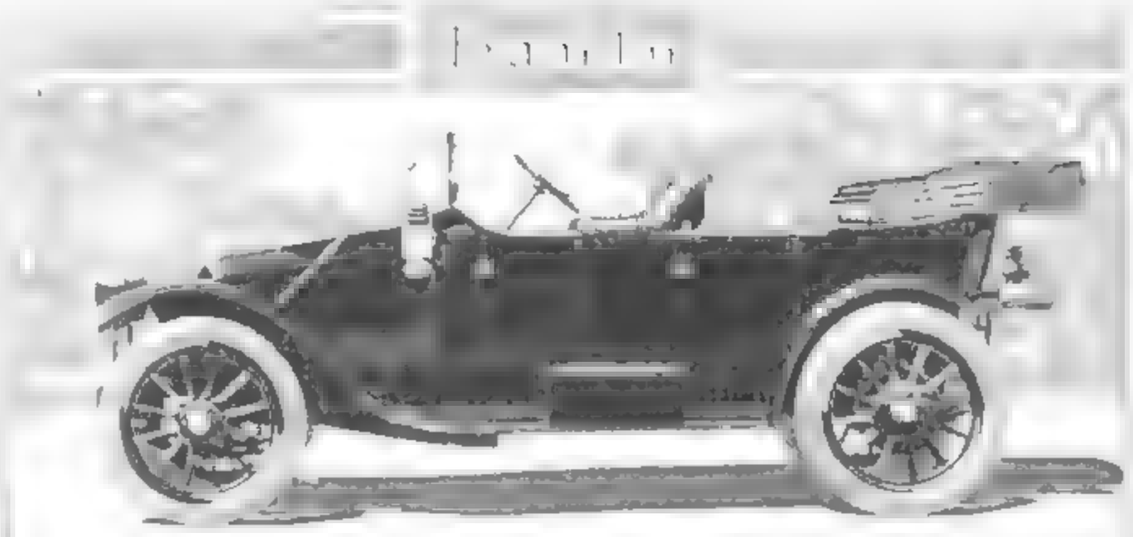
Pencils for this corporation are bought in great quantities, direct from the manufacturers; and each one is made with the company's name branded upon it, this being also the case with the pens, while the writing paper is watermarked with the company's name.

No clerk is allowed to sharpen pencils with his knife, for that method is wasteful; there is a machine in each office that does this work in a moment. The office forces of this corporation are so large, not only in the aggregate but singly, that the annual saving through this centralization of buying is very important.

Not only does the buyer purchase typewriters but he buys all other office machines, including those for manifolding circulars and those that add and subtract and divide; for no clerk in the accounting department is now permitted to figure "by brain," as machines think more quickly and reliably and make for general office economy.

A special calculating machine used in these offices is made for long divisions, of which they have thousands of items in their cost figuring.

This system involves a great deal of watchfulness and judgment in the branch offices, so as not to run out of supplies and yet not to overstock; and any serious overstocking, whether the result of carelessness or intentional, or by the careless use of too many supplies, is promptly detected, as requisition makers have found to their cost.



Franklin D Touring

The big brother of the "Little Six".
A light-weight full size five-passenger car comfortable, speedy and economical.

The average man drives his car as far in a day, and as fast, as safety and the comfort of the passengers will permit.

The Franklin goes farther and faster than other cars because it goes with greater safety and comfort.

It runs longer and faster and makes more miles and more trips without mechanical troubles.

It uses less gasoline and oil and wears out fewer tires than any other car of its size and power.

It follows the road easier than any other car. Steering is without effort.

For these reasons the Franklin represents the utmost luxury in an automobile at any speed on any road.

Thirty-five hundred dollars at the factory.

Write for catalogue of all models

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse N Y

Travelers: Use

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS CHEQUES

At All Hotels

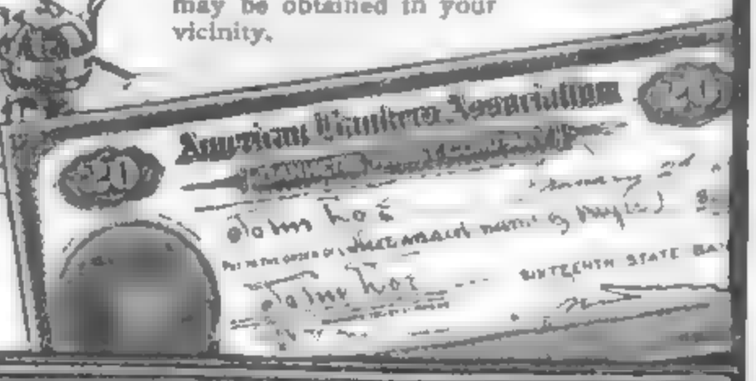
Hotel people all over the world will be glad to accept your "A. B. A." Cheques in payment of bills. They know that these cheques are *safe*, are *good for full value*, and *identify* the stranger presenting them.

Do not ask the hotel man to accept your unknown draft or check; it is not fair to him, and may be embarrassing for you.

"A. B. A." Cheques ($10, $20, $50 and $100) are being used to pay the way of thousands of travelers in all parts of the globe.

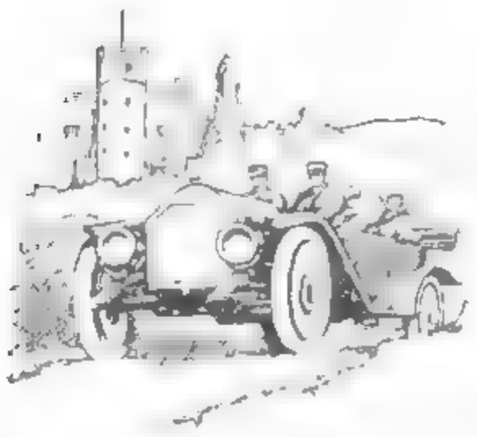
They have a great many uses and advantages which are described in an interesting booklet "The Most Convenient Cheque."

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall St., New York, for the booklet and information as to where "A. B. A." Cheques may be obtained in your vicinity.



BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Why we lead the world in lubrication.



In addition to the American market, we supply lubricants to over 70 foreign automobile manufacturers.

Words and claims—no matter how oily—won't lubricate your car.

Your business sense asks:

"Who made the oil?"

We will sketch briefly the experience behind the oils recommended below.

Power-engineers all over the world recognize the authoritative leadership of the Vacuum Oil Company.

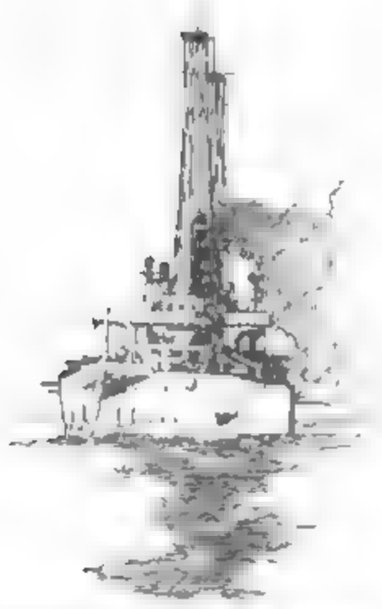
From Stockholm to Cape Town, from New York to Shanghai, leading manufacturing plants depend on our Gargoyle brand lubricants.

We supply 75% of the world's battleships, most of the ocean greyhounds, and practically every aeroplane in active use. Outside of the American market, we furnish lubricants to over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

Such buyers show small interest in words and claims, or price per gallon.

They select an oil for only one reason—because it gives more and better lubrication *per dollar expended.*

That necessitates both the right *quality* of oil and the correct *grade* for the purpose.



We supply lubricants to the navies of the world's leading naval powers.

The success of Gargoyle Mobiloils with American and foreign automobilists is due to exact manufacturing methods.

Before making our recommendations, we analyzed the construction of every American car and practically every foreign make.

That was not easy. But correct lubrication is not an easy problem.

Different makes of automobile motors differ widely. Several distinct grades of lubricating oil were needed.

We produced these oils, distilling and filtering them to remove free carbon.

The various grades were given the following names:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

Below you will see listed the correct grade of oil for 111 makes of automobiles for both Summer and Winter.

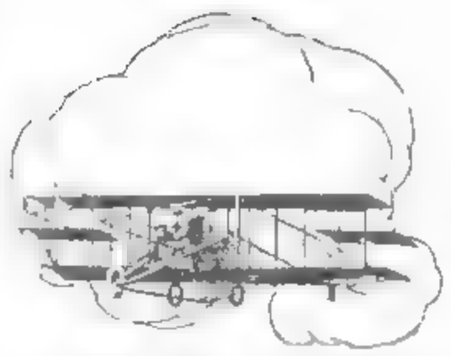
Space limits the list of cars. On request we will supply our more complete list with recommendations.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are put up in barrels, half-barrels, and in 5 and 1 gallon sealed, white cans. All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

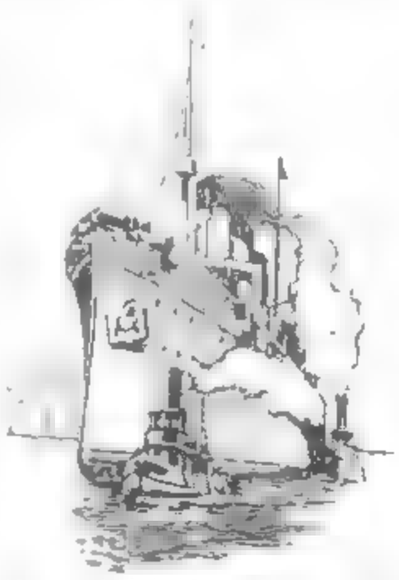
They are handled by the higher class garages, auto-supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, U. S. A.

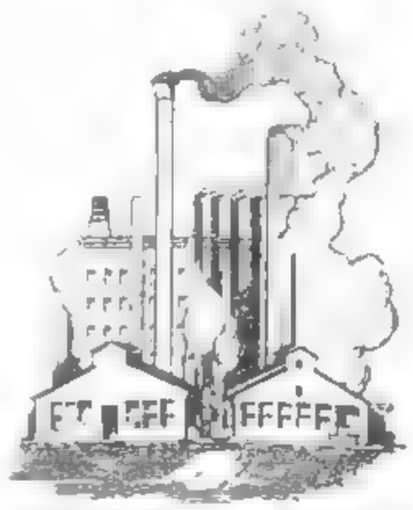
Distributing Warehouses in the Principal Cities of the World.



We supply lubricants to practically every aeroplane in active use.



We supply lubricants to the leading ocean steamship companies all over the world.



We supply lubricants to leading [illegible] every quarter of the globe.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
[illegible] Detroit	...	..	..	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]										
[illegible]										
[illegible]	B	B	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Atlas	A	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	A
[illegible]			F	F	F	F	Arc	Arc	A	A
[illegible]										
Austin	..	\	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl)	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]										
" (4 cyl)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Benz	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	...	...			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Buick (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]										
" (4 cyl)	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Cartercar	A	E	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Com'l.	B	A	A	A	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Case	...	...					A	A	A	Arc.
Chadwick	A	A	A	A	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
[illegible]	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]	A	E	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A
[illegible]									A	A
[illegible]	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\
[illegible]	...	...	...	...	A	...	A	...	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
[illegible]			...	...			A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	E	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	B	A
[illegible]	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]	...	...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]	A	E	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A
[illegible]							E	E	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]	\	\	B	\	\	\	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]	\	\	B	\	1	\	B	A	A	Arc
[illegible]							A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]			\	\	\	\	\	\		
[illegible]										

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Hewitt (4 cyl)	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	E	E
[illegible]										
[illegible]										
[illegible]	B	A	[illegible]		B	[illegible]	B	B	[illegible]	A
Interstate	...	...	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]										
Jackson (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl)	A	F	A	F	A	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Kissel-Kar	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" Com'l.	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Kline Kar	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Knox	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	\	F	A	\	\	\	\	\	\	\
" Com'l.	A	A	...	...	...	...	A	E	A	E
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	Arc	B	Arc.
Locomobile	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Lozier	A	E	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Mack	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
Marion	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.
Marmon	B	E	Arc	Arc	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.

MODEL OF CARS	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Matheson	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	[illegible]
[illegible]										
Mercedes	..	L	..	L	..	L	..	L	..	L
Mercedes Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A	A	A
Mercer					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]										
Mitchell	A	E	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]										
National	A	E	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	..	..	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	..	..	A	E	A	E				
Overland	..	..	A	..	A	E				
Packard	..	..	..	..	..	..				
Panhard	..	..	..	..	..	..				
[illegible]										
Peerless										
Pennsylvania	A	E	A	I	A	I	A	I	A	I
Pierce Arrow	A	E	A	..	A	..	A	..	A	..
" Com'l.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pope Hartford	A	E	A	I	A	I	A	I	A	I
Premier	A	E	A	..	A	..	A	..	A	..
Rambler	A	E	A	..	A	..	A	..	A	..
Rapid	A	A	A	..	A	..	A	..	A	..
Regal	..	..	A	..	A	..	A	..	A	..
[illegible]	A	F	A	..	A	..	A	..	A	..
[illegible]										
[illegible]										
Selden	A	E	A	I	A	I	A	I	A	I
Simplex	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
[illegible]	\	F	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\
Stearns Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A
Stevens Duryea	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard Dayton	..	..	E	E	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Stoddard Dayton-Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	A	A	A
Thomas	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
[illegible]	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\	\
Welch	A	E	A	E	A	E	..	..	..	..
[illegible]										
White (Gas)	..	..	..	..	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	A	E	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc.

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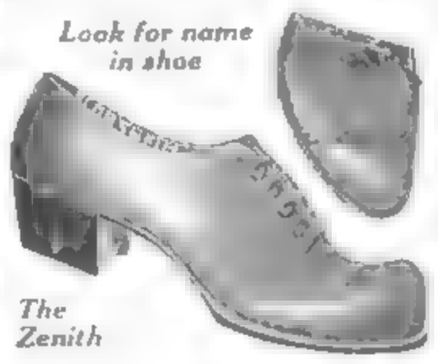

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Write for illustrated booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
571 Adams Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIZARD'S FIXER

(Continued from Page 8)

the lady, and that he didn't blame her husband for smashing him—any white man would have done the same thing! Hector was a hero in Cornersville all that week and business was fine.

In another small town—it was in Maryland—we had another mighty close call, but again Hector's shrewdness saved him. When I reached this town two days ahead of the show the chief of police was agreeable to the idea of helping us out, but he wouldn't let me see his handcuffs until just before our performance started; he just kept on saying that they were regular handcuffs. When I did see them I had a cold, sinking sensation at the pit of my stomach. They were what were known as trigger cuffs—manacles so cruel that their use, I believe, is now prohibited. Any attempt to loosen them by the person who is wearing them has the effect of tightening the bracelets, while at the same time a trigger automatically presses deeper and deeper into his wrist until he is helpless from pain. I hurried off to tell Hector, but he didn't get excited a bit.

"Leave it to me!" was all he said.

The chief was on hand at eight-fifteen—with all his friends. He had been making his brags round town that he was going to win that forfeit and make the Great Hector look cheap. There was a rousing big crowd on hand. Hector escaped from an Oregon boot, from two pairs of triple-bolt cuffs and from an old-fashioned pair of wrist irons that operated with a friction key—all our own properties. Then came the chief's turn; his name was Bowen. While Hector was spieling, his wife took the trigger cuffs from Bowen under pretense of examining them. She only kept them a minute or two and handed them back. Bowen adjusted them to Hector's wrists and tried to lock them, but he couldn't make the key fit into the keyholes. He worked away for five minutes or more, growing more flustered all the time; and finally the crowd began to titter. Hector, who had been enduring the wait with the utmost patience, asked permission to see if he couldn't find out what the trouble was. He raised his wrists to his mouth and sucked a birdshot out of one of the keyholes; but there were plenty of birdshot left in the mechanism. You could hear them rattling round inside.

"Chief," said Hector, "your cuffs are worthless. Some one has been tampering with them. They'll never operate again until you take them apart and clean all that lead out of the locks."

The Packing-Box Trick

Bowen fell for it. I don't know why he didn't suspect Hector's wife, who was the person he should have suspected, of course—but he didn't. He jumped at the conclusion that one of his own men had loaded the cuffs in an effort to make him look foolish. He left the stage swearing he would find the guilty man and kick him off the force.

The marvelous box escape was one of our best stunts. We would challenge the citizens of a town to provide a wooden box in which Hector would be securely nailed and roped up, and from which he would then escape, leaving the box and the ropes intact. We only specified that the box should be four feet wide, four feet long and four feet high, and that it must be built of white pine—don't forget the white-pine part. I would arrange with the staff of the packing department of the biggest furniture store in town to do the nailing up. We furnished them with the nails—plenty of big, long spikes and some eightpenny wire nails. Hector and Gus and I would work them so hard, putting the ends and the top and bottom of the box together, that, when it came time to put the sides on, they would be worn out. About then I'd keep forcing the long spikes on them, telling them we wanted the box made good and stout. The result was that, when Hector had climbed inside the almost completed box, and those tired clerks and packers got ready to fasten the two remaining side planks on, the spikes would be gone and there would be nothing left but eightpenny wire nails, which barely penetrated the board. Then they would bind rope round the box; and, after a committee had examined our cabinet

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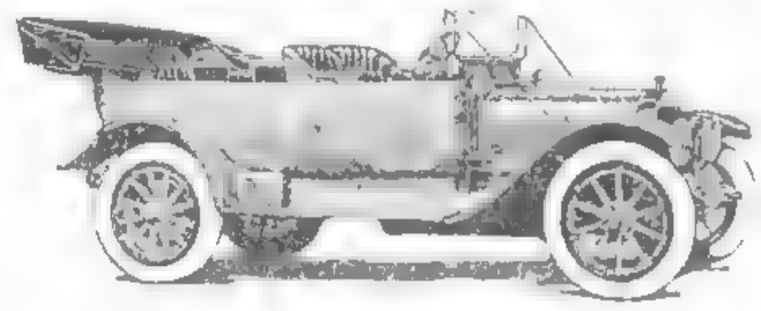

IN this era of motor car refinement, the White Six stands pre-eminent as the one and only Six that embodies all of these most advanced and desirable features of construction and design.

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LONG STROKE MOTOR
MONOBLOC CYLINDERS
LEFT SIDE DRIVE
RIGHT HAND CONTROL
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CONCEALED DOOR FITTINGS

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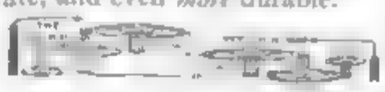
GRU-EN VERITHIN WATCH

—"fits your pocket like a silver dollar."

Only *half* as thick as the ordinary watch, yet *guaranteed* accurate, and even *more* durable.



Attempts to cut down watch [illegible] size of [illegible] cause a loss of accuracy and durability. In the Gruen Verithin, foreign skill, plus American ingenuity has *built up* the new wheel arrangement illustrated. This reduces movement space *one half*, yet retains full strength, accuracy and durability.

[illegible] essentially so limited that only [illegible]

[illegible] Story of the Gruen Verithin

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Prices [illegible]

The Highest Perfection

Wick Fancy Hat Bands

Color **is so entirely *the* fashion in men's clothes this year that Wick has had to bring out *one hundred and thirty-two new* Fancy Hat Bands.**

Get a *Wick* Band today—with the Wick *Label* attached, if you want the good style and the correct colors.

Fasten it on in a jiffy with the "little hooks."

Good hatters and haberdashers can supply you the *Wick* Bands. If yours cannot—write us *direct.* Tell us what colors you want and enclose 50 cents for each Band.

Special Club and Fraternity Bands made to order

Wick Narrow Fabric Co.
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Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The ostrich can't fly—has too much weight for its wing power. The Vanadium built Ford has all the weight it needs for strength plus—but it's the lightest car for its size in the world. Seventy-five thousand new Fords will be sold this year—principally because it's not an ostrich car.

All Fords are Model T's—all alike except the bodies. The two-passenger runabout costs $590—the five-passenger touring car $690—the delivery car $700—the town car $900—f. o. b. Detroit, completely equipped. Get latest catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit—and name of your nearest Ford representative.

for trapdoors and hidden confederates, we would lift the box into the cabinet and close the curtains.

Getting out was a cinch for the boss. By the pressure of his shoulders from within he could easily force off those last two boards. The rope about the middle was really a help to him, because it held the planks steady at their centers and prevented one end from coming out faster than the other—and maybe bending the nails. As soon as the planks were off he would push them down out of his way, slide out of the opening, replace the two planks and refasten the nails back into the original nailholes in the soft white pine with blows of his hands. Then he would flip back the curtain and step out amid the clamorous approval of the assembled populace.

However, one night he didn't slip out. We waited the customary time and then waited some more; we got sort of uneasy. The madam edged over to the cabinet, listened a minute and then made a jump for that box. We pulled it apart and got Hector out just in time. One of the men from the packing department, it turned out, was also the village humorist. Not only had he nailed Hector's coattail fast, but, after he had helped us lift the box into the cabinet, he had paused long enough to pour a bottle of some foul-smelling, choking chemical through one of the airholes in the top. Hector was limp as a rag and practically unconscious when we got him out, and he was sick as a horse for three days.

Sometimes, instead of the box escape, we would have what we called the mailbag test. Hector would ask that some lady in the town make a stout canvas bag, with a drawstring to it. Then he would submit to having his chained hands thrust into this bag; and, after the sack had been pulled up on his arms and tied and sealed with sealing wax, he would free his wrists of the fetters while standing right there before the audience. This usually made a hit, because it helped to cure the impression—a true impression by-the-way—that he had keys concealed on his person.

Lost His Finger, Kept His Head

The thing was simple as falling off a log. For this trick Hector wore a false finger—you can buy them at any store dealing in magicians' supplies—which fitted snugly down on the third finger of his left hand; the key to the cuffs would be concealed inside. One night, however, a citizen committeeman—he had been a semiprofessional magician himself, we found out afterward—made a quick grab for this false finger and pulled it off. He didn't say anything, but just stood there grinning, thinking he had Hector up a tree. Hector was a pretty foxy person himself, as I may have remarked before. He worked a quick shift by which a pair of the English Bobby cuffs were substituted for the triple-bolt cuffs he had intended to use; and as soon as his hands were inside the bag he knocked the cuffs off by tapping the butts together.

This, by-the-way, was the only test we had in which my fixing did not figure as a prime necessity. Well, yes—there was one other where I didn't figure; in that one Hector did the fixing himself. For an advertisement, he would agree to escape, while stripped nude, from any cell in the city or county jail. He insisted only on these conditions: that he should have the right to examine the cell lock twenty-four hours beforehand; that the lock should not be tampered with; and that while he was escaping some individual—not chosen by him—should stand with his back against the barred door of the cell to screen his private manipulations from the view of the spectators. This is a feat which handcuff experts habitually perform in the presence of admiring male audiences of turnkeys, officials and reporters. It is good business too—it always means free write-ups.

Here was how my boss worked it: On his trip of inspection to the jail the day before the test came off, he would, of course, get a good look at the lock. He specialized in locks. There are fewer standard locks manufactured for jails than you would imagine. Nine times out of ten he knew the lock at a glance; but if he didn't know it he would manage to take an impression of it while he was pretending to examine it—trust him for that. That night he would do a little work with a "spoof" key and a file, and make a key that would open the door.

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Worn with long or short drawers. Prevents shirt from
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For Men & Boys
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Not that one is cleaner in summer, but that it is harder for one to *keep* clean. Even the *best* fabric-towel service is inadequate in summer.

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Coats, Sweaters and Knitted Suits for Men, Women and Children

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$5 A year buys insurance!!
$2000.00 accidental death.
$15.00 weekly benefits, sick or accident.
No assessments—men and women.
16 to 70 years eligible
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Next day, when the time came for the escape, he would wait until nearly all his clothes were off and then ask casually who was to be the man at the door. The choice of the crowd was generally a reporter or a policeman. Hector would go up to this man, shake hands with him and clap him on the shoulder in a friendly way as he explained to him exactly what he was to do. That slap on the shoulder was the secret of the whole thing, for it gave Hector his chance to stick into the back of the man's coat a little black hooked pin, with the black-steel "spoof" key dangling from it. Then he would hurriedly slip off his remaining garments, submit to a search of his person—his hair, mouth, nostrils, toes, fingers and all—and jump into the cell and let them lock the door. His unwitting assistant would back up against the cell door and the timekeeper would start checking the minutes off on Hector. Hector, pretending to manipulate the lock in the shelter of the other's figure, would reach his fingers through the bars, gently disengage the "spoof" key from where it dangled on the back of the man's coat, unlock the door, hide the little key in a crack in the floor or in the wall, swing the door open and step out. In all the six years I worked for him no slip-up ever occurred—and he must have worked the jail-breaking trick a hundred times if he worked it once.

When we gave our mind-reading show Hector's good-looking wife—who was billed as Madam Lolla, the Queen of Mystics—had the center of the limelight; but you can bet that it was still little me, off somewhere in the background, who made it possible for her to get away with it. We used to open up this show with an exhibition of the old stunt of answering questions which people out in the audience wrote to themselves. This trick has been exposed time and time again, but it is still the main reliance of a good many so-called mind-readers.

Madam Lolla's Mind-Reading

I would come out in my dress suit, as master of ceremonies, and introduce the madam. Then I would extend a general invitation to everybody to write their questions—on family matters, love affairs, business deals, or whatever they pleased—upon slips of paper and retain the slips, allowing no one to read what they had written. Madam Lolla, by her wonderful gift of divination, would undertake to read the questions and make proper answers to them. I would add:

"For your convenience, our assistants will distribute small pads of ordinary paper and ordinary leadpencils among you; but all who suspect a trick are at perfect liberty to use their own paper and their own pencils."

A few would, but their questions were never answered! Before she got round to them the madam would come out of the trance. Nearly everybody, though, used the pads we furnished—perfectly ordinary-looking little pads—and if you examined one of them you wouldn't find anything wrong with it; but the stiff pasteboard at the back or bottom of the pad had a sheet of paper fastened down smoothly over its upper surface, and under this was a thin layer of prepared paraffin. The pencils we furnished were of hard lead, with sharp new points. Do you see it now?

Well, after the people had written down their questions and torn off the sheets containing them, we would collect the pads and the pencils, leaving the questioners in possession of the written sheets. Behind the scenes, Hector and Gus would work fast, ripping the pasteboard covers apart and dusting the paraffin surface of each pad with powdered lampblack. They'd blow the lampblack off, hold the surface up to a mirror—and there in the tiny indentations made by the pressure of the pencil would be the question as plain as you please. The madam, who had left the stage by now, would get busy memorizing fifteen or twenty of these questions and thinking up good, safe, appropriate answers. She could do this in jigtime, because she had been a stock actress and was what is known in the profession as a quick study. Meanwhile I would be out front addressing the audience on the subject of psychical phenomena; or the inferential construction of sense-perception as it relates to illusion, in contradiction to trance hallucination. The rest of the goods were like this sample—chockfull of the biggest, longest jawbreakers I could dig out of the

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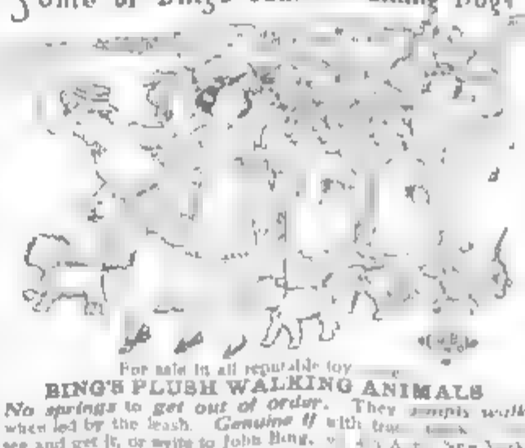

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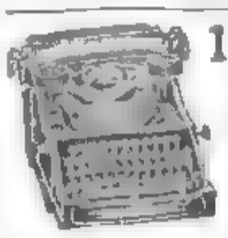

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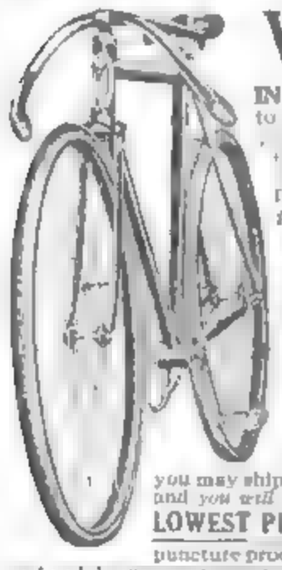

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"I have been asked to find Daniel Quinn," the madam would begin. "Let me think!"—a short, impressive pause. "I seem to see a Daniel Quinn standing at the corner of Fourth and Jefferson Streets, in Louisville, Kentucky. He has been living at such-and-such a number, Breckinridge Street, in that city."

This was Hector's cue to speak up. "Remember," he would say, "we do not guarantee to find the same Daniel Quinn who is missing from his home here in Galesburg. The madam does not profess to be infallible in this most original, unique and difficult of all tests; but we do guarantee that she will find a Daniel Quinn, who may or may not be the man wanted here by his sister. And if any deception or evasion can be proved I will forfeit one thousand dollars in cash to any public charity in your city."

Then he would dictate a telegram to the mayor or the chief of police of Louisville and fire it off then and there, with a request that an answer be sent as soon as possible at his expense. By noon of the next day a collect reply would come back, saying that there was a Daniel Quinn living at the address in Louisville the madam had named, but he was married and had a family, had never been in Galesburg and had no sister there. This would convince the Galesburg people the madam was a genuine mystic; and that night we would have the standing-room-only sign out by eight o'clock. Once, in a town in Iowa—purely by chance of course, and coincidence—we actually did locate the identical person whose whereabouts had been asked for, which helped to show how small a world this is after all, and likewise helped business along a few hundred dollars for us. The people in that town are still talking about us, I guess.

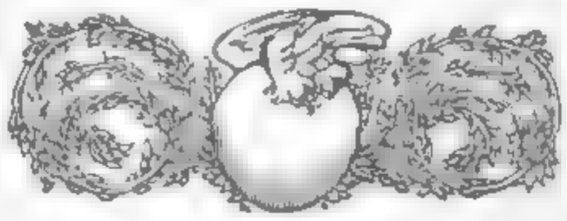
An Old Score Paid

It was a cruel thing to do, though, because sometimes it aroused false hopes temporarily in the mind of some poor old mother grieving for a runaway son or a truant daughter. More than once Hector, who was a decent enough fellow, would send me to an anxious woman to advise her privately not to bank too heavily upon Madam Lolla's gifts, and to be prepared for a disappointment.

I had been away from the town where I was born more than fifteen years before I got back there. Nobody in town knew me—not even my own father. I had changed from a ragged runaway kid to a dapper, self-possessed, alert young man of twenty-six, with a mustache. I didn't tell them who I was—not at first; but I recognized a good many of them. For example, I recognized the bully of the primary school I had attended for six months. He was the most cruel, meanest boy I ever saw—a coward and a sneak; and he had given me many a sorry half-hour when I was nine and he was thirteen. He had grown now into a lubberly lout and was working in the local livery stable, which was where he belonged—among the other brutes! I knew him the moment I laid eyes on him; the memory of the beatings he had inflicted upon me stuck in my memory like a scar. The next night, when the mind-reading show got under way, a German saloonkeeper, a big, high-tempered chap, turned up with a question. Somebody had poisoned his spotted coach-dog and he wanted to know who it was. I tipped the madam off and she accurately described the bully as the probable poisoner of the dog.

The German didn't wait to hear any more. He got right up out of his seat and marched out, and several other men followed him. After the performance I went round to the police station and arranged to pay the German's fine. Coming back to the hotel, I dropped in at the livery stable under some pretense or other, and took a good look at my old enemy—or what was left of him. He was practically a total wreck!

After fifteen years I'd had my revenge! It was pretty soon after that I got married and went into the moving-picture business on my own hook.



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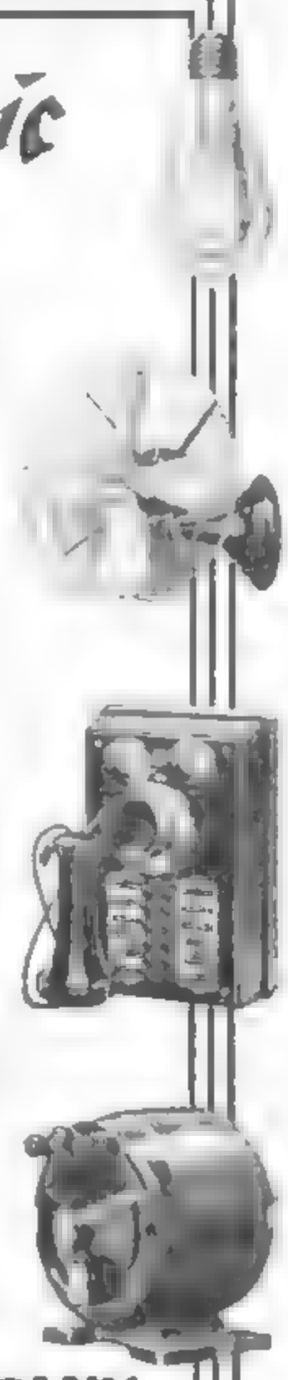

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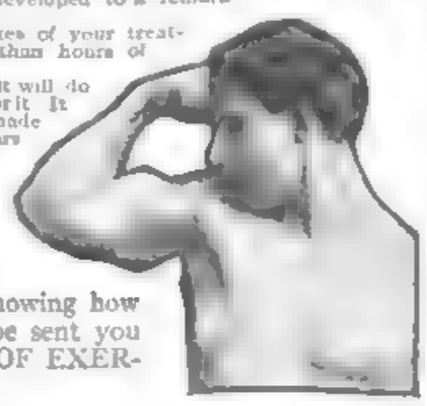

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AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES

Iron—By Roger W. Babson

SIX thousand years ago is the earliest date at which we know iron was in use. Of course it may have been used much earlier than this, but owing to the rusting of the metal it is not unnatural that our records do not go farther back; in fact, the only reason why we now have samples of iron that was used in building the great Pyramids of Egypt is owing to the very dry climate of that country and the fact that very little corrosion exists there.

Remains of large ironworks have been found in Sinai, Southwestern Asia, and it is known that the metal was used by the Babylonians, Assyrians and Chaldeans. Ruins of ironworks are even found on the plains of Mesopotamia, which must have been built years before Christ; in fact, in the fourth chapter of Genesis we find that Tubal-cain is described as "an instructer of every artificer in brass and iron"; and we find other references in parts of the Old Testament to chariots of iron, beds of iron and iron spears.

The art of iron-working seems to have been temporarily lost, for at the time Greece was in her glory iron was a very expensive metal. Later the Romans began to make iron tools, having apparently learned the art—not from the Greeks, but rather from the Spaniards, who the Romans found were using iron swords; in fact, it is said that when Cæsar went to Britain the natives were using tools and spears of iron. The main point to remember, however, relative to the history of iron is that there was very little progress in the industry during the early centuries. It has been said that iron was no better understood even in the time of the Romans than three thousand years before; and other industrial historians go farther and state that it was almost as well understood by the Romans as by our ancestors a hundred years ago.

Of course the output of iron gradually increased every year from the early centuries up to the time of our Civil War; but the growth was slow, the method of manufacture was practically the same, and there was no distinct improvement or change in the industry. It was due to this fact that the demand steadily increased without any improvement in manufacturing that caused the price gradually to increase from about fifteen dollars a ton, which our great-grandfathers paid, to about seventy-five dollars a ton immediately after the Civil War.

YEAR	GREAT BRITAIN TONS	UNITED STATES LONG TONS	FRANCE METRIC TONS	GERMANY METRIC TONS
1861 ...	.....	653,164	.....	.....
1871 ...	.....	1,706,793	.....	1,492,000
1881 ...	7,300,000	4,144,254	.....	2,879,000
1891 ...	7,406,000	8,279,870	1,897,400	4,604,000
1901 ...	7,929,000	15,878,354	2,389,000	7,833,000
1902 ...	8,517,000	17,821,307	2,405,000	8,485,000
1903 ...	8,811,000	18,009,252	2,841,000	9,960,000
1904 ...	8,562,000	16,497,033	2,974,000	10,002,000
1905 ...	9,592,000	22,992,380	3,632,105	10,814,000
1906 ...	10,149,000	25,307,191	3,400,771	12,233,000
1907 ...	9,923,000	25,781,361	3,590,200	12,804,000
1908 ...	9,057,000	15,936,018	3,314,100	11,805,000
1909 ...	9,532,000	25,795,471	3,070,700	12,626,000
1910 ..	*10,000,000	27,278,545	*4,000,000	*13,000,000
1911 ...	*10,000,000	25,000,000	*4,000,000	*13,000,000

*For 1910 and 1911 the totals are estimates.

There was, however, a tremendous innovation—in fact, a revolution—in the industry about the time of our Civil War; and this change was brought about by an Englishman named Bessemer and by one of our own countrymen, William Kelly, of Pittsburgh.

As Bessemer's story is so well known I will simply refer to William Kelly, who is said to have made his first great discovery in 1846. Up to that time it was supposed to be impossible to refine iron without the use of charcoal. Cast iron has always been known and has been easy to manufacture; but, as those of us know who have ever dropped a stove-cover on the floor, cast iron is very easy to break and of limited use. The iron which is used in the arts, in war and in building is known as wrought iron, which can be welded, bent and worked without breaking. Heretofore, however, it has been thought impossible to produce this wrought iron without refining it by the use of charcoal.

One day as William Kelly, a small iron manufacturer in the Pittsburgh district, was watching his small furnace while the iron was being refined with charcoal, he suddenly noticed that, though the charcoal was entirely burned, there seemed to be some fuel in the furnace that was burning and refining the iron. For some hours he sat in his chair and watched this process, and after the iron had cooled he tried it and found it even better than that refined by charcoal. Upon further study and examination he found that he had been temporarily using air for fuel—the oxygen of the air serving the same purpose as the charcoal.

Upon endeavoring to commercialize his idea, he seemed to be unable to find a satisfactory method of injecting the air, and so went back to his old process of using charcoal for fuel. In a few years, however, he heard that Henry Bessemer, an Englishman, was commercially using the air process, and he immediately gave the matter further study, taking out a United States patent, though he had built his first converter in 1851—a small, square, brick affair, four feet high, with a round chamber and with a hole in the bottom for the air-blast. Soon after taking out this patent, however, the panic of 1857 swept over the country and like others he was ruined; in fact, during the panic of 1857 Kelly was forced to sell this valuable patent, worth millions of dollars, for the paltry sum of one thousand dollars.

After the wrecks from the great panic were cleared away, the new process was again taken up and commercially used in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Many wonder why all manufacturers did not at once begin to use this airblast system; but there were many reasons why the change came so slowly. Probably the most potent reason was that the more conservative manufacturers wished to see Bessemer iron used for a few years in order to prove how it would stand the wear. By 1870, however, the use of the Bessemer process became quite general, and the present iron industry may be said to date from the year 1872.

The manufacturer of iron and steel is not so much interested in the past as in the future of the industry, and therefore I will give no more ancient history except the accompanying table giving the production of iron since 1861 in four leading countries:

The manufacturer is also interested in knowing from what part of our country, as well as from what parts of the world, this iron has come and where the visible supplies exist at the present time. The United States is, of course, far and away the largest producer of pig-iron in the world, the latest figures being nearly double those of its nearest competitor, Germany. The iron ores of this country are very abundant and widely distributed. One of the greatest troubles in the location of iron ore, however, is the great distance of the ore supplies from the smelting fuel. The Lake Superior region is considered the largest iron-ore district and there are also large quantities in Pennsylvania. Ohio is also a large producer, and the close proximity of the coalfields makes Ohio a large iron-manufacturing state. The iron industry in the Southeast, especially in Alabama, is rapidly increasing. Birmingham is the manufacturing center of this new and rapidly growing district.

Germany is the second country of importance and overtook Great Britain in pig-iron production about ten years ago. The districts of Lorraine and Luxemburg, though having the largest ore bodies in Germany, are rather poor in iron and were little developed until the advent of the

Thomas patent, in 1879. Essen is the seat of the great Krupp works, and a little to the south lie Remscheid and Solingen, the cutlery and steel-weapon centers. The country also between Barmen and Hagen supports many forges and ironworks. Gelsenkirchen is the chief coke-making center in Germany.

Great Britain comes next. Though always recognized as a great iron and steel country—and the production of pig-iron has steadily advanced—yet recent years have shown no sensational increase. The most important districts of iron-smelting are in the neighborhood of Middlesbrough, in the north of Yorkshire and the south of Durham; in South Wales; in North Lancashire and Cumberland, at Barrow, Workington and other places. Middlesbrough owes its growth to a bed of iron ore in the valley of the Esk. The relative decline in the iron industry of the United Kingdom is the result of growing competition on the part of the other large countries. Birmingham is famous for its manufactures of all kinds of articles in steel and iron and other metals. Sheffield is the great cutlery center.

The World's Iron Trade

The great bulk of iron ore produced in France is obtained from the basin of the Moselle, in the northeastern part of the country. There are also deposits in Cr i-zot and elsewhere. The mineral wealth of France, however, is greatly inferior to that of Great Britain.

In Russia iron ore is obtained from the districts of the Urals and also from several districts to the south of Moscow, in the southwest of Poland, and at Krivoi-rog. This latter is increasing rapidly. Certain fine grades of iron ore are found in Norway, Sweden, Cuba and other countries.

New discoveries are continually being made in all parts of the world, and it is logical to believe that great iron deposits still remain unknown. It is interesting to compare the foregoing production statistics of the leading nations with the known available supply, as the two agree closely and show very clearly where iron is coming from today.

The manufacturer next is interested in knowing where this iron is being used, and the following rough table, showing the tons of home consumption for various countries, is interesting:

CONSUMPTION OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC PIG-IRON

YEAR	UNITED KINGDOM	FRANCE	GERMANY	RUSSIAN EMPIRE	UNITED STATES
1901 ...	7,284,000	2,390,000	7,855,000	2,800,000	13,573,092
1902 ...	7,798,000	2,250,000	8,180,000	2,485,000	15,982,411
1903 ...	7,999,000	2,715,000	9,600,000	2,420,000	18,757,357
1904 ..	8,007,000	2,860,000	9,850,000	2,945,000	16,165,198
1905 ..	8,746,000	2,945,000	10,480,000	2,670,000	16,561,277
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1907 ..	8,273,000	3,430,000	12,835,000	2,655,000	25,781,374
1908 ...	7,830,000	3,360,000	11,610,000	2,700,000	25,931,206
*1909 ..	8,000,000	3,400,000	12,000,000	2,800,000	15,988,855
*1910 ...	8,800,000	3,750,000	13,000,000	2,900,000	25,952,067
*1911 ...	9,500,000	3,700,000	14,000,000	3,000,000	24,000,000

*Estimated.

In addition to the many uses for home consumption, these countries are also exporters of iron and steel; in fact, considering the three leading countries only—that is, the United States, Great Britain and Germany—we have totals ranging from $250,000,000 to $400,000,000 each. If to these three countries, which are the largest exporters of iron, we add some of the smaller countries, such as France, Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, we shall find that these eight countries are now exporting over a thousand million dollars' worth of iron and steel every year, or about eight per cent of the entire value of all merchandise entering the international markets of the world. According to official United States Government figures, at the head of the list of exporters of iron and steel is the United Kingdom, with a total of $361,000,000, exclusive of sixteen million dollars' worth of agricultural machinery, manufactured in part from iron and steel, and by certain countries included under that title. Germany is second in exports of iron and steel, with a total of $339,000,000, in addition to which exports of agricultural machinery aggregate nine million dollars. The United States is third, the 1910 figures being $201,000,000 for iron and steel and $31,000,000 for agricultural implements. Belgium shows sixty-five million dollars' worth of iron and steel, including agricultural machinery, exported in 1910; and France a total of $45,000,000, exclusive of one and three-quarter million dollars' worth of agricultural machinery. From Switzerland and Sweden the exports of iron and steel were, in the latest available year, about eighteen million dollars each, exclusive of agricultural machinery, amounting to nearly one million dollars in the case of Sweden and about one hundred and fifty thousand in that of Switzerland.

Though the United States thus ranks only third as an exporter of iron and steel, her progress in that branch of commerce has been rapid, the total exports of that class of articles having increased from $103,000,000 in 1901 to nearly or quite $250,000,000 in 1911, and of agricultural implements from seventeen million dollars to thirty-five million during the same period. Taking the period of 1900-1910, the latest period for which figures are available in the case of foreign countries, the growth in exports of iron and steel has been as follows: the United Kingdom from $271,000,000 to $361,000,000; Germany from $171,000,000 to $339,000,000; United States from $131,000,000 to $201,000,000; France from $27,000,000 to $45,000,000; Belgium from $41,000,000 to $65,000,000; and Switzerland from $11,000,000 to $18,000,000. In exports of agricultural machinery the United States leads all other countries, with a total in 1910 of $31,000,000 against $16,000,000 for the United Kingdom, $9,000,000 for Germany and $1,750,000 for France.

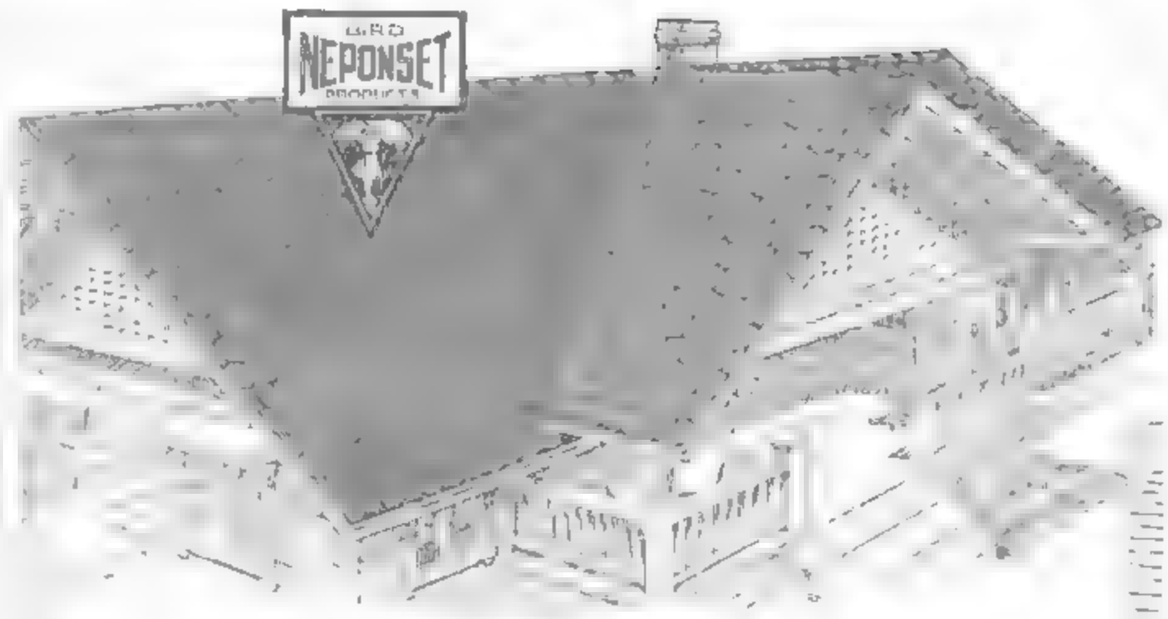
The two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of iron and steel and thirty-two million dollars' worth of agricultural implements exported from the United States each year find markets in practically every part of the civilized world. Steam locomotives and steel rails go largely to Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and Japan, where the rapid development of railways renders possible an increased absorption of those materials from this country. Structural iron and steel of American manufacture is being utilized in increasing quantities by most of the leading countries of North America as well as by Australia and Japan.

Where the Steel Goes

Farms in Canada, Argentina, Brazil, Australia and New Zealand are requiring increasing quantities of American wire. Our sales of electrical machinery show a healthy expansion in such important markets as the United Kingdom and other European countries, as well as the newer communities of the Western Hemisphere. The same might be said of sewing machines and metal working machinery. American cash registers and typewriters are facilitating business in offices scattered in every part of the world—in France, the United Kingdom and Germany; in Canada, Mexico and Cuba; in Argentina and Brazil; in India and Australia, and in many other countries, nearly all of them showing larger totals in 1911 than in any previous year.

The principal articles forming the quarter billion dollars' worth of iron and steel products exported from the United States in the calendar year 1911, with the approximate value of each, are: sheets and plates, $18,000,000; builders' hardware, saws and tools, $17,000,000; locomotives and other engines, $17,000,000, steel rails, $12,000,000, pipes and fittings, $12,000,000; wire, $12,000,000; structural iron and steel, $11,000,000, sewing machines $9,000,000, electrical machinery, $8,000,000; mining machinery, $7,000,000; bars and rods, $5,000,000; cash registers $4,000,000, pumps and pumping machinery, $4,000,000; printing presses, $3,000,000; sugar-mill machinery, $3,000,000, and tin and terne plates, nearly $5,000,000, or five times as much as in the preceding year; while stoves and ranges, shoe machinery, laundry machinery, scales and balances, castings and wire nails each exceeded one million dollars in the value of the year's exports, representing, for the most part, increases when compared with previous years.

If space permitted something should be written concerning the daring deeds of the steel manufacturers and their workmen.



Is This Roof Attractive or Not?

At a glance you may say yes—yet the picture cannot show the distinctive color. Some other attractions beyond its good looks are these: Its certainty to give long wear, its fire protection, its moderate cost.

NEPONSET PROSLATE ROOFING

judged on the basis of durability, appearance, fire protection and cost, stands in a class by itself. It is a re-adaptation of the sturdy, long-life roofing materials we have been making for years, improved in appearance to meet the need of an attractive roofing for homes. Made in green and red colors. First cost less than stained shingles and it costs less to lay

Let us tell you more about this up-to-date roofing and show you how it will fill your requirements.

Send for our Booklet on Roofing

and the name of a NEPONSET dealer near you. He is a good man to know. Send a postal today.

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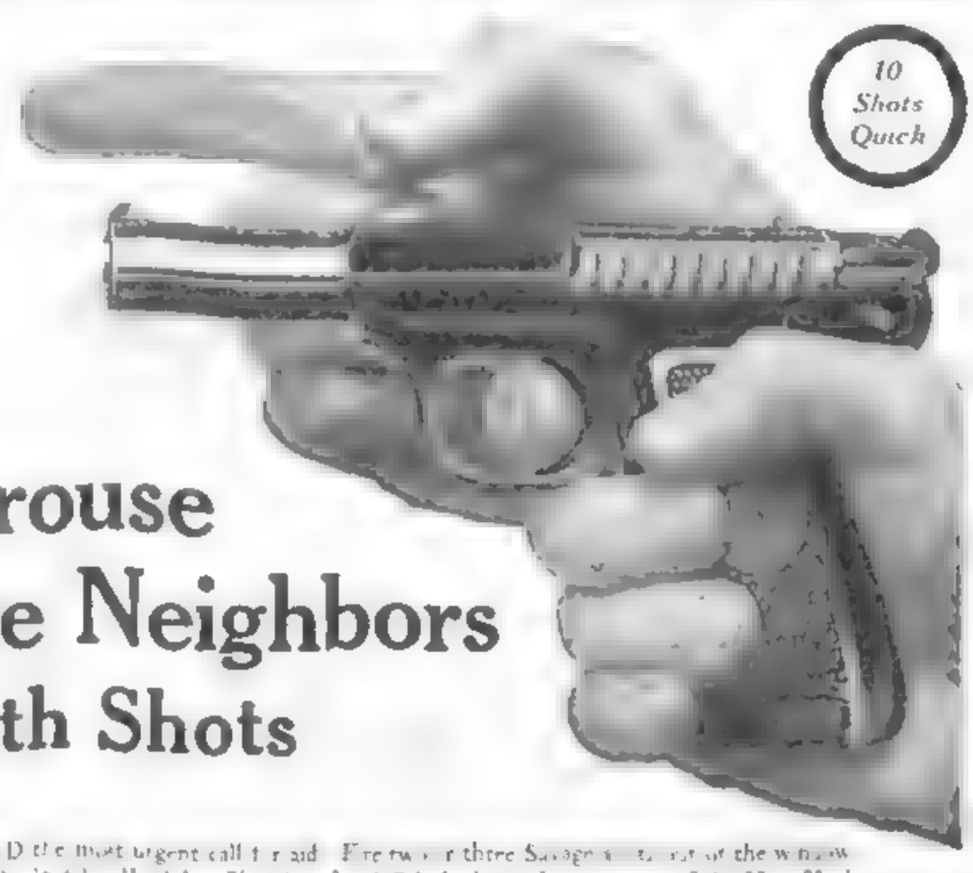
Remember that we are the makers of NEPONSET Paroid Roofing, for years the acknowledged standard of high-grade roofing.

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

10 Shots Quick



Arouse the Neighbors with Shots

SEND the most urgent call you can. Fire two or three Savage shots out of the window. "Don't delay," advises Sheridan, head Criminologist for 20 years of the New York Police Department. "If the burglar is the vicious kind, he cares no more for human life than I do for the ashes of my cigar. His only fear is of being trapped and surrounded."

With a Savage you have eight or nine shots left—more left for defense than any other gun has to begin with. You still hold in your hand the one unconquerable gun.

Without practice, you can aim the Savage like a crack shot. You shoot one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all 11 shots can be fired in less than three seconds. Reloads 10 shots in a flash. Everyone knows in the bottom of his heart he ought to get a Savage Automatic so his wife and family will be protected in his absence. Why not 'phone your dealer now to send you a Savage Automatic?

A New 20-Shot .22 Repeater

Shoots with bull's eye accuracy because it is specially chambered and the barrel has a new special rifling for the .22 Short. Each rifle is tested, inspected, targeted and guaranteed. You know what Savage quality [illegible] from other .22 Repeaters.

$6.50

It weighs less, 4 lbs.; It costs less, and uses cheaper ammunition; it needs much less care and cleaning. It is stronger and more durable because its simple, reliable [illegible] bolt action is built to stand wear and weather. It holds more cartridges—20 shots. Reloads only in safe position with muzzle pointed down. No boy should be allowed to have a rifle that loads with muzzle pointed up.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 75 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Bachelors' Friend HOSIERY

TRADE MARK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Four Grades
6 prs $1.50,
6 prs $2.00,
6 prs $2.50,
gauze weight, 6 prs $2.00

Every wear spot is protected in this new summer weight hosiery. While it is the lightest cotton sock made, weighing less than ¾ of an ounce to the pair; while it is soft, silky and elastic, yet it *wears*. Wears so well that we can afford to guarantee it.

It is looped on two-thread looping machines that give double strength and wear. The top is genuine French welt. Men everywhere are seeing the superior value of this new sock, behind which there is 100 years of stocking-making experience.

We do not sell direct. But if no dealer in your town has them, we will see that you have an introductory lot if you will send us money order covering the amount. Charges prepaid.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

No need of this since he wears the Bachelors' Friend

Electric light shows the reinforcement. Six pairs guaranteed to wear six months.

Women and Children First!

THIS IS THE RULE OF THE SEA. So that on the Titanic, with courageous self-sacrifice, the men stood aside while the women and children filled the life boats and were pulled away from the sinking ship.

On this ship were men who had insured their lives in the TRAVELERS, against just such disasters, for more than a million dollars. This is a great sum for any insurance company to have at risk in one disaster, but the TRAVELERS will meet it promptly and cheerfully, taking pride in the fact that in helping the widows and orphans of such noble men, it is doing the work it was put in the world to do.

In times of sudden disaster men rise to these supreme demands of life. No human action can be nobler or more inspiring. But it is not out of the way to call attention at this time to those less heroic acts of self-sacrifice by which many of these men who went down, built up with the help of the TRAVELERS, the legacies which now belong to those they have left behind. May we not think that after seeing the women and children safe, the minds of some of these men dwelt with satisfaction upon the help that would come to their families from the TRAVELERS? And may we not think that the little hardships of meeting premium payments helped to build the kind of character which was able to meet this supreme test of human courage?

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, as the pioneer accident insurance company of America, speaks at this time about the value of accident and life insurance with no feeling of impropriety. It believes that it is doing a good work in lessening the hardships which follow in the wake of any disaster, great or small. Even now, while the world is stunned by this great disaster and when it is preparing to meet losses unparalleled in the history of accident insurance, the TRAVELERS feels that it is its duty to remind men everywhere, that at all times it is "Women and Children First," and that men respond to that call when heeding the familiar

MORAL: Insure in the TRAVELERS

Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Assets, $79,900,000. Surplus, $12,000,000. Liabilities, $67,900,000.

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Send me particulars about Travelers Insurance. My name, business address, age and occupation are written below.

It truly would make a romantic if not a tragic story. I never walk through a steel plant but I thrill with the same feeling that comes to one when visiting a battlefield—the hammers are clanging, the sparks flying and great flames are pouring out of the furnaces. Hardly a day passes but some laborer connected with the steel industry falls in the battle, and scores are injured every day. If there is a war between two foreign countries the papers are full of accounts of the various skirmishes in which a few men are killed; but they never mention the continual warfare with this metal that is going on every day in the iron industry, in which thousands of men are constantly risking their lives to provide rails, structural material and other supplies for our daily comfort. Again, space does not permit telling of the many methods in use for protecting workmen against danger and for reducing these risks and hazards to a minimum.

It should, however, be remembered that the iron industry is not only a source of danger and care to the workman and his family, but also to manufacturers, who are likewise taking great risks, though their risks are financial rather than physical. Great fortunes have been made in the iron industry, yet there are thousands of faithful manufacturers who have fallen by the wayside. We all hear of the Carnegies, the Schwabs and others who have made millions in the industry, though we hear little if anything of the many who have lost therein. Nevertheless, any one contemplating entering the iron business should remember that, for every Carnegie, there are thousands of manufacturers who go to the wall, which the following table on failures clearly shows:

FAILURES AMONG THE IRON MANUFACTURERS, BY YEARS

(Reported by R. G. Dun & Company)

YEAR	LIABILITIES	NO. FAILURES
1896	$ 5,071,160	
1897	5,945,834	
1898	2,106,189	
1899	1,119,901	
1900	2,615,159	
1901	1,700,385	
1902	1,104,730	
1903	5,992,435	64
1904	2,525,948	81
1905	5,992,435	54
1906	2,842,378	46
1907	9,830,888	61
1908	2,265,673	62
1909	9,367,973	73
1910	11,748,872	80
1911	5,[illegible]0,650	61

Though iron manufacturers prosper greatly during periods of prosperity, they suffer greatly during periods of depression and are most severely hurt during panics. From a study of the above tables, it will be seen that the year 1896-1897 was a very poor year in the industry. The failures were also heavy in 1893, during the panic; but the business recovered sharply in 1894.

Perilous Days for Ironmasters

The year 1895 was more or less an irregular year, such as is usual the second or third year after a panic. Most manufacturers, however, figured in 1895 that the industry had seen its worst troubles and looked forward to a good year in 1896. Instead of a good year this was a year of great hardship, when thousands of iron manufacturers went into bankruptcy and even the greatest of our manufacturers were sorely pressed.

On the other hand, the few, like Carnegie, who were students of fundamental conditions, and who by studying such conditions knew that in 1895 liquidation was not complete, made great fortunes. These students of fundamental conditions stored up quantities of cash instead of iron during the early nineties; and when the final crash came in 1896 they were able to purchase plants, ore lands and even railroads at one-tenth of their actual value; in fact, a study of all these failure statistics shows that a man in the iron industry must continually look ahead and be prepared for these great changes in business conditions which periodically sweep across our country. The iron industry has not since witnessed a period of depression which in any way compares with that of 1896.

It is true the total liabilities of failures have since been much greater in a single year, but not in comparison with the general business of the country. Whether or not such a depression will come again cannot be known now with certainty; but it surely is reasonable to expect that the industry will some day receive another severe blow. Thus it behooves all manufacturers not to expand too rapidly, but to keep their loans within their control and always be prepared for every storm that may come.

A study of the failure figures for months shows that nearly every year there has been an excess of failures in the fall months, with very few failures in the early spring months; in fact, the years 1903, 1904 and 1908 were about the only exceptions during the past twenty years. This is probably because of new building; the best season for the iron industry is during the spring months. Therefore iron manufacturers and dealers in iron supplies usually pull through the spring months and wait until the fall before they give up. This being the case, it is very important that banks and others who loan money to men in the iron industry should have their loans mature in the spring rather than in the fall. The same principle applies to the burning of summer hotels! They never burn in the spring or just before opening-time, but rather in the fall, after the season is over. Consequently, when loaning to summer hotels, the keen banker always insists that the note shall mature in July, or at the height of the season, rather than in the fall or winter.

Bargain Months for Iron

As the manufacturer is most interested in where he can obtain the ore and where he can sell his iron, so the consumer is most interested in what he must pay for the goods. Therefore the following table, showing the price at which Number Two Southern Foundry—which is now generally considered a fair average standard—has sold during the past score or more of years, will be of interest:

PIG-IRON

Average Annual Price of Foundry Number Two at Cincinnati*

[illegible]	$[illegible]73	1902	$20.80
[illegible]	[illegible]15	1903	17.08
[illegible]	[illegible]35	1904	13.73
[illegible]	[illegible]40	1905	15.17
1895	10.25	1906	18.37
1896	10.20	1907	21.10
1897	9.13	1908	13.83
1898	9.46	1909	16.18
1899	10.78	1910	14.85
1900	17.04	1911	13.62
1901	13.61		

*This city is taken as a fairly central point for readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As to whether or not one can usually buy iron or steel to better advantage in any one month during the year, opinions differ; but it appears that prices are apt to be lowest during the second quarter of the year, and are apt to be highest during the last quarter of the year.

The future course of steel prices depends on fundamental conditions, new discoveries of ore and on legislation. This latter can be most clearly illustrated by referring to the difference between the bituminous coal industry and the iron industry at the present time. The supply of iron is practically the same as the supply of bituminous coal, and the demand for iron has increased at no greater ratio than has the demand for bituminous coal; but in the case of bituminous coal the market has been freely open to competition, while in the case of iron it has been practically closed. This is probably due to several reasons, but the chief is the fact that it requires a very much larger capital successfully to produce steel than to produce coal. Therefore for one successful producer of iron there are thousands of small coal operators.

If the steel industry could be split up into a number of small manufacturers doubtless we should have lower prices; while, on the other hand, whenever the coal producers get together, as the steel producers have, we shall see very much higher prices for bituminous coal. Personally I feel that the consumer of iron will never again see these corporations split up, with the old-fashioned competition; and therefore not much relief can be expected from this source. Instead of forced competition, I feel that we are coming—whether for good or for evil, I do not know—to Government regulation of prices of certain commodities which are closely controlled. Here again, however, we reach the great question as to whether or not these prices will be controlled in the interest of the producer or in the interest of the consumer. Without doubt

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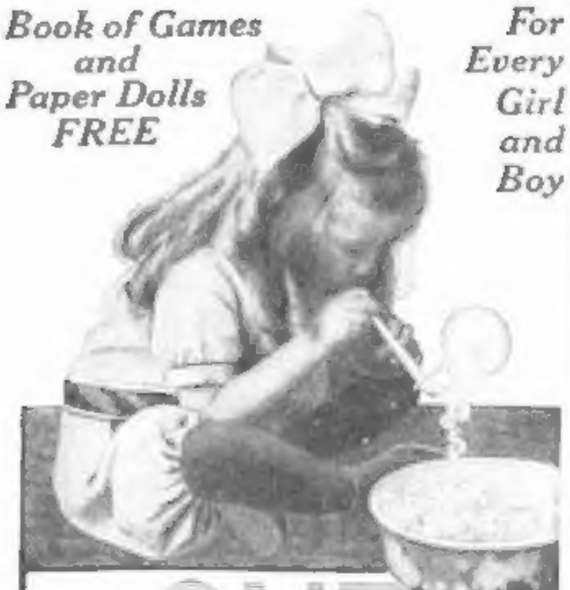
For Every Girl and Boy



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TRADE MARK

Rompers and Blouses

Boys and Girls—here's a book you can have lots of fun with. Tells you how to play games you never heard of. Contains pretty paper dolls ready to cut out. Get your mother to send for a copy right away. When *she* gets the book, the beautiful colored pictures of boys and girls in "THE LITTLE ONE" Rompers and Blouses will show her what practical garments they are. Mother can get "THE LITTLE ONE" at her dealer's, and better Rompers and Blouses than she ever bought before. Better materials, better sewing, better fit, buttons on to stay.

Rompers Blouses **50¢**

Now, Mothers—ask your dealer for "THE LITTLE ONE" Rompers and Blouses. If he hasn't them, tell us his name and we will see that you get just what you want—and we will also send you this beautiful Book of Games and Paper Dolls FREE.

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Genuine Panama Hats

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Fine quality genuine Panama. Closely woven, beautifully finished, and bleached; trimmed with silk band and leather sweatband, featherweight, cool and dressy. Would cost you $15.00 at any reliable store. We import our hats direct—saving you two profits. Styles as above or telescope, also Fedora. Your money refunded if you are not pleased. Express prepaid upon receipt of $6.00. *Be sure to state size.*

Lady's Panama

Large shape, brims 4½ inches up to 6 inches; fine quality genuine Panama—beautiful white bleach. This hat would cost you $20.00 in any reliable store. Sent express prepaid upon receipt of $10.00. Money refunded if not as represented.

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the protective tariff has given some impetus to our country; but it has tended also to undermine greatly the morality and integrity of national legislation. In the same way the regulation of prices may, at first, tend for a lower price to the consumer; but will not such legislation ultimately be a source of graft, vote-trading and other undermining tendencies? Moreover, the manufacturers can easily get together to lobby for their end, while it is very difficult for the consumers to unite successfully and systematically fight for their interests.

In conclusion I would say that the price fluctuations I have discussed—that is, the minor seasonable fluctuations and the major fluctuations due to periods of prosperity and depression—may show a gradually increasing level unless restrained by legislation; and there is much doubt among economists as to whether even such legislation would be feasible.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Babson dealing with the iron industry. The second will appear in an early number.

No Waste No Want

THE fact that the smallest details are not too unimportant to be given the consideration of big business is illustrated by the following anecdotes:

One corporation, whose big office force consumes an immense number of pencils in a year, tries to see to it that they do not get into vest pockets at all, by having them of such coarse and unvarnished wood—though the lead itself is most excellent—that no clerk likes to have such a thing in sight sticking out of his pocket away from the office.

A Chicago house has a system by which a record of supplies is kept for each desk, at the same time doing away with personal applications or requisitions.

"The men wouldn't like to make personal requisitions for paper and pens; and I always think it is good business policy to gain one's ends, if possible, without offending one's employees. And, besides, a system of requisitions is a timewaster. So I have one of the office boys—a good bright one—make it his special duty to see to it, three times a week before regular business hours, that every desk is properly supplied. He has a list, showing just what variety and quantity of supplies should be on each desk; and he puts in enough to keep up that quantity and at the same time checks it on a record.

"When a record is kept, for example, of just how many sheets of paper and how many typewriter ribbons are furnished to each stenographer and how many letters she writes—for that also is recorded—it not only brings about a very material saving but at the same time gives a record of efficiency."

To save waste of paper on the part of its scores of stenographers one concern had small cabinets made, with compartments for envelopes and two sizes of paper. The compartments were large enough to hold two or three days' supply, and were so made that sheets of paper were put in from below instead of being laid on top, so that no old sheets should accumulate and be thrown away after a while as soiled or spoiled.

Many houses have drawers that hold letter paper made with a slope, thus putting some of the top edges of the sheets above the others, and making it not only easier and quicker to lift off a single sheet but entirely avoiding that crumpling of paper which comes from having it in a flat pile. With a number of stenographers that has meant a considerable saving in time and in paper. Having one of the office boys make it his weekly duty to clean all the rubber stamps and pads adds to the life of the stamps and insures neater and more legible work.

A big New York office has effected a saving in ink by supplying each of its force two single inkwells instead of the double inkwells previously used; for black ink thickens and corrodes, making it necessary to empty and clean a well about once a week, whereas red ink does not thicken or corrode. With double inkwells, both bottles were emptied and cleaned and refilled at the same time. Now only the blacks are thus treated; and red ink is always used up instead of being regularly thrown away. The manager says that, with about fifty clerks, the saving in this item alone is about fifty dollars a year.

Ink is wasted if pens go in too far; and some offices will, therefore, use only the kind of well that permits merely the point to get into the ink.

"We will buy back your VINDEX SHIRTS At 25% advance"

THAT headline means just what it says. There is no catch in it. If a VINDEX Shirt does not give 25% better service than other shirts at its price—we, the makers, will buy it back not at the regular price, understand,—**but at its actual value**—ITS REGULAR PRICE PLUS 25%.

Any manufacturer can claim superior value—most of them do. But, claims don't make values—you know it, and we know it.

To prove our confidence in VINDEX Shirts, we back up our claims with the VINDEX guarantee. If our shirts don't make good—we will, to the full extent of our claims.

For Style, Fit and Quality ask for VINDEX Shirts—They're **priced** at $1, $1.50, $2 up—But **valued** at 25% more.

If your dealer doesn't sell VINDEX Shirts, we will see that you are supplied.

We would like to hear from Haberdashers who are interested in supplying their trade with the best shirt values.

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Write for telling booklet—"JIM DANDY"

For Health and Comfort Wear VINDEX Mesh—The Body-breathe Underwear.

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$2.50 per 1000	retailing at	2 for 1c	Express prepaid to you.
4.50 " "	"	1c each	Orders for 500
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this fast, handsome motor boat. Hundreds of men and boys have assembled this and other boats from complete parts which we furnish. Every piece shaped and fitted ready to fasten together. You'll find it easy and enjoyable if you can handle a hammer, saw and screw driver. If you prefer, build from full-size patterns only at from $2 to $12. Get your boat started now. Boat season is coming soon. Write for

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One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied, we will mail you a package on receipt of 25 cents. Please give his name.

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In the past 25 years a dozen models of mine have become the season's sensation.

Again and again I have seen the factory swamped, and men paying a bonus to get my latest creation.

But Reo the Fifth has broken all records. I never saw a demand which compares with this.

Five cities at this writing have **trainload** orders with us—**orders for forty carloads each**—to go in a single shipment.

But the demand is just beginning. Very few men have yet discovered this car.

Soon there will be 10,000 cars in the hands of 10,000 owners. Ten thousand men will be telling others how Reo the Fifth performs.

Then will develop the real demand for this final car of mine.

Not a Passing Sensation

Other season sensations have come and gone. New cars and better came out to displace them.

Those days are over now. Reo the Fifth comes close to the limit in motor car engineering. It embodies the final results of my 25 years of experience. In every detail it marks the best I know.

There is no probability that we shall ever see a materially better car. The years can bring only minor changes.

It Deserves It

This car deserves popularity. That is my satisfaction.

The men who buy it get the utmost of which I am capable. There will be no regrets—none to say I misled him. And none will ever see a car which gives more for the money.

The steel in this car is all analyzed. Every vital part is put to radical test.

Parts are ground over and over, to get utter exactness. Inspection is carried to extremes.

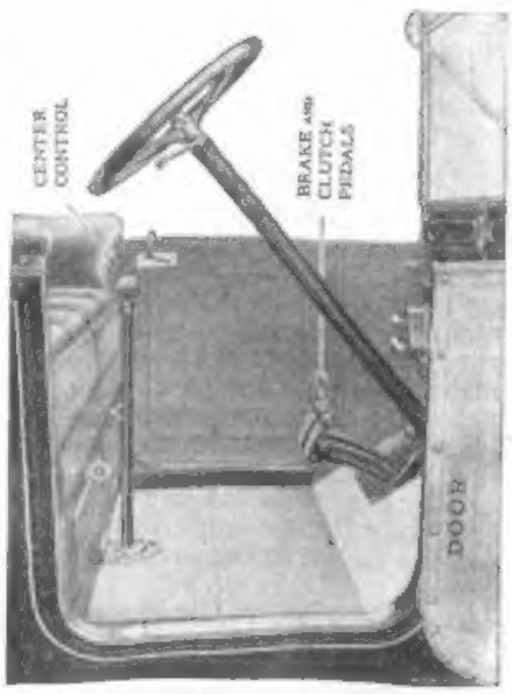
There are big margins of safety. The bearings are Timken and Hyatt—roller bearings, in place of the usual ball bearings.

The tonneau is roomy, the wheels are large, the car is over-tired. The carburetor is doubly heated.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is deep, the lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

Every part of the car shows the final touch—the avoidance of petty economies. I am proud of it. Not an iota has been omitted which could add to the worth of this car.

Center Control—No Side Levers



Then here, for the first time, we get rid of all side levers. All the gear shifting is done with this center cane handle—done by the right hand. It is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch. So the entrance in front, on either side, is clear.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the passing cars—on the up side of the road. Heretofore this was possible in electric cars only.

Thus we have solved the last important problems in designing.

Price Still $1,055

The price of this car remains at $1,055, though subject to instant advance. This price is too low for a car like this. It leaves no adequate margin.

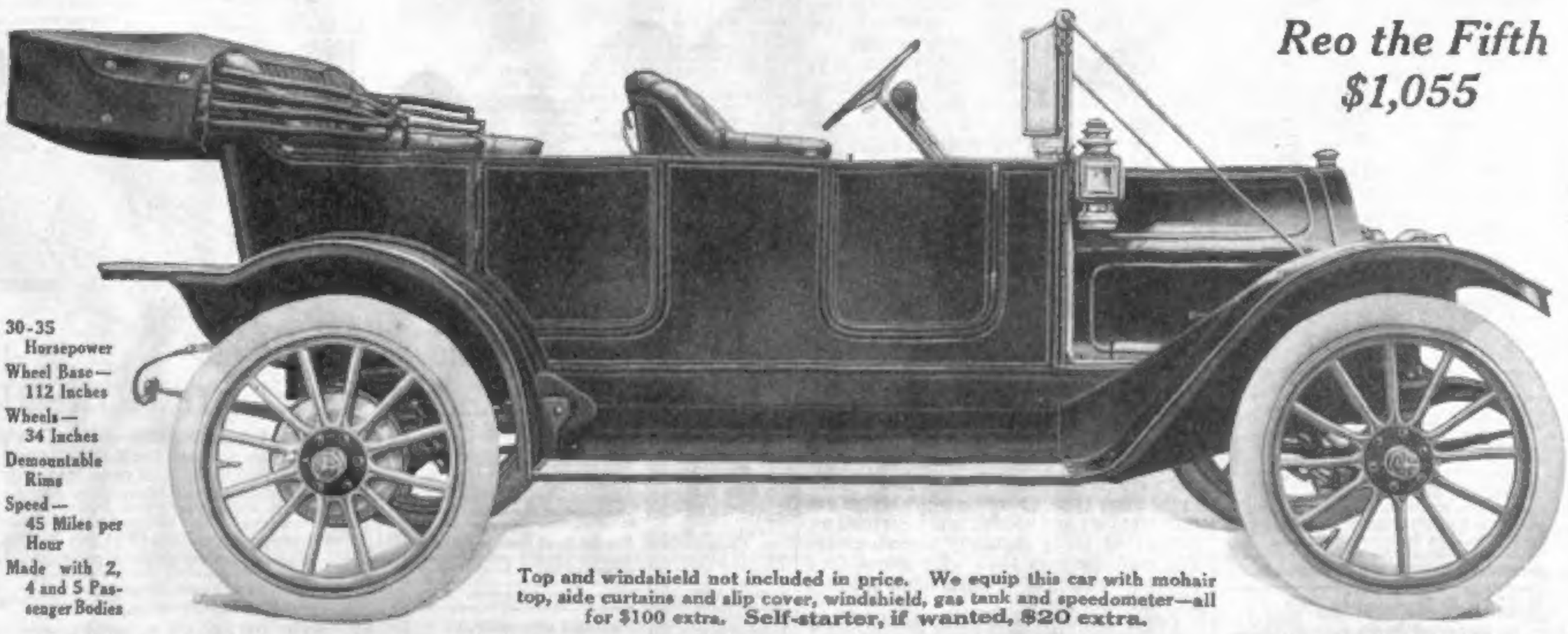
But we shall continue this price, in all probability, until materials on hand are exhausted.

1,000 Dealers

Reo the Fifth is shown by dealers in a thousand towns. We will direct you to the nearest when you send for our catalog. Please write for it now. It shows the various bodies. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

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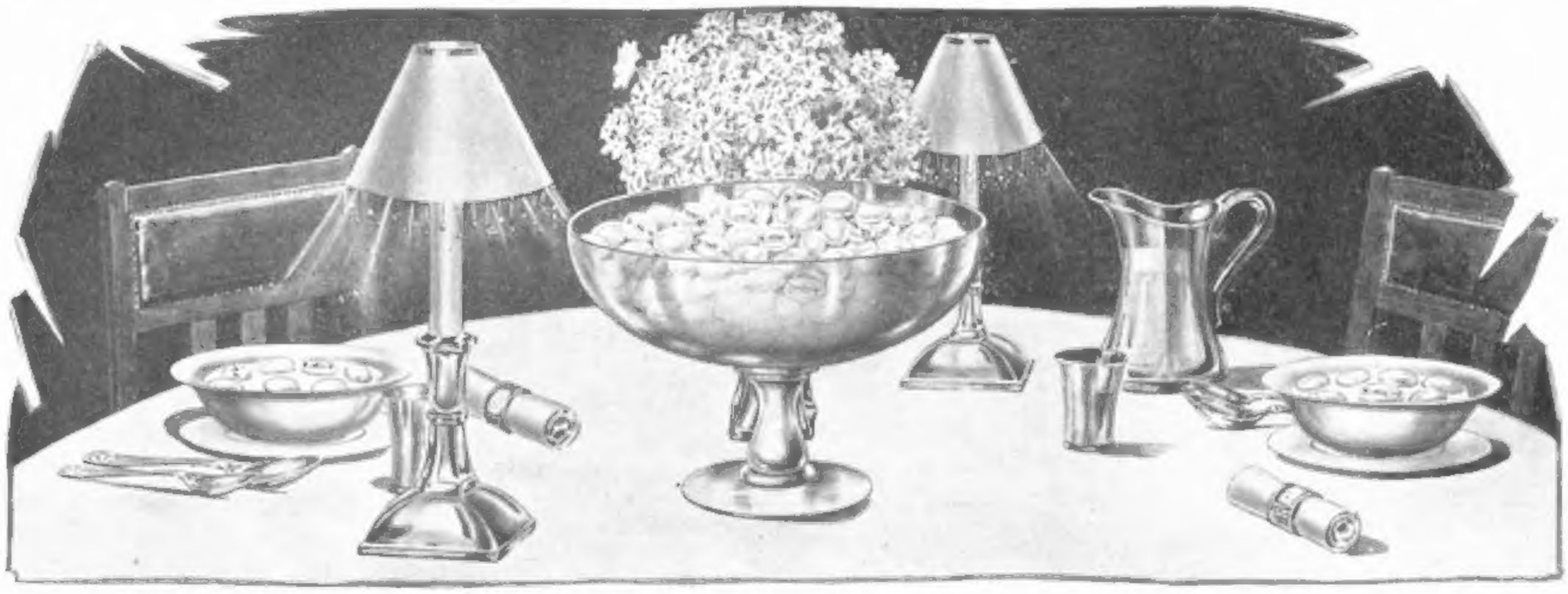


Serve This Dish

At Our Cost, Madam

Serve It Tonight

We Pay the Grocer

We propose this to you, Mrs. Housewife.

Go buy at your grocer's—for 15 cents—a package of Puffed Rice. Take with you the coupon printed on this page.

Then the grocer will give you—at our expense—a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

Serve the Puffed Rice for breakfast—in cream, or mixed with fruit.

But serve the Puffed Wheat—like bread or crackers—in cold, rich milk.

Serve it for luncheon or supper, between meals or at bedtime.

Learn how the crisp, porous, nutlike grains taste in a bowl of milk.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

These curious foods—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—were invented by Prof. Anderson.

Millions of dishes every month are served on morning tables.

And never was a breakfast so enticing.

But summer is coming, and a summer delight is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk.

The grains are as crisp as crackers—four times as porous as bread.

They melt in the mouth like snowflakes. They are whole-grain foods.

A hundred times in the coming hot weather you'll want this delightful dish.

So we gladly buy one package for you—to let you find it out.

Foods Shot from Guns

Each grain is puffed by an internal steam explosion.

The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in the grain is turned to steam by this terrific heat. When the guns are unsealed that steam explodes.

All the granules of grain are literally blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. That was the main object of the inventor.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size, but the coats of the grain are not broken.

In every kernel a myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls.

The result is delicious, digestible grain—the most enticing cereals that you ever knew.

Like Toasted Nuts

These foods are served with sugar and cream—they are mixed with fruit—they are served in milk.

They taste like toasted nuts.

So girls use them in candy making.

Boys eat them dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Chefs use them in frosting cake, or to garnish a dish of ice cream. All because of their nut-like taste.

Good for Ten Cents

Our offer is this:

Buy from your grocer one package of Puffed Rice, price 15 cents.

Take this coupon with you, and the grocer will give you one package of Puffed Wheat.

We will pay the grocer ten cents for your package of Puffed Wheat.

Thus you get both these foods, and pay for only one.

This offer is made so you may try both of them—so you may mix them—and to induce you to try them in milk.

It means ten cents to you if you act now.

Cut out this coupon, lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

Sign and Present to Your Grocer (11)

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name _____

To the Grocer

We will remit you ten cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

The Quaker Oats Company
Chicago

Address _____

_____

Dated _____ *1912.*

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1912. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

Ten-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

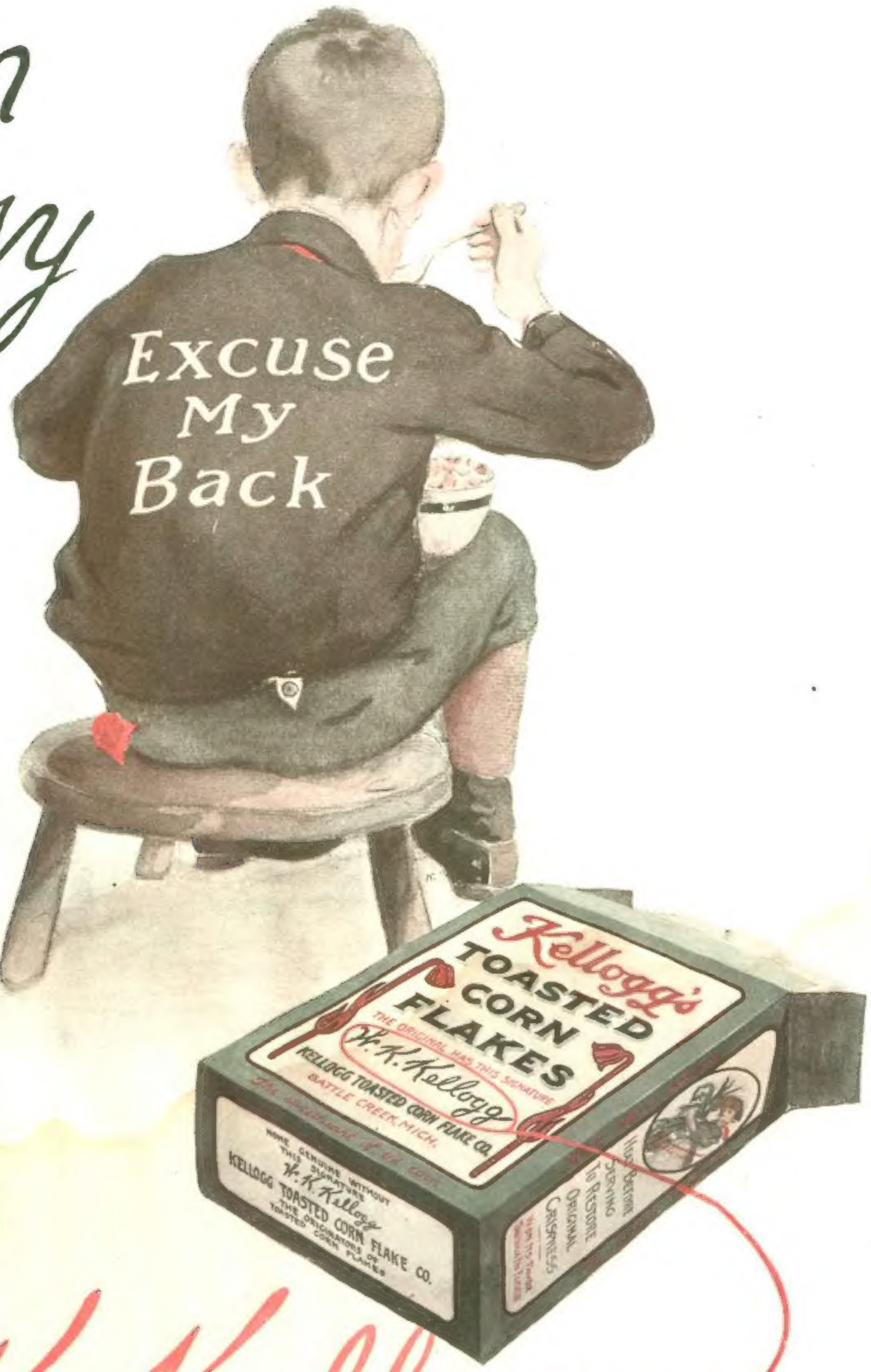
Except in Extreme West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(253)

I'm Busy



Look for this

W. K. Kellogg